POEMS:

BY

MICHAEL DRAYTON ESQVIRE.

Newly Corrected by the *Author.*

LONDON

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1610.

The Arguments.

THe Barons warres.
Englands Heroicall Epistles.
Idea.
The Legend of *Robert* Duke of Normandie.
The Legend of *Matilda*.
The Legend of *Pierce Gueston*.

To Sir VValter Aſton, *Knight of the honorable order of the Bath, and my maſt worthy Patron.*

Will not ſtriue m'inuention to enforce,
With needleſſe words your eies to entertaine,
T'obſerue the formall ordinarie courſe,
That euery one ſo vulgarly doth faine:
Our interchanged and deliberate choice,
Is with more firme and true election ſorted,
Then ſtands in cenſure of the common voice,
That with light humor fondly is tranſported:
Nor take I paterne of anothers praiſe,
Then what my pen may conſtantly auow,
Nor walke more publique nor obſcurer waies
Then vertue bids, and iudgement will allow;
So ſhall my loue, and beſt endeuours ſerue you,
And ſtill ſhall ſtudy, ſtill ſo to deſerue you.

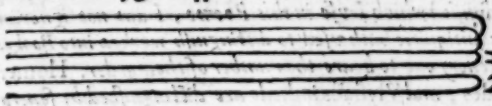
Michael Drayton.

To the Reader.

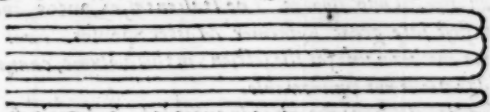
THat at first I made choise of this argument, I haue not as yet repented me; for if the Muse haue not much abused me, it was most worthy to haue found a more worthy Pen then mine owne. For the Barrons warres, (omitting the quality of those Armes, whereof I haue not heere to speake) were surely as well for their length in continuance, as for their manifold blood-shed, and multitude of horrid accidents, meet matter for trumpet or tragedy. Therefore, as at first the dignitie of the thing was the motiue of the doing, so the cause of this my second greater labour was the insufficient handling of the first, which though it were more then boldnesse to venture on so noble an argument without leisure and studie competent, either of which trauell hardly affords; yet the importunitie of friends made me, contrarie to mine owne iudgement, take, vndertake, & publish it, so as the world hath seene; but herein I intend not to bee too exact, as if either it needed too much excuse (knowing that euen as it was it ought to haue passed for better then some would suffer, who can hardly thinke any thing hath sauour but their owne, though neuer so vnsauorie) or as if I should seeme now to haue excelled my selfe, and failing in my hopes, be kept without excuse. Grammaticasters haue quarrelled at the title of Mortimeriados as if it had beene a sinne against Syntaxis, to haue subscribed it in the second case; but not their idle reproofe hath made mee now abstaine from fronting it by the name of Mortimer at all, but the same better aduice which hath caused me to alter the whole; and where before

the

the ſtanza was of ſeauen lines, wherein there are two couplets, as in this figure appeareth.



The often harmony thereof ſofined the verſe more then the maieſtie of the ſubiect would permit, vnleſſe they had all beene Geminels, or couplets. Therefore (but not without faſhioning the whole frame) I choſe Arioſtos *ſtanza, of all other the moſt complete and beſt proportioned, conſiſting of eight, ſix interwouen, and a couplet in baſe.*



The Quadrin doth neuer double, or to vſe a word of Heraldrie, neuer bringeth forth Gemels. The Quinzain too ſoone. The Seſtin hath Twinnes in the baſe, but they detaine not the Muſicke nor the Cloze (as Muſitians terme it) long enough for an Epicke Poeme. The ſtanza of ſeauen is touched before; This of eight both holdes the tune cleane through to the baſe of the columne, (which is the couplet, the foote or bottome) and cloſeth not but with a full ſatisfaction to the eare for ſo long detention.

Briefely, this ſort of ſtanza hath in it, maieſtie, perfection, and ſolidity, reſembling the pillar which in Architecture is called the Tuſcan, whoſe ſhaft is of ſix diameters, and baſes of two. The other reaſons this place will not beare, but generally all ſtanzas are in my opinion but tyrants and torturers, where they make inuention obey their number, which

ſometime would otherwiſe ſcantle it ſelfe. A fault that great Maſters in this Art ſtriue to auoide. Concerning the diuiſion which I vſe in this Poeme, I am not ignorant that antiquitie hath vſed to diſtinguiſh workes into Bookes, and euery one to beare the number of their order. Homers Iliades, *and* Vlyſiads *indeede are diſtinguiſhed by ſeuerall letters of the Greeke Alphabet, as all the world knowes, and not by the numerall letters onely, which to* Iota *are digit, and afterward compound; the Alpha being our vnite, for the Greekes had no figures nor ciphers in their Arithmeticke.* Virgils Aeneis, Statius Thebais, Silius *worke of the Carthaginian warre,* Illyricus Argonauticks, Vidas Chriſteies *are all diuided into Bookes. The Italians vſe* Cantos, *and ſo our firſt late great Reformer Maſter* Spenſer. *That I aſſume another name for the ſection: in this volume, cannot be diſgratious nor vnauowable.*

Laſtly, if I haue not already exceeded the length of an Epiſtle, I am to intreate, that he who will (as any man may that will) make himſelfe a party to this of ours, would be pleaſed to remember that Spartan *Prince, who being found by certaine Ambaſſadors playing among his children, requeſted them to forbeare to cenſure, till alſo they had ſome of their owne. To ſuch I giue as ample power and priuiledge as euer* Ius liberorum *could in* Rome, *crauing backe againe at their hands by a re-grant, the like of that which I impart; for great reaſon there is, that they ſhould vndergoe the licence which themſelues challenge, and ſuffer that in their fames which they would wrongly put vpon others, according to the moſt indifferent lawe of the* Talio.

Fare you well.

To

To M. Michael Drayton.

THose painfull wits, which Natures depth admire,
And view the causes of vnconstant strife,
Doe tremble least the Vniuerse expire,
Through lasting iarres, the enemies of life,
On earthly signes let not such Sages looke,
Nor on the cleare aspects of hopefull starres,
But learne the worlds continuance from thy booke,
Which frames past natures force eternall warres;
Wherein the Muses shewing perfect glory,
Adorne it so with gracefull harmonie,
That all the acts of this lamented storie,
Seeme not performd for peoples libertie:
Nor through the awe of an imperious King,
But that thy verses their deepe wounds might sing.

John Beaumont.

To M. Michael Drayton.

WHat ornament might I deuiſe to fit,
Th'aſpiring height of thy admired ſpirit?
Or what faire Garland worthy is to ſit,
On thy bleſt browes that compaſſe in all merit?
Thou ſhalt not crowned be with common Bayes,
Becauſe for thee it is a crowne too low,
Apollo's tree can yeeld thee ſimple praiſe,
It is too dull a veſture for thy brow;
But with a Wreathe of ſtarres ſhalt thou be crown'd,
Which when thy working temples doe ſuſtaine,
Will like the Spheares be euer moouing round,
After the royall muſicke of thy braine:
Thy skill doth equall *Phœbus*, not thy birth,
He to heauen giues muſicke, thou to earth.

Thomas Greene.

Michael!

I Muſt admire thee, (but to praiſe were vaine
What eu'ry taſting-palat ſo approues)
Thy Martiall *Pyrrhique*, and thy *Epique* ſtraine
Digeſting *warres* with heart-vniting *Loues*.
(The two firſt Authors of what is compos'd
In this round Syſteme *All*; (it's ancient lore)
All Arts in *Diſcords* and *Concent* are clos'd;
When ſoules vnwing'd *Adraſte's* lawes reſtore
To th'earth for reparation of their flights,
Schollers the firſt, *Muſicians*, *Louers* make,
The next ranke deſtinate to *Mars* his Knights,
The following rable meaner titles take.)
I ſee thy Temples crown'd with *Phœbus* rites:
Thy *Bay's* to th'eye with *Lilly* mixt and *Roſe*,
As to the eare a *Diapaſon* cloſe.

Iohn Selden.

To his friend the Author.

HAd I not lou'd thee and thy Poeſie,
(Deere friend) my Theame ſhould of thy praiſes be:
But in weake braines it doth ſuſpition moue,
When who is ſeene to praiſe is knowne to loue.
For, though that firſt and virgine birth of thine,
Be ſo articulate, ſo maſculine,
So truely limb'd, ſo ſinewy, ſo compact,
So ſweetly faire, ſo euery way exact,
As may endure the moſt iudicious touch,
And giue thy friends iuſt reaſon to auouch
It, ſpight of Enuies teeth, a liuing birth:
Though ſecond, third, fourth, fifth, of equall worth:
Though all be good: yet ſince affection
In iudgement may, as ſhadow and protection
In Lantskip, make that which is low ſeeme high,
That's ſhallow deepe, ſmall great, and farre that's nigh:
So as it well may iuſt ſuſpition moue,
When who is ſeene to praiſe, is knowne to loue.
Yet thus my cenſure, this thy doome ſhall be;
I'le alwaies loue thee and thy Poeſie.

E. Heyward.

THE FIRST BOOKE OF THE BARONS WARRES.

THE ARGVMENT.

The grieuous Plagues and the prodigious signes,
That this great warre and slaughter doe foreshow,
Th'especiall cause the Baronage combines,
The Queenes strong griefe, whence many troubles grow,
The time by course vnto our fall inclines,
And how each country doth to battell goe;
What cause to yeeld the Mortimers *pretend,*
And their commitment perfecting the end.

I

THe bloody factions, and rebellious pride,
Of a strong natiõ, whose vnmanag'd might
Thẽ frõ their natural souueraign did diuide,
Their due subiection, and his lawfull right,
Whom their light error loosely doth misguide,
Vrg'd by lewd Minions tyrannous despight;
Me from soft layes, and tender loues doth bring,
Of dreadfull fights, and horrid warres to sing.

2

What hellish furie poysned your hie blood,
Or should bewitch you with accursed charmes,
That by pretending of the generall good,
Rashly extrudes you to tumultuous armes,
And from the safetie wherein late you stood,
Reft of all taste, and feeling of your harmes?
That France and Belgia with affrighted eyes,
Were sad beholders of your miseries.

3

Th'inveterate rancker in their bosomes bred,
Who for their Charter wag'd a former war,
Or through your veines this raging venome spred,
Whose next succeeding Nephewes now you are,
Or that hote gout your bowes in Conquest shed,
Having inlarg'd your Countries bounds so far,
Ensigne to Ensigne furiously oppose,
With blades of Bilbo dealing English blowes.

4

O, thou the great directer of my Muse,
On whose free bounty all my powers depend,
Into my breast a sacred fire infuse,
Rayish my spirit this great worke to attend;
Let the still night my laboured lines peruse,
That when my Poems gaine their wished end,
They whose sad eyes shall read this tragique story,
In my weake hand may see thy might and glory.

What

5

What care would plot, dissentions quickly crosse,
Which like an earth-quake rends the tottering state,
By which abroade we beare a publique losse,
Betraide at home by meanes of priuate hate,
Whilst vs these strange calamities doe tosse,
(The daily nurse of mutinous debate)
Confusion still our Countryes peace confounds,
No helpe at hand, and mortall all our wounds.

6

Thou Church then swelling in thy mightinesse,
Tending the care and safetie of the soule:
O nurse not factions flowing in excesse,
That with thy members shouldst their griefe condole,
In thee rests power this outrage to represse,
Which might thy zeale and sanctitie enrole,
Come thou in pureness meekely with the word,
Lay not thy hand to the vnhalowed sword.

7

Blood-thirsting Warre arising first from hell,
And in progression seizing on this Ile,
Where it before neere fortie yeeres did dwell,
And with pollution horribly defile,
By which so many a worthy English fell,
By our first *Edward* banished awhile,
Transferr'd by fortune to the Scottish meare,
To ransacke that, as it had ruin'de here.

8

Where houering still with inauspicious wings,
About the verge of these distempered climes,
Returning now, new error hither brings,
To stirre vs vp to these disastrous crimes,
Weakneth our power by oft diminishings,
And taking hold on these vnsetled times,
Forcing our frailty, sensually at length,
Crackt the stiffe nerues that knit our ancient strength.

9

Whose frightfull vision, at the first approach,
With violent madnes strooke that desperate age,
So many sundry miseries to broach,
Giuing full speede to their vnbridled rage,
That did our ancient liberty intrench,
And in these strong conspiracies ingage,
The worthiest blood, the subiects losse to bring,
By vnnaturall wrongs vnto their naturall King.

10

When in the North whilst horror yet was young,
These dangerous seasons swiftly comming on,
Whilst o're our heads portentious meteors hung,
And in the skies sterne Comets brightly shone,
Prodigious births oft intermixt among,
Such as before to times had beene vnknowne,
In bloudy issues forth the earth doth breake,
Weeping for vs, whose woes it could not speake.

When

11

When by the rinkes of contagious ayre,
A mortall plague inuadeth man and beast,
Which soone dispersd, and raging euery where,
In doubt the same too quickly should haue ceast,
More to confirme the certainty of feare,
By cruell famine haplesly encreast,
As though the heauens in their remisfull doome,
Tooke those best lou'd from worser daies to come.

12

The leuell course that we propose to goe,
Now to th'intent you may more plainely see,
And that we euery circumstance may show
The state of things, and truely what they be,
And with what skill, or proiect we bestow,
As our occurrents fall in their degree,
From these Portents we now direct our view,
To bring to birth the horrors that ensue.

13

The calling backe of banisht *Gaueston*,
Gainst which the Barons were to *Longshanke* sworne,
That insolent lasciuious Minion,
A Souereignes blemish, and a countries scorne,
The signiories, and great promotion,
Him in his lawlesse courses to suborne,
Stirres vp that hatefull and outragious strife,
That cost ere long so many an English life.

14

O worthy *Lacie*, hadſt thou ſpar'd that breath,
Which ſhortly after Nature thee denide,
To *Lancaſter* deliuered at thy death,
To whom thy onely daughter was affide,
That this ſterne Warre too quickly publiſheth,
To aide the Barons againſt that Minions pride,
The Earledomes, Lands, and Titles of renowne,
Had not ſo ſoone return'd vnto the Crowne.

15

The Lordſhips *Bruſe* vnto the *Spenſers* paſt,
Croſſing the Barons vehement deſire,
As from *Ioues* hand that fearefull lightning caſt,
When fiftie Townes lay ſpent in enuious fire,
Alas too vaine and prodigal a waſte;
The ſtrong effect of their conceiued ire;
Vrging the weake King with a violent hand,
T'abiure thoſe falſe Lords from the troubled land,

16

When the faire Queene that progreſſing in *Kent*,
Laſtly denide her entrance into *Leedes*,
Whom *Badleſmere* vnkindly doth preuent;
Who gainſt his Soueraigne in this courſe proceedes,
As adding further to this diſcontent,
One of the ſprings which this great miſchiefe feedes,
Heaping on rage and horror more and more,
To thruſt on that which went too faſt before.

Which

17

Which more and more, a Kingly rage increast,
Moou'd with the wrongs of *Gaueſton* diſgraded,
Which had ſo long beene ſetled in his breaſt,
That all his power it wholy had inuaded,
Giuing the *Spenſers* an aſſured reſt,
By whom his reaſons chiefly are perſwaded,
By whoſe lewde counſels he is onely led,
To leaue his true Queene, and his lawfull bed.

18

That now her ſelfe who while ſhee ſtood in grace,
Applied her powers theſe diſcords to appeaſe,
When yet confuſion had not fully place,
Nor former times ſo dangerous as theſe,
A partie now in their afflicted caſe,
A willing hand to his deſtruction layes,
That time, whoſe ſoft Palme heals the wound of war,
May cure the ſoare, but neuer cloſe the ſcar.

19

In all his heate this greatneſſe firſt began,
The ſerious ſubiect of our ſadder vaine,
Braue *Mortimer*, that euer matchleſſe man,
Of the old Heroes great and God-like ſtraine,
For whom inuention doing beſt it can,
His weight of Honour hardly can ſuſtaine,
Bearing his name immoraliz'd and hie,
When he in earth vnnumbred times ſhall lie.

20

That vncle now (whose name this Nephew bare,
The onely comfort of the wofull Queene)
Who from his cradle held him as his care,
In whom the hope of that great name was seene,
For this yong Lord now wisely doth prepare,
Whilst yet his deepe heart-goaring wound is greene,
And on his faire aduantage firmely wrought,
To place him highly in her princely thought.

21

At whose deliberate and vnusuall birth,
The heauens were said to counsell to retire,
And in aspects of happinesse and mirth,
Breath'd him a spirit insatiably t'aspire.
That tooke no mixture of the ponderous earth,
But all compres't, of cleare ascending fire.
So well made vp, that such an one as he,
Ioue in a man like *Mortimer* would be.

22

The temper of that nobler mouing part,
With such rare pureness rectified his blood,
Raising the powers of his resolued heart,
Too proud to be lockt vp within a flood,
That no misfortune possibly could thwart;
Which from the native greatnes where it stood,
Euen by the vertue of a piercing eye,
Shew'd that his pitch was boundlesse as the skie.

23

Worthy the Grand-child of ſo great a Lord,
Who whilſt firſt *Edward* fortunately raign'd,
Reedified great *Arthurs* auncient boord,
The ſeate at goodly *Kenelworth* ordain'd,
The order of old Knighthood there reſtor'd,
To which a hundreth duely appertain'd,
With all the grace and beauties of a Court,
As beſt became that braue and martiall ſport.

24

The heare-fwolne Lords with fury ſet on fire,
Whom *Edwards* wrongs to vengeance ſtill prouoke,
With *Lancaſter* and *Hartford* now conſpire,
No more to beare the *Spenſers* ſeruile yoke.
And thus they all a mutuall change deſire,
The ancient bonds of their allegeance broke,
Reſolu'd with blood their liberty to buy,
And in this quarrell vow'd to liue and die.

25

What priuiledge hath our free birth? (ſay they)
Or in our blood what vertue doth remaine,
To each laſcinious Minion made a prey,
That vs, and our nobilitie diſdaine,
Whilſt they triumphing boaſt of our decay?
Either thoſe ſpirits we doe not now retaine,
That were our Fathers, or by fate we fall,
Both from their greatnes, libertie and all.

Honour

26

Honour dejected from that Soueraigne ſtate,
From whence at firſt it challenged a being,
Now proſtitute to infamie and hate,
As with it ſelfe in all things diſagreeing,
So out of order, diſproportionate,
From her faire courſe prepoſterouſly flying,
Whilſt others are themſelues, and onely we,
Are not held thoſe we would but ſeeme to be.

27

Then to what end hath our great Conqueſt ſeru'd,
Thoſe acts atchieued by the Norman ſword,
Our Charters, Patents, or our deedes reſeru'd,
Our Offices, and Titles to Record,
The Creſts that on our Monuments are caru'd,
If they to vs no greater good affoord?
Thus doe they murmure euery one apart,
With many a vext ſoule, many a grieued heart.

28

Whilſt this ſad Queene to depth of ſorrow throwne,
Wherein ſhee waſtes her flower of youth away,
Beyond beliefe to all but heauen vnknowne,
This quickning ſparke, where yet it buried lay,
By the ſhatpe breath of deſperate faction blowne,
Conuerts her long night to the wiſhed day,
The wofull Winter of misfortune chearing,
As the darke world at the bright Sunnes appearing.

Yet

29

Yet ill perplex'd amid theſe hard extreames,
All meanes depreſt her ſafetie to preſerre,
Depriu'd of thoſe late comfortable beames,
Whoſe want might make her the more eaſily erre,
Her hopes relinquiſht like deceitfull dreames,
Which in her breaſt ſuch ſundry paſſions ſtirre,
Where ſtrugling which ech other ſhould controule,
Worke ſtrange confuſion in her troubled ſoule.

30

That now diſabled of all Soueraigne ſtate,
That to her Graces rightly did belong,
To be reiected, and repudiate,
So true a Lady, goodly, faire and yong,
Which with more feruor ſtill doth intimate,
Her too deepe ſetled and inueterate wrong,
What wiſedome would, a womans will denies,
With arguments of her indignities.

31

When to effect the angrie Fates purſue,
In heauens high Court that long time did depend,
When theſe full miſchiefes to a ripeneſſe grew,
And now the Harueſt haſting to the end,
And all theſe lines into one Center drew,
Which way ſo e're their courſes they extend,
All theſe together in proportion laide,
Each breath of hope, a gale vnto her aide.

Now

32

Now is the time when *Adventurer* doth enter,
Of great imployment in this tragicke act,
His youth and courage boldly bid him venter,
And tell him still how strongly he was backt,
And at this instant in due season sent her,
When the streight course to her desire is tract,
(And now vpon more certainties doth stay)
By a direct, what though a dangerous way?

33

This dreadfull Comet drew her wondring eye,
Which now beganne his golden head to reare,
Whose glorious fixure in so faire a skie,
Strikes the beholder with a chilly feare,
And in a Region eleuate and hie,
And by the forme wherein it did appeare,
As the most skilfull seriously diuine,
Foreshew'd a kingdome shortly to decline.

34

Yet still recoyling at the *Spencers* power,
As often checkt with their intemperate pride,
Th'vnconstant Barons wauering euery howre,
The fierce incounter of this boysterous tide,
That easily might their huelihood deuoure,
Had she not those that skilfully could guide,
She from suspition craftely retires,
Carelesse in shew of what she most desires.

Dissem-

35

Dissembling geleft, as one that knew not ill,
So can she raise the greatnesse of her minde,
As a most perfect Rectoresse of her will,
Aboue the vsuall weaknesse of her kind,
For all this storme immoueable and [illegible]
Her secret drift the wisest misse to find,
Nor will she know what (yet) these factions meant,
With a pleasd eye to sooth sad Discontent.

36

The least suspicion cunningly to heale,
Still in her lookes humility she beares,
The safest way with mightinesse to deale,
So Policie Religious habite weares;
Tis now no time her grecuance to reueale,
Hee's mad which takes a Lyon by the eares,
This knew the Queene, exampled by the wise,
This must they learne that rightly temporize.

37

The learnedst Bishop *Tarleton* in the land,
Vpon a text of Politicks to preach,
Which he long studying, well did vnderstand,
And by a methode could as aptly teach,
That was a Prelate of a potent hand,
Wise were the man could goe beyond his reach:
The subtile Tutor *Isabell* had taught,
In nicer points then euer *Eumeria* sought.

Rage

38

Rage which no limits longer can containe,
Lastly breakes foorth into a publique flame,
Their slipp'd occasion better to regaine,
When to their purpose things so fitly frame,
And now discerned visibly and plaine,
When Treason boldly dare it selfe proclaime,
Casting aside all secular disguise,
Leading proud legions furiously to rise.

39

As Seuerne lately in her ebbes that sanke,
Vast and forsaken leaues th'vncouered sands,
Fetching full tides, luxurious, hie and ranke,
Seemes in her pride t'inuade the neighbouring lands,
Breaking her limits, couering all the bankes,
Threatning the proude hily with her wattrie hands,
As though shee meant her Empire to haue,
Where euen but lately shee beheld her graue.

40

Through all the land, from places farre and neere,
Led to the field as Fortune lots their side,
(With th'auncient weapons vs'de in Warre to beare)
As those directed whom they chose their guide,
Or else perhaps as they affected were,
Or as by friendship, or by quarrie tide,
Swayde by the strength and motion of their blood,
No cause examin'd, be it bad or good.

From

41

From Norfolke, and the Countreyes of the East,
That with the long Pike beſt could manage fight,
The men of Kent vnconquer'd of the reſt,
That to this day maintaine their ancient right,
And for their ſtrength, that we account the beſt,
The Corniſhmen, moſt actiue, bold, and light,
Thoſe neere the plain that gleaue and Polax weeld,
And claime for due the Vaward of the field.

42

The Noble Britton ſprung of *Ilyon* race,
From Lancaſhire moſt famous for their bowes,
With thoſe of Cheſhire chiefeſt for their place,
Men of ſuch bone, as onely made for blowes,
That for their Faith are had in ſpeciall grace,
And as the Guard vnto the Soueraigne goes,
Thoſe of the North, in feuds ſo deadly fell,
That for their Speare and Horſemanſhip excell.

43

For euery vſe, experience could eſpie,
Such as in Fens and Marſh-lands vſe to trade,
The doubtfull foards and paſſages to trie,
With Stilts and Loapſtaues that doe aptlieſt wade,
And fit'ſt for Scoutes and Currers to diſcrie,
Thoſe from the Mines with Pickaxe, and with Spade,
For Pyoners beſt, that for intrenching are,
Men chiefly needfull in the vſe of Warre.

44

O noble Nation furnished with Armes,
So full of spirit, so eminent alone,
Had heauen but blest thee to foresee these harmes,
And as thy valiant Nephewes to haue gone,
Paris, Roan, Orleance shaking with alarmes,
As the bright Sunne thy glory then had showne:
To other Realmes thou hadst transferd this chance
Nor had your Sons been first that conquerd France

45

And thus on all hands making for their rest,
And now set forward for this mighty day,
Where euery one prepares to doo his best,
When in successe their liues and fortunes lay:
No crosse euent their purposes to wrest,
Where now they stand in so direct a way:
And whilst they play this strange and doubtful game,
The Queene stands by and onely giues the ayme.

46

When this braue Lord his foote had scarcely set,
Into the road where fortune had to deale,
But she dispos'd his forward course to let,
Her lewd condition quickly doth reueale,
Glorie to her vaine Deitie to get,
By him, whose birth did beare her ominous seale,
Winning occasion from this very hower,
In him to prooue and manifest her power.

As

47

As when we ſee the early riſing Sunne,
With his faire beames to emulate our ſight,
And when his courſe but newly is begunne,
The humorous fogges depriue his wiſhed light,
Till through the moyſt clouds his cleare forehead run,
Climing the noonſted in his gorgeous height:
His bright beginning Fortune hindreth thus,
To make the reſt more rich, more glorious.

48

The King diſcreetly that conſidered,
The ſpace of earth whereon the Barons ſtand,
What were their powers to them contributed,
Now being himſelfe but partner of his land,
And of the ſtrength and army that he led,
Gainſt them that doe ſo great a power command,
In which t'was well he did ſo wiſely looke,
The taske was great that now he vndertooke.

49

And warn'd by danger to miſ-doubt the worſt,
In equall ſcales whilſt eithers Fortune hung,
Muſt now performe the vtmoſt that he durſt,
Or vndergoe the burden of his wrong;
As good to ſtirre as after be inforſt,
To ſtop the head whence many euils ſprung:
Now with the marchers thinkes it beſt beginne,
Which firſt muſt looſe, ere he could hope to winne.

50

The Mortimers being men of greateſt might,
Whoſe name was dreadfull, and commaunded far.
Sturdy to manage, of a haughty ſpright,
Strongly aly'd, much followed, popular,
On whom if thus he happily could light,
He hopes more eaſly to conclude this war;
Which he intendeth ſpeedily to try,
To quit that firſt, which moſt ſtoode in his eye.

51

For which he expeditiouſly prouided
That part of land into his power to get,
Which if made good, might keepe them ſtill deuided,
Their combination cunningly to let,
Who being ioyn'd, would be too ſtrongly ſided,
Two ſo great ſtrengths together ſafely met,
The face of warre would looke ſo ſterne and great,
As well might threat to heaue him from his ſeate.

52

Wherefore from London ſtrongly ſetting forth,
With a faire Armie furniſh'd of the beſt,
Accompany'd with friends of greateſt worth,
With whom ther's many a gallant ſpirit preſt;
Great *Lancaſter*, the Lord of all the North,
The Mortimers are maiſters of the Weſt,
He towards mid England makes, the way twixt either
Which they muſt croſſe, ere they could come together

And

53

And thus inueagled with delightfull hope,
Stoutly to front and ſhoulder with debate,
Knowing to meete with a reſolued troope,
That came prepar'd with courage, and with hate;
Whoſe ſtubborne Creſts if he inforc'd to ſtoope,
He now muſt tempt ſome great and powerfull fate;
And through ſterne guards of ſwords & ireful flame
Make way to peace, and propagate his name.

54

When now the Marchers well vpon their way,
(Expecting ſuch ſhould promis'd ſuccour bring,
Which all this while abus'd them by delay)
Are ſuddainely encountred by a King,
And now perceiue their dilatorie ſtay,
To be the cauſer of their ruining,
How neere their boſoms blacke deſtruction ſtood,
With open iawes prepared for their blood.

55

And by the ſhifting of inconſtant wind,
Seeing what weather they were like to meete,
Which (euen) at firſt ſo aukwardly they find,
Ere they could yet giue ſea-roomth to their fleete,
Cleane from their courſe, and caſt ſo farre behind;
And yet in perill euery houre to ſplit,
Some vnknowne Harbour ſuddainely muſt found,
Or runne their fortunes deſperately on ground.

56

The elder Peere, graue, politique, and wise,
Which hah all dangers absolutely scand,
Finding high time his Nephew to aduise,
Since now their state stood on this desperate hand,
And from this mischiefe many more to rise,
With long experience learn'd to vnderstand
Nephew (saith he) t'is longer vaine to striue,
Counsell best serues, our safety to contriue.

57

The downe-right perill present in our eye,
Not to be shund, what certaine end t'assures;
The next, the weight that on our fall doth lie,
And what our life to our designe procures,
Each hope, and doubt that doth arise thereby,
Prouing with iudgement how the same endures:
For who obserues strict policies true lawes,
Shifts his proceeding to the varying cause.

58

To hazard fight with the emperiall powers,
May our small troupes vndoubtedly appall,
A desperate end vs willingly deuours;
Yeelding our selues, by this we loose not all,
We leaue our friends this little force of ours,
Reseru'd for them, though hapleslie we fall;
That shew of weakenesse hath a glorious hand,
That falles it selfe, to make the cause to stand.

Twixt

59

Twixt inexpected and ſo dangerous ils,
That's beſt wherein we ſmalleſt perill ſee,
A courſe that reaſon neceſſary wils,
And that doth moſt with pollicie agree,
The Idle vulgar breath it nothing skils,
T'is found diſcretion muſt our Pylot be,
He that doth ſtill the fayreſt meane preferre,
Anſweres opinion how ſo ere he erre.

60

And to the worlds eye ſeeming yet ſo ſtrong,
By our diſcending willingly from thence,
May vrge the ſhew of our oppoſed wrong,
Rather b'inforcement then fore-thought pretence,
Leauing th'aduantage doth to vs belong,
May qualifie the nature of th'offence,
Men are not alwaies incident to loſſe,
When fortune ſeemes, their forward cauſe to croſſe,

61

Nor giue we enuie abſolute acceſſe,
To lay our fall vpon thy forward mind,
Ther's neerer meanes this miſchife to redreſſe,
And make ſucceſſeful what is yet behind,
Nor of our hope vs wholy diſpoſſeſſe,
Fortune is euer variouſly inclinde,
And a ſmall vantage to the courſe of Kings,
Guides a ſleight meanes to compaſſe mighty things

62

Which ſpeech ſo caught his Nephewes pliant youth,
Faſtning vpon a duetifull reſpect,
Which he with ſuch celeritie purſu'th,
(Well could he counſell, well could he direct)
Proceeding from integritie and truth,
And working with ſuch proſperous effect,
Shewes wiſe mens counſels, by a powerfull fate,
(Seeming from reaſon) yet proue fortunate.

63

To which they awfull Maieſtie inuite,
By the moſt due and ceremonious way,
With circumſtance, and each conditi'nall rite,
Might winne reſpect vnto this new eſſay,
Or might opinion any way excite,
To which the King doth willingly obey;
Who as themſelues in finding danger neere,
Rather accepts doubt, then a certaine feare.

64

Which he receiues in preſage of his good,
To his ſucceſſe auſpiciouſly apply'd,
Which cooles the heate of his diſtemper'd blood,
Before their force in doubtfull Armes was try'd,
In his protection when they onely ſtood,
At his diſpoſing wholy to abide,
Whereon in fafetie he diſmiſt their power,
Sends them away as priſoners to the Tower.

65

O all-preparing prouidence Diuine,
In thy large Booke what ſecrets are enrold?
What ſundry helps doth thy great power aſſigne,
To ſtay the courſe thou ſtedfaſtly doſt hold?
What mortall ſenſe is able to define
Thy myſteries, thy counſels manifold;
By theſe digreſsions ſtrangely that extends
Obſcure proceedings to apparent ends?

66

This was the meane, by which the Fates diſpoſe,
More threatned Plagues vpon that age to bring,
Vtter confuſion on the heads of thoſe,
That were before the Barons ruining,
With the ſubuerſion of ſo many foes,
The murther of the miſerable King;
And that which came as Epilogue to all,
Laſtly, his fearefull, and ſo violent fall.

67

Which to their hope giues time for further breath,
As the firſt pawſe in this their great affaire,
That yet a while deferr'd this threatning death,
Truſting this breach by leyſure to repaire,
And here a while this furie limiteth:
Whilſt in this maner things ſo ſtrangely fare,
Horror beyond the wonted bounds doth ſwell,
As the next Canto dreadfully ſhall tell.

The end of the firſt Canto.

THE SECOND BOOKE OF THE BARONS WARRES.

THE ARGVMENT.

At Burton-Bridge *the puiſſant armies met,*
The forme and order of the doubtfull fight,
Whereas the King the victory doth get,
And the proud Barons laſtly forc'de to flight;
How they againe towards Burrough *forward ſet,*
Where then the Lords are vanquiſhed outright,
Laſtly, the lawes doe execute their power,
On thoſe the ſword before did not deuoure.

1

THis chance of Warre, that dreadfully had ſwept,
So large a ſhare from their full-reckned might,
Which their proud hopes ſo carefully had kept,
Whilſt yet their ſtate ſtood equally vpright,
That could at firſt ſo cloſely intercept,
What ſhould haue ſeru'd them for a glorious fight,
Muſters ſupplies of footemen, and of horſe,
To giue a new ſtrength to their ruind force.

Th'in-

2

Th'inueterate griefe ſo deepe and firmely rooted,
Yet ſleightly cur'd by this ſhort ſtrengthleſſe peace;
To aſſay t'remoue, ſince it but vainely booted,
That did with each diſtemp'rature increaſe,
And being by euery offerd cauſe promooted,
Th'effect too firmely ſetled to ſurceaſe:
When each euaſion ſundry paſſions brought,
Strange formes of feare in euery troubled thought.

3

And put in action for this publique cauſe,
Whilſt euery one a party firmely ſtood,
Taxt by the letter of the cenſuring lawes,
In the ſharp tainder of his honoured blood;
And he thats free'ſt entangled by ſome clauſe,
Which to this miſchiefe giues continuall food;
For where confuſion gets ſo ſtrongly hold,
Till all conſum'de, can hardly be controld.

4

Where now by night, euen when pale leaden ſleepe,
Vpon their eye-lids heauily did dwell,
And ſtep by ſtep, on euery ſenſe did creepe,
Miſchiefe (that blacke inhabitant of hell)
Which neuer failes continuall watch to keepe,
Fearefull to thinke, a horrid thing to tell,
Entred the place where now theſe warlike Lords
Lay maild in armour, girt with irefull ſwords.

Miſchiefe

5

Miſchiefe with ſharpe ſight, and a meager looke,
And alwayes prying where ſhee may doe ill,
In which the fiend continuall pleaſure tooke,
Her ſtarued body Plentie could not fill,
Searching in euery corner, euery nooke,
With winged feete too ſwift, to worke her will;
Hung full of deadly inſtruments ſhee went,
Of euery ſort to hurt where ere ſhee meant.

6

And with a Viall fild with banefull wrath,
Brought from *Cocytus* by this curſed ſpright,
Which in her blacke hand readily ſhee hath,
And drops the poyſon vpon euery wight;
For to each one ſhee knew the ready path:
Now in the midſt and dead time of the night,
Whoſe enuious force inuadeth euery Peere,
Striking with furie, and impulſiue feare.

7

The weeping morning breaking in the Eaſt,
When with a troubled and affrighted mind,
Each whom this venome lately did infeſt,
The ſtrong effect ſoone inwardly doe find;
And lately troubled by vnquiet reſt,
To ſad deſtruction euery one inclin'd;
Rumours of ſpoyle through euery eare doth flye,
And furie ſits in euery threatning eye.

This

8

This done, in haſt vnto King *Edward* hies,
Which now growne proude vpon this faire ſucceſſe,
The time in feaſts and wantonneſſe implies,
With crowned Cups his ſorrowes to repreſſe,
That on his fortune wholy now relies,
And in the boſome of his Courtly preſſe,
Vaunting the glory of this late wonne day,
Whilſt the ſicke Land with ſorrow pines away.

9

Thither ſhee comes, and in a Minions ſhape,
Shee creepeth neere the perſon of the King,
Warm'd with the verdure of the ſwelling grape,
In which, ſhee poyſon ſecretly doth wring,
Not the leaſt drop vntainted doth eſcape,
To which intent ſhee all her ſtore did bring,
Whoſe rich commixture making it more ſtrong,
Fils his hote veines with arrogance and wrong.

10

And hauing both ſuch courage, and ſuch might,
As to ſo great a buſineſſe did belong,
Neuer conſidering their pretended right,
Should be inducement to a trebled wrong,
When miſtie error ſo deludes their ſight,
Which ſtill betwixt them, and cleare reaſon hung;
By which opinion falſely was abus'de,
As left all out of order, all confus'de.

Now

11

Now our *Minerua* tels of dreadfull Armes,
Inforc'd to sing of worse then ciuill warres,
Of Ambuscadoes, stratagems, alar'ms,
Vnkind dissentions, fearefull Massacars,
Of gloomy Magiques, and benumming Charmes,
Fresh-bleeding wounds, and neuer healed-skarrs,
And for the sock wherein she vsde to tread,
Marching in greaues, a helmet on her head.

12

Whilst hate, and griefe, their weakned sense delude,
The Barons draw their forces to a head,
(Whom *Edward* spur'd with vengeance still pursude)
By *Lancaster*, and noble *Herford* led,
This long proceeding lastly to conclude;
Whilst now to meet, both Armies freshly sped
To Burton, both incamping for the day,
With expectation for a glorious pray.

13

Vpon the East, from *Needwoods* bushy side,
There riseth vp an easie climing hill,
At whose faire foote the siluer Trent doth glide,
With a deepe murmure permanent and still,
With liberall store of many Brooks supplide,
Th' insatiate Meades continually doe fill,
Vpon whose streame, a bridge of wondrous strēgth
Doth stretch it selfe in forty arches length.

Vpon

14

Vpon this mount the Kings pauilion fixt,
And in the towne, the foe intrench'd in fight:
When now the floud is riſen ſo betwixt,
That yet a while prolong'd th'unnaturall fight,
With tributarie waters internixt,
To ſtay the furie doing all it might,
Things which preſage both good and ill there bee,
Which heauen foreſhewes, but mortals cannot ſee.

15

The heauen euen mourning o're our heads doth ſit,
As grieu'd to ſee the time ſo out of courſe,
Looking on them who neuer looke at it,
And in meere pitie melting with remorſe,
Longer from teares that cannot ſtay a whit,
Whoſe influence on euerie lower courſe,
From the ſwolne fluxure of the cloudes doth ſhake,
A ranke impoſtume vpon euery lake.

16

O warlike nation! hold thy conquering hand,
Euen ſenſeleſſe things admoniſh thee to pauſe,
That Mother ſoyle on whom thou yet dooſt ſtand,
That would reſtraine thee by all naturall lawes,
Canſt thou (vnkind) inuiolate that band,
When euen the earth is angrie with the cauſe?
Yet ſtay thy foote in miſchiefes vgly gate,
Ill comes too ſoone, repentance ſtill too late.

And

17

And can the cloudes weepe ouer thy decay,
And not one drop fall from thy droughty eyes?
See'ſt thou the ſnare, and wilt not ſhun the way,
Nor yet be warn'd by paſſed miſeries?
T'is yet but early in this fatall day;
Let late experience learne thee to be wiſe;
Miſchiefe foreſeene, may eaſly be preuented,
But hap'd, vnhelp'd, though nere enough lamented.

18

Cannot the Scot of your late ſlaughter boaſt?
And are you yet ſcarce healed of the ſore?
I'ſt not enough you haue already loſt,
But your owne madneſſe needſſy make it more?
Will you ſeeke ſafetie in a forraine Coaſt?
Your wiues and children pitied you before;
But when your owne blood, your owne ſwords in-
Who pities them which once did pitie you? (brue

19

The neighbouring Groues diſpoyled of their trees,
For boates, and timber to aſſay this flood,
Where men are labouring as the Summer Bee,
Some hollowing trunks, ſome binding heapes of wood
Some on their breaſts, ſome working on their knees,
To winne the banke whereon the Barons ſtood,
Which o're this current they by ſtrength moſt tew,
To ſhed that blood that many ages rew.

Some

20

Some ſharpen ſwords, ſome on their Murrans ſet,
The Greaues, pouldrons others riuet faſt,
The Archers now their bearded Arrowes whet,
Whilſt euery where the clamorous Drums are bra'ſt,
Some taking view where ſureſt ground to get,
And euery one aduantage doth fore-caſt;
In ranks and fyles each plain and meadow ſwarmes,
As though the land were clad in angrie armes.

21

The Creſts and honours of the Engliſh name,
Againſt their owne oppoſed rudely ſtand,
As angry with th'atchieuements whence they came,
That to their vertues gaue that generous brand;
O you vnworthy of your auncient fame,
Againſt your ſelues to lift your conqu'ring hand!
Since forraine ſwords your height could not abate,
By your owne power your ſelues to ruinate.

22

Vpon his ſurcoat valiant *Newell* bore
A ſiluer Saltoyre grac'd on martiall red;
A Ladies ſleeue hie-ſpirited *Haſtings* wore,
Ferrer his Taberd with rich Verry ſpred,
Well knowne in many a warlike match before;
A Rauen ſat on *Corbets* warlike head,
Cou'ring his Helmet; *Culpeper* inraild,
On Maiden armes, a bloudy bend engrayld.

The

23

The noble *Percy* in this furious day,
With a bright Creſſant in his guide-home came,
In his faire Cornet *Verdon* doth diſplay
A Geuly fret, priz'd in this mortall game
That had beene taskt in many a doubtfull fray,
His launces pennons ſtayned with the ſame;
The angry horſe chafed with ſtubborne bit,
The ruinous earth with rage and horror ſmit.

24

I could the ſumme of *Staffords* arming ſhow,
What colours *Courtney*, *Roſſe*, and *Warren* holde,
Each ſundry blazon I could let you know,
And all the glorious circumſtance haue tolde,
What all the Enſignes ſtanding in a row,
But wayling Muſe, (ah me) thou art controlde,
When in remembrance of this horrid deede,
My pen for inke euen drops of bloud doth ſhed.

25

Th'imperiall Standard in this place is pitcht,
With all the hatchments of the Engliſh Crowne,
Great *Lancaſter* with all his power enricht,
Sets the ſame Leopards in his colours downe;
O if with fury you be nowbewitcht,
Haue but remembrance, on your ſelfe you frowne,
A little note, or difference is in all,
How can the ſame ſtand, when the ſame doth fall?

Behold

26

Behold the Eagles, Lyons, Talbots, Beares,
The badges of your famous ancestries,
And shall they now by their inglorious heires,
Stand thus oppos'd against their families?
More honoured Markes no Christian nation weares,
Reliques vnworthy of their Progenies;
Those beasts you beare, doe in their kinds agree,
O that then beasts more Sauage men should bee!

27

But whilst the King no course concluded yet,
In his directions variably doth houer,
See how misfortune still her time can fit,
Such as were sent the Countrey to discouer;
As vp and downe, from place to place they flit,
Had found a foord to land their forces ouer:
Ill newes hath wings, and with the wind doth go;
Comfort's a Cripple, and comes euer slow.

28

When *Edward* fearing *Lancasters* supplies,
Proud *Richmond*, *Surrey* and great *Pembrooke* sent,
On whose successe his chiefest hope relies;
Vnder whose conduct halfe his Armie went,
The neerest way; conducted by the spies;
And he himselfe, and *Edmond* Earle of Kent,
Vpon the hill, in sight of *Burton* lay,
Watching to take aduantage of the day.

29

Stay, *Surrie* stay, thou may'st too soone be gone,
Pawse till this rage be somewhat ouer-past,
Why runn'st thou thus to thy destruction?
Richmond and *Pembrooke*, whither doe you haste?
You labour still to bring more horror on;
Neuer seeke sorrow, for it comes too fast:
Why doe you striue to passe this fatall flood,
To fetch new wounds, and shed your natiue blood?

30

Great *Lancaster*, sheath vp thy angrie Sword, (whet
On *Edwards* Armes whose edge thou shouldst not
Thy naturall kinseman, and thy Soueraigne Lord;
Are you not one, both true *Plantaginets*?
Call but to mind thy once engaged word,
Canst thou thy Oath to *Longshankes* thus forget?
Consider well, before all other things,
Our vowes be kept we make to Gods and Kings.

31

The Winds are hush'd, no little breath doth blow,
Which seemes so still as though it listning stood,
With trampling crouds the very earth doth bow,
And through the smoke the Sun appeares like blood;
What with the shout, and with the dreadfull show,
The heirds and flockes runne bellowing to the wood.
When drums and trumpets, giue the fearefull sound,
As they would shake the clouds vnto the ground.

The

32

The Earles then charging with their power of Horſe,
Taking a Signall when they ſhould beginne,
Being in view of the Imperiall force,
Which at that time aſſay'd the Bridge to winne;
That now the Barons change th'intended courſe,
T'auoide the danger they were lately in;
Which on the ſuddaine had they not forecaſt,
Of their blacke day this howre had beene the laſt.

33

When from the hill the Kings maine power comes
Which had *Aquarius* to their valiant guide, (downe,
Braue *Lancaſter* and *Hertford* from the Towne,
Now iſſue forth vpon the other ſide,
Peere againſt Peere, the Crowne againſt the Crowne,
The one aſſailes the other munifide,
Englands red Croſſe vpon both ſides doth flie,
Saint *George* the King, S. *George* the Barons crie.

34

Like as an exhalation hote and dry,
Amongſt the ayre-bred moyſtie vapours throwne,
Spetteth his lightning forth outragiouſly,
Rending the groſſe clouds with the thunder ſtone,
Whoſe fierie ſplinters through the thinne ayre flie,
That with the terror heauen and earth doth grone;
With the like clamor and confuſed woe,
To the dread Shocke theſe deſp'rate Armies goe.

35

Now might you ſee the famous Engliſh Bowes,
So fortunate in time we did ſubdue,
Shoote their ſharpe Arrowes in the face of thoſe
Which many a time victoriouſly them drew,
Shunning their aime, as troubled in the looſe;
The winged weapons mourning as they flew,
Cleaue to the ſtring, (now impotent and ſlacke)
As to the Archers they would faine turne backe.

36

Behold the remnant of *Troyes* auncient ſtocke,
Laying on blowes, as Smiths on Anuils ſtrike,
Grapling together in this fearefull Shocke,
Whereas the like incountreth with the like,
As firme and ruthleſſe as th'obdurate Rocke,
Deadly oppoſed at the puſh of Pike;
Still as the wings, or Battels brought together,
When Fortune yet giues vantage vnto neither.

37

From battred caskes with euery enuious blow,
The ſcattered plumes flie looſely here and there,
Which in the ayre doe ſeeme as drifts of Snow,
Which euery light breath on his wings doth beare,
As they had ſenſe and feeling of our woe;
And thus affrighted with the preſent feare, (make,
Now backe, now forward, ſuch ſtrange windings
As though vncertaine which way they ſhould take.

Slaughter

38

Slaughter runnes wildly through th'afflicted hoaſt
Whilſt yet the Battell ſtrongly doth abide,
That in this ſtrange diſtemp'rature is loſt,
Where helliſh furie ſenſibly doth guide,
Neuer ſuffis'de, where tyrannizing moſt, (wide,)
That now their wounds (with mouthes euen open'd
Laſtly inforc'de to call for preſent death, (breath.
That wants but tongues, your ſwords do giue them

39

Here lies a heape halfe ſlaine, and halfly drown'd,
Gaſping for breath among the watrie Segs,
And there a ſort ſalne in a deadly ſwoun'd,
Troad with the Preſſe into the muddie dregs,
Other lie bleeding on the firmer ground,
Hurt in the bodies, maim'de of Armes and Legs,
One kils a foe, his braine another cuts,
Ones feete intangled in anothers guts,

40

One his aſſayling enemie beguiles,
As from the Bridge he happily doth fall,
Cruſht with his weight vpon the forced Piles,
Some in their gore vpon the pauement ſpraule,
That euery place ſo loathſomely defiles,
The Carkaſſes lie heaped like a Wall,
Such hideous ſhreekes yet ſtill the Souldiers breath
As though the ſpirits had howled from beneath.

41

The faction ſtill defying *Edwards* might,
Edmond of *Woodſtocke* with the men of *Kent*,
Charging afreſh, reuiues the doubtfull fight,
Vpon the Barons languiſhing and ſpent,
New preparation for a Tragicke fight;
When they againe ſupplies immediate ſent
A ſecond battaile proudly to begin,
The Nobleſt ſpirits but newly entred in.

42

As at Troyes ſacke, faire *Thetis* godlike Sonne,
Couragious *Talbot* with his ſhield him bare,
Clifford and *Mowbray* brauely following on,
Awdley and *Gifford* thronging for a ſhare;
Theſe ſeconding, the former being gone,
Elmsbridge and *Baldſmere* in the thickeſt are,
Pell mell together flie this furious powre,
When they perceiue that death will all deuoure.

43

Mountfort and *Teis*, your worth I faine would ſpeake
But that your valour doth ſo ill deſerue,
And *Dennile* here from thee perforce muſt breake,
And from thy praiſes *Willington* muſt ſwerue,
Your deeds permit not I your wrongs ſhould wreake,
Proude *Damory*, here muſt thy glory ſtarue;
Concealing many moſt deſeruing blame,
Becauſe your actions quench my ſacred flame.

44

O had you fashion'd your great deedes by them,
Who summond *Acon* with an English Drumme,
Or marcht before that faire Ierusalem,
With the vnited powres of Christendome,
Eternall then had beene your Diadem,
And with Christs warriours slept about his Toombe,
Then ages had immortalizde your name,
Where now my Song can bee but of your shame.

45

O age inglorious, Armes vntimely borne,
When now that prooued and victorious shield,
Must in this ciuill Massacre be torne,
Which bare the markes of many a bloody field;
And lastly, in their ouerthrowe forlorne,
When now to flight the Barons basely yeeld,
That since that time the stones for very dread,
Against foule storm's small drops of moysture shead

46

When now those wretched and vnstedfast friends,
Which all this while stood doubtfully to pawse,
When they perceiue what destenie intends,
And his successe doth iustifie his cause,
Their faintnesse now more comfort apprehends,
For victorie both feare and friendship drawes,
T'an open smile, conuert a couered frowne,
All lend their hands to hew the Conquered downe.

47

That part of power th'emperiall ſeem'd to lacke,
Whilſt yet the aduerſe bare an vpright face,
When now conſtrain'd to giue a recreant backe,
Quickly returnes to proſecute the chaſe,
Where now the Barons wholy goe to wracke,
In the iuſt triall of ſo neere a caſe;
Inforc'de to prooue the fortune of the coaſt,
When they perceiue the glorious Goale is loſt.

48

And to the fortunes of the Conqu'ring King,
Which well confirm'de his long and tendred hope,
His faire ſucceſſe ſtill more incouraging,
Which now had got ſo large and ample ſcope,
The Earle of *Carlell* happily doth bring
His light-arm'd bands the valiant Northrene troope,
Armed too lately, and with too much ſpeede,
To doe moſt harme, euen when we leaſt had neede.

49

When now the Barons making out their way,
Through parts for ſafetie, and aduantage knowne,
Keeping their force ſtill bodied as they may,
Into the depth of this misfortune throwne;
And in purſuite, deuiſing day by day,
T'offend th'aſſailant, and defend their owne,
In their laſt hope the vtmoſt to endure,
To deferre th'effect, although the end were ſure.

And

50

And whilſt their fortune ſuting ſadly thus,
To *Burrough-bridge* conducted by their fate,
Bridges to Barons euer ominous,
And to this place their fall preordinate,
That miniſtring ſuch cauſe of griefe to vs,
By the remembrance of their paſſed ſtate;
The very ſoile by deepe impreſsion yet,
Euen to this day doth ſtill remember it.

51

New courage now, new fights, new battels rang'de,
New breath (but what might make deſtruction new)
They change the ground, but yet their fate vnchang'd,
Which too directly doth their courſe purſue,
Nor from their former miſeries eſtrang'd,
Their ſtrength decayes, their dangers daily grew,
To ſhorten that which whilſt it did depend,
Gaue a long breathing to a fearefull end.

52

Like to a Heard of wearie heartleſſe Deere,
Whom hot-ſpurde Huntſmen ſeriouſly doe chaſe,
In Brakes and Buſhes falling here and there,
Prouuing each couert, euery ſecret place,
Yet by the Hounds recouered euery where,
With eager yearning in the ſented trace;
Hem'd on each ſide with hornes rechating blaſt,
Headlong themſelues into the toyles doe caſt.

Enſigne

53

Enſigne beards Enſigne, ſword gainſt ſword doth ſhake
Wing againſt Wing, and ranke doth ranke oppoſe,
In, on each other furiouſly they brake,
And death in earneſt to his buſ'neſſe goes,
A generall hauocke as diſpos'de to make,
And with deſtruction doth them all incloſe,
Dealing it ſelfe impartially to all,
Friend by his friend, and foe by foe doth fall.

54

This part of life which yet they did reſpire,
In ſpite of Fortune as they ſtood preparde,
With courage charg'de, with comelineſſe retire,
Make good their ground, and then relieue their guard,
Withſtand the enterer, then purſue the flier,
New forme their battell, ſhifting euery ward,
As your hie courage, ſo were your quarrell good,
O Noble ſpirits, how deare had beene your blood?

55

The Northerne bands th'ambitious *Herckley* led,
On the weake Barons mangled ſo before,
That now towards *Burrough* make a puiſſant head,
Incouraging th'emperiall power the more;
O day ſo fatall and ſo full of dread,
When ere ſhall time thy ruinous waſte reſtore,
Which to amend although thou ſhalt perſeuer,
Thou ſtill maiſt promiſe, but performe it neuer.

Pale

56

Pale death beyond all wonted bounds doth ſwell,
Caruing proud fleſh in cantels now at large,
As leaues in Autumne, ſo the bodies fell,
Vnder rough ſteele at euery boyſtrous charge,
O what ſad pen can the deſtruction tell,
Where ſcalps lay beaten as the battred Targe;
And euery one he claimeth as his right,
That not prouides t'eſcape away by flight.

57

Thoſe Enſignes erſt, that in the glittering field,
With their curl'd foreheads threat th'ambitious foe,
Like wethered foule the drouping pinions yeeld,
Stouping their proud heads to the duſt below,
There ſits a Helmet, and there lies a Shield,
O ill did fate theſe Noble Armes beſtow,
Which as a Quarrie on the ſoyld earth lay,
Seiz'd on by Conqueſt as a glorious pray.

58

Here noble *Bohune* that braue iſſued Peere,
Herford ſo hie in euery gracious heart,
Vnto his Countrey ſo receiu'd, and deere,
Wounded by Treaſon in the lower part,
(As o're the Bridge his men returning were)
Through thoſe il-ioyn'd planckes by an enuious Dart:
But *Lancaſter*, whoſe lot not yet to die,
Taken, reſeru'd to greater infamie.

59

O ſubiect for ſome ſadder Muſe to ſing,
Of fiue great Earledomes happily poſſeſt,
Of the direct line of the Engliſh King,
With fauours, friends, and earthly Honours bleſt,
If ſo that all theſe happineſſe could bring,
Or could endow aſſuredneſſe of reſt;
But what eſtate ſtands free from Fortunes powre?
The Fates haue guidance of our time and howre.

60

Some few themſelues in Sanctuaries hide,
In mercie of that Priuiledged place,
Yet are their bodies ſo vnſanctifi'de,
As ſcarce their ſoules can euer hope for grace;
Whereas they ſtill in want and feare abide,
A poore dead life this draweth out a ſpace,
Hate ſtands without, and horror ſits within,
Prolonging ſhame, but pard'ning not their ſinne.

61

Here is not death contented with the dead,
As though of ſome thing carelcſly denide,
Till which might firmely be accompliſhed,
His vtmoſt fully were not ſatisfi'de,
That all exactly might be perfected,
A further torment vengeance doth prouide,
That dead men ſhould in miſerie remaine,
To make the liuing die with greater paine.

You

62

You Soueraigne Cities of th'afflicted Ile,
In Cipreſſe wreathes, and widowed attire,
Prepare yee now to build the Funerall pile;
Lay your paie hands vnto this lateſt fire,
All mirth and comfort from your ſtreetes exile,
Till you be purg'd of this infectious ire,
The Nobleſt blood yet liuing to be ſhed,
That euer dropt from your rebellious dead.

63

When this braue Lord great *Lancaſter*, who late
This puiſſant force had now thus long retain'de,
As the firſt Agent in this ſtrange debate,
At fatall *Pomfret* for theſe facts arraign'de;
Gainſt whom of all things they articulate,
To whom theſe factions chiefly appertain'de:
Whoſe proofes apparant ſo directly ſped,
As from his body reft a reuerent-head.

64

Yet *Lancaſter*, it is not thy deere breath,
Can ranſome backe the ſafetie of the Crowne,
Nor make a League of ſo great power with death,
To warrant what is rightfully our owne,
But they muſt pay the forfeit of their faith,
Which fondly broke with their ambition,
When now reuenge vnto the vtmoſt rackt,
The Agents iuſtly ſuffer with the act.

Euen

65

Euen in that place where he had lately led,
As this darke path vnto the reſt to ſhow,
It was not long ere many followed,
In the ſame ſteps that he before did goe;
London, thy freedome is prohibited,
The firſt in place (O would the firſt in woe)
Others in blood did not excell thee farre,
That now deuoure the remnant of this Warre.

66

O parents ruthfull, and heart-renting ſight,
To ſee that Sonne thy tender boſome fed,
A Mothers ioy; a Fathers ſole delight,
That with much coſt, yet with more care was bred;
A ſpectacle euen able to affright
Th'moſt ſenſeleſſe thing, and terrifie the dead;
His bloud ſo deare vpon the cold earth powr'd,
His quarter'd coarſe of birds and beaſts deuour'd.

67

But t'is not you that here complaine alone,
Or to your ſelues this fearefull portion ſhare,
Her'es choice, and ſtrange varietie of moane,
Poore childrens teares with widdowes mixed are;
Many a friends ſight, many a maidens grone,
So innocent, ſo ſimply, pure, and rare;
As though euen Nature that long ſilent kept,
Burſt out in plaints, and bitterly had wept.

O

68

O wretched age, had not theſe things beene done,
I had not now in theſe more calmer times;
Into the ſearch of former troubles runne;
Nor had my virgine impolluted rimes,
Altred the courſe wherein they firſt begunne,
To ſing theſe bloudy and vnnaturall crimes,
My layes had ſtill beene to *Ideas* bower,
Of my deere *Anker*, or her loued *Stoure*.

69

Or for our ſubiect your faire worth to chuſe,
Your birth, your vertue, and your hie reſpects,
That gently daine to patronize our Muſe,
VVho our free ſoule ingenuouſly elects,
To publiſh your deſerts, and all your dues,
Maugre the Momiſts, and Satyricke ſects,
That whilſt my verſe eternally is ſung,
You ſtill may liue with me in ſpight of wrong.

70

But greater things reſerued are in ſtore,
Vnto this taske my armed Muſe to keepe,
Still offering me occaſion as before,
Matter whereof my tragique verſe may weepe:
And as a veſſell being neere the ſhore,
By aduerſe windes enforced to the deepe,
Am driuen backe from whence I came of late,
Vnto the bus'nes of a troubled ſtate.

The end of the ſecond Canto.

THE THIRD BOOKE OF THE BARONS WARRES.

THE ARGVMENT.

By a ſleepie potion that the Queene ordaines,
Lord Mortimer *eſcapes out of the Tower,*
And by falſe ſleights, and many ſubtile traines,
Shee gets to France to raiſe a forraine power;
The French King leaues his Siſter, neede conſtraines
The Queene to Henault *in a happie howre:*
Edward *her Sonne to* Philip *is affide,*
And for Inuaſion preſently prouide.

1

SCarce had theſe paſſed miſeries their ends,
When other troubles inſtantly begunne,
As (ſtill) new matter miſchiefe apprehends,
By things that inconſid'rately were done;
And further yet this inſolence extends,
Whilſt all not yeelded that the ſword had wonne,
For ſome there were that ſecretly did lie,
That to this bus'neſſe had a watchfull eye.

When

2

When as the King (whilſt things thus fairely went)
Who by this happie victorie grew ſtrong,
Sommons at *Yorke* a preſent Parliament,
To plant his right, and helpe the *Spenſers* wrong,
By which he thinkes t'eſtabliſh his intent,
Whence (more and more) his minions greatnes ſprong,
Whoſe counſels ſtill in all proceedings croſs de
Th'enraged Queene, whom all misfortunes toſs'de.

3

When now the eld'ſt, a man extreamely hated,
Whom yet the King not aptly could preferre,
The edge of their ſharpe inſolence abated,
This Parliament makes Earle of Winchester,
Where *Herckley* Earle of Carlell is created,
And *Baldocke* likewiſe is made Chancellour,
One whom the King had for his purpoſe wrought,
A man as ſubtile, ſo corrupt, and nought.

4

When now miſhaps that ſeldome come alone,
Thicke in the neckes of one another fell,
The Scot pretends a new inuaſion,
And France doth thence our vſe-full power expell,
Treaſon ſuſpected to attend his throne,
The grieued Commons euery day rebell,
Miſchiefe on miſchiefe, curſe doth follow curſe,
One ill ſcarce paſt, when after comes a worſe.

5

For *Mortimer* this Wind yet fitly blew,
Troubling their eyes which elſe perhaps might ſee,
Whilſt the wiſe Queene, who all aduantage knew,
Is cloſely plotting his deliuerie,
(Which now ſhee doth with all her powers purſue)
Aptly contriues by her deepe policie,
Againſt opinion and the courſe of might,
To worke her wil, euen through the iawes of ſpite.

6

A ſleepie drinke ſhee ſecretly hath made,
Whoſe operation had ſuch wondrous power,
As with cold numneſſe could the ſenſe inuade,
And mortifie the Patient by an hower,
The lifeleſſe Coarſe in ſuch a ſlumber laide,
As though pale Death did wholy it deuoure:
Nor for two dayes take benefit of eyes,
By all meanes Art or Phyſicke could deuiſe,

7

For which ſhee Plantane and cold Lettice had,
The water Lilly from the Marriſh ground,
With the wanne Poppie, and the night-ſhade ſad,
And the ſhort moſſe that on the trees is found,
The poyſning Henbane, and the Mandrake drad,
With Cypreſſe Flowers that with the reſt are pownd;
The braine of Cranes like purpoſely ſhee takes,
Mixt with the blood of Dormiſe, and of Snakes.

Thus

8

Thus ſits the great Enchantreſſe in her Cell,
Strongly engirt with ceremonious charmes,
Her cleanſed body cens'de with halowing ſmell,
With veſtall fire her potent liquor warmes,
Hauing full heate, ſhee to her buſineſſe fell,
When her with Magicke inſtruments ſhee armes:
And from the herbs the powerful iuice ſhe wrong,
To make the medicine forcible and ſtrong.

9

The ſundrie doubts that incident ariſe,
Might be ſuppos'de her trembling hand to ſtay,
If ſhee conſidred of the entetpriſe,
To thinke what perill in th'attempting lay,
The ſecret lurking of deceitfull ſpies,
That on her ſteps continually doe pray:
But when they leaue off vertue to eſteeme,
Thoſe greatly erre which take them as they ſeeme.

10

Their plighted faith for libertie they leaue,
Their loue is cold, their luſt hote, hote their hate,
With ſmiles and teares they Serpent-like deceiue,
In their deſires they be inſatiate,
There's no reſtraint their purpoſe can bereaue,
Their will no bound, nor their reuenge no date,
All feare exempt where they at ruine aime,
Couering their ſinne with their diſcouered ſhame.

11

The elder of the Mortimers this space,
(That many sundry miseries had past)
So long restrain'd within that healthlesse place,
Redeem'd by death, yet happily at last;
That much auailes the other in this case,
And from this Lord that imposition cast:
Which the deare safetie of his vncles breath,
Within the Tower so strictly limiteth.

12

But there was more did on his death depend, (know,
Then heauen was pleas'd the foolish world should
And why the Fates thus hasted on his end,
Thereby intending greater things to show;
Braue Lord, in vaine thy breath thou didst not spend,
From thy corruption further matters grow,
And soone beginning fruitfully to spring,
New formes of feare vpon the time to bring.

13

All things prepar'd in readinesse and fit,
The Queene attends her potions power to proue,
Their stedfast friends, their best affecting wit,
Their seruants Seale their secrets vp in loue,
And he expreſt his valour and his wit,
Whom of the rest it chiefly doth behoue,
Places resolu'd where Guide and Horses lay,
And where the Ship him safely to conuay.

14

As his large bounties liberally were heap't,
To all deſeruing, or to thoſe that neede,
His ſolemne birth-dayes feſtiuall was kept,
At his free charge, all in the Tower to feede,
Which may ſuſpition clearely intercept,
A ſtrong aſſiſtant in ſo great a neede, (quench)
(When midd'ſt their cates, their furious thirſt to
Mixing their Wine with this approoued drench.

15

Which ſoone each ſenſe, and eu'ry power doth ſeize,
When he that knew the ſtrength of euery warde,
And to the purpoſe ſorting all his keyes,
His corded Ladders readily prepar'de;
And lurking foorth by the moſt ſecret wayes,
Not now to learne his Compaſſe by the Carde,
To winne the Wals courageiouſly doth goe,
Which looke as ſcorning to be maſtred ſo.

16

They ſoundly ſleepe whilſt his quicke ſpirits awake,
Oppos'de to perill, and the ſtern'ſt extreames,
Alcydes labours new to vndertake,
Of Wals, of Gates, of watches, and of ſtreames,
Through which his paſſage he is now to make,
And let them tell King *Edward* of their dreames:
For ere they roſe out of the brainſicke trance,
He hopes to tell this noble reſt in France.

17

The ſullen night hath her blacke Curtaines ſpred,
Lowring the day had tarried vp ſo long,
Whoſe faire eyes cloſing ſoftly ſteales to bed,
When all the Heauens with duskie Clouds are hung,
And *Cynthia* now plucks in her horned head,
And to the Weſt incontinently ſlung;
As ſhee had long'd to certifie the Sunne,
What in his abſence in her Court was done.

18

The glimmering lights, like Sentinels in warre,
Behind the clouds ſtand craftily to prie,
And through falſe loope-holes looking from afarre,
To ſee him skirmiſh with his deſtinie;
Not any fix'd, nor any wandring Starre,
As they that held a counſell in the skie;
And had before concluded with the night,
It ſhould not looke for any chearefull light.

19

In deadly ſilence all the ſhores are huſh'd,
Onely the Skreech-owle ſounds to the aſſault,
And *Iſis* with a troubled murmure ruſh'd,
As if conſenting, and would hide the fault;
And as his foote the Sand or Grauell cruſh'd,
A little whiſp'ring moou'd within the Vault,
Made by the treading ſoftly as he went,
Which ſeem'd to ſay it furthred his intent.

This

20.

This wondrous Queene whom care yet reſtleſſe kept,
Now for his ſpeede to heauen holds vp her hands,
A thouſand ſtrange thoughts in her boſome heapt,
As in her cloſet liſtning ſtill ſhee ſtands,
That many a ſigh ſpent, many a warme teare wept,
And though diuided, as in ſundry ſtrands,
Moſt abſent, preſent in deſires they bee,
Our mindes diſcerne where eyes doe ceaſe to ſee.

21.

The ſmall clouds iſſuing from his lips (ſhe ſaith)
Labouring ſo faſt, as he the ladder clame,
Should purge the ayre of peſtilence and death;
And as ſometime that filch'd *Promethean* flame,
Euen ſo the power and vertue of his breath,
New creatures in the elements ſhould frame;
And to what part of heauen it happ'd to ſtray,
There ſhould path out another milkie way.

22.

Attain'de the top, halfe ſpent a while to blow,
Now round about he caſts his longing eyes,
The gentle earth ſalutes him from below,
And couered with the comfortable skies,
Viewing the way that he is now to goe,
Cheer'd with the beames of *Iſabels* faire eyes,
Downe from the turret deſperately doth ſlide,
Night be ſucceſſull, Fortune be his guide.

23

With his descent, her eye so still descends,
As feare had fix'd it to forewarne his fall,
On whom her hope and fortune now depends,
When suddaine feare her senses doth appall,
For present aide her God-like hand extends,
Forgets her selfe, and speedy aide doth call,
Silent againe, if ought but good should hap,
Shee begs of Heauen his Graue may be her lap.

24

Now shee intreates the darke distempred ayre,
Then by strong Magickes shee coniures the Wind,
Then shee inuokes the gloomy night by prayre,
Then with her spels the mortall sense to bind,
And fearing much lest these yet frustrate are,
Now by the burning Tapers shee diuin'd,
Intreating *Thames* to giue a friendly passe,
The deerest fraught ere on his bosome was.

25

The rushing murmure stils her like a Song,
But yet in feare the streame should fall in loue,
Suspects the drops that on his tresses hung,
And that the billowes for his beautie stroue,
To this faire body that so closely clung,
Which when in swimming with his breast he drouue;
Palled with griefe shee turnes away her face,
Iealous that he the waters should embrace.

This

26

This angrie Lyon hauing slipp'd his chaine,
As in a Feuer makes King *Edward* quake,
Which knew (too well) ere he was caught againe,
Deare was the blood must serue his thirst to slake,
Many the labours had beene spent in vaine,
And he inforc'd a longer course to take,
Saw further vengeance hanging in the Wind,
That knew the pride and greatnesse of his mind.

27

The faction working in this lingring iarre,
How for the Scot free passage might be made,
To lay the ground of a successefull Warre,
That hope might breede fresh courage to inuade;
And whilst our safetie standeth out so farre,
More dangerous prolects eu'ry where are layd;
That some in hand home troubles might enure,
Others in France should forraine broyle procure.

28

By these dissentions that were lately sowne,
Inciting *Charles* to open Armes againe,
Who seising *Guyne* pretended as his owne,
That *Edward* should vnlawfully detaine,
Proceedes to make a further Title knowne,
Our Lands in *Ponteu*, and in *Aquitaine*,
When wanted homage hath dissolu'd the Truce,
Waking his wrongs by *Isabels* abuse.

This

29

This plot concluded that was long in hand,
(Which to this iſſue proſperouſly had thriu'd)
The Baſe whereon a mighty frame muſt ſtand,
With mickle Art, yet with more feare contriu'de;
So ſtrongly builded by this factious band,
As from the ſame their ſafety is deriu'd,
Till their full-rooted and inueterate hate,
Getting more ſtrength might deepely penetrate.

30

When choiſe of ſuch to ſway his French affaire,
Which as a ſhapeleſſe and vnweldy maſſe,
Might well imploy the ſtrength of all their care;
So hard and perlous to be brought to paſſe,
Which it behooues them quickly to prepare,
That being now ſo ſetled as it was,
Craues a graue ſpirit, whoſe eminence and powre,
Might like a ſtiffe gale checke this threatning (ſhowre.

31

This muſt a Seſſion ſeriouſly debate,
That depth of iudgement crau'd to be diſcuſt,
That ſo concernes the ſafety of the ſtate,
And in a caſe ſo plauſible and iuſt,
As might haue quench'd all ſparkes of former hate,
And might be thought euen pollicy might truſt,
Could enuie maſter her diſtracted will,
Or apprehend faciety in ill.

Torlet

32

Torleton, whose tong thens eares in chaines could tye,
And as a fearefull thunder-bolt could pierce,
In which there more authority did lie,
Then in the *Sybils* sage propheticke verse,
Whose sentence was so absolute and hie,
As had the power a iudgement to reuerse;
On the Queenes part with all his might doth stand,
To lay his charge on her well-guiding hand.

33

Vrging what helps she to the cause might bring,
Being a wife, a sister, and a mother,
And in so great and pertinent a thing,
To right her sonne, her husband, and her brother,
Her gracious helpe to all distributing,
To take of her what they should hold of other;
Which colour serues t'effect in these extreames,
That which (God knowes) King *Edward* neuer (dreames.

34

Torleton is this thy spirituall pretence?
Would God thy thoughts were more spirituall,
Or lesse perswasiue were thy eloquence.
But O! thy actions are too temporall;
Opinion lends too great preheminence,
Thy treasons subtile, and sophisticall;
Would all were true thy suppositon saith,
Thy arguments lesse force, or thou more faith.

These

35

These suddaine broyles that were begun of late,
Still kept in motion by their secret sleight,
By false suggestions so interminate;
That as a ballast of some solide weight,
Betwixt these aduerse currents of debate,
Kept their proceeding in a course so streight,
As lends the Queene an ampler colour still,
By generall meanes to worke a generall ill.

36

Shee which thus fitly found both Wind and Tyde,
And sees her leisure serue the houres so neare,
All her endeuours mutually apply'd,
Whilst for her purpose things so fitly were,
And this aduantage quickly had espy'd,
As one whose fortunes taught the worst to feare,
Seeing the times so variously inclin'de,
And eu'ry toy soone altring *Edwards* minde.

37

Her followers such as friendlesse else had stood,
Sunke and dejected by the *Spensers* pride,
Who bare the brands of Treason in their blood,
Which but with blood there was no way to hide;
Whose meane was weake, whose will was but too good,
Which to effect did but the houre abide,
And knew all meanes that mischiefe could inuent,
That any way might further her intent.

Whilst

38

Whilst *Mortimer* which now so long hath laine,
From our iust course, by Fortune lately croſt,
In France now ſtruggling how he might regaine,
That which before he had in England loſt,
All preſent meanes doth gladly entertaine,
No iot diſmaide in all theſe tempeſts toſt:
Nor his great minde can thus be ouerthrowne,
All men his friends, all Countreyes are his owne.

39

Then Muſe, tranſported by thy former zeale,
Led in our progreſſe where his fortune lies;
To thy faire aide I ſeriouſly appeale,
To Sing this great man his magnanimous guiſe,
The ancient Heroes vnto me reueale,
Whoſe worths may raiſe our nobler faculties,
That in my verſe, tranſparent, nete, and cleare,
His Character more liuely may appeare.

40

Such one he was (of him we boldly ſay)
In whoſe rich ſoule all Soueraigne powers did ſute,
In whom in peace the elements all lay,
So mixt as none could Soueraigntie impute,
As all did gouerne, yet all did obey,
His liuely temper was ſo abſolute,
That ſeem'd when Heauen his modell firſt began,
In him it ſhew'd perfection in a man.

So

41

So throughly seasoned, and so rightly set,
As in the level of cleare iudgements eye,
Time neuer ruch't him with deforming fret,
Nor had the power to warp him once awry,
Whose stedfast course no crosse could euer let,
His elevation was so heauenly hie,
Those giddy tempests that the base world proue,
Sate vnder where he Planet-like did moue.

42

When this faire Queene that had a knowing spirit,
And saw the beauties resting in his mind,
One that had throughly looke into his merit,
Aboue the value of the vulgar kinde,
That rightly did his Grandsires deedes inherit,
When now the ages in their course declin'de,
When the olde world being weake, began to bow
To that poore baseneese that it rests at now.

43

What weighs he wealth, or what his *Vigours* left?
Let needeleese heapes, thinges momentary stand,
He counts not his that can be rap'de by theft,
Man is the sole Lord both of Sea and Land,
And still is rich of these that is not reft,
Who of all creatures hath an vpright hand;
And by the starres is onely taught to know,
That as they progresse heauen, he earth should do
Whe

44

Wherefore wiſe Nature forc'de this face of ground,
And through the deepes ſhew'd him the ſecret way,
That in the flouds her iudgements might be found,
Where ſhe for ſafety did her treaſure lay;
Whoſe ſtore that he might abſolutely ſound,
She gaue him courage for her onely key,
That he alone of all her creatures free,
Her glory and her wondrous workes ſhould ſee.

45

Let wretched worldlings ſweat for mud and earth,
Whoſe groueling boſoms licke the recreant ſtones,
And Peſants carke for plenty, and for dearth,
Fame neuer lookes vpon theſe proſtrate drones,
Man is allotted at his Princely birth,
To manage Empires and to ſit on thrones,
Frighting coye Fortune when ſhee ſtern'ſt appeares,
Which elſe ſcornes ſighes, and ieereth at our teares.

46

When now report with her ſleete murmuring wing,
Toucht the ſtill entrance of his liſtning eare,
A fleete prepar'de this royall Queene to bring,
And her arriuall ſtill awaited neare,
When euery ſound a note of loue doth ſing,
The ioyfull thoughts that in his boſome were:
The ſoule in doubt to make her function leſſe:
Denies the vtterance fully to expreſſe.

Quoth

47.

Quoth he, Slide billowes gently for her sake,
Whose sight can make your raged *Nereus* yong,
For her faire passage euen allies make,
On the sleeke waters waft her Sailes along;
And whilst shee glides vpon the pleasant Lake,
Let the sweete Syrens rocke her with a Song:
Though not Loues mother that doth passe this way
Fairer then shee thats borne vpon the Sea.

48.

You Sea-bred creatures, gaze vpon her eye,
And neuer after with your kind make Warre;
O steale the accents from her lips that flie,
Which like the Musicke of the Angels are,
And them vnto your amorous thoughts applie,
Compar'de with which, *Arions* did but iarre:
Wrap them in arre, and when blacke tempests rage;
Vse them as charmes the rough Seas to aswage.

49

France send to fetch her with full sholes of Oares,
With which her fleete may cutsy way be plide,
And being landed on thy happie shoares,
As the vast Nauie doth at Anchor ride;
For her departure when the wild Sea roares,
Ship mount to heauen, there brightly stellifide:
Neat *Iasons* Argo on the byrnisht throne,
Assume thee there a constellation.

Her

50

Her perſon hence conuaide with that delight,
Which beſt the languiſh of her iournies eaſde,
That to her pleaſure dooth it ſelfe inuite,
Whereon her mind, and ſubtile fancy ſeaſde,
And that (moſt deare) her liking might excite, (pleas'd
Which then this Lord, naught more her preſence
Where, whē with ſtate ſhe firſt her time could take,
Thus the faire Queene her *Mortimer* beſpake.

51

O *Mortimer*, great *Mortimer*, quoth ſhe,
What angry power did firſt this meane deuiſe,
To ſeperate Queene *Iſabel* and thee,
Whom loues eternall vnion ſtrongly ties;
But if ſuppoſde this fault began by me,
For a iuſt pennance to my longing eyes:
(Though guiltleſſe they) this puniſhment aſſignde,
To gaze vpon thee, till they leaue me blinde.

52

T'is ſtrange, ſweet friend, how thou art altred thus,
Since firſt in Court thou didſt our fauours weare,
Whoſe ſhape ſeem'd then not mortall vnto vs,
When in our eye thy brow was beauties ſpheare,
In all perfection ſo harmonious,
A thouſand ſeuerall graces mouing there;
But what then couldſt thou be, not now thou art,
An alien firſt, laſt home-borne in my hart.

53

That powerfull fate thy safety did inforce,
And from the worst of danger did thee free,
Still regular, and constant in one course,
Wrought me a firme and euen path to thee,
Of our affections as it tooke remorce,
Our birth-fix't starres so happily agree;
Whose reuolution seriously directs
Our like proceedings, to the like effects.

54

New forme of counsaile in the course of things,
To our dissignement findes a neerer way,
That by a cleare and perfect managing,
Is that firme prop whereon we onely stay;
Which in it selfe th'authority doth bring,
That weake opinion hath no power to sway;
Confuting such, whose sightlesse iudgements sit,
In the thicke ranke with euery vulgar wit.

55

Then since pleasde Time our wish'd content assures,
Imbrace the blessings of our mutuall rest;
And whilst the day of our good hap endures,
And we as fauorites leane on Fortunes brest,
Which doth for vs this vacancie procure,
In choise make free election of the best;
Ne're feare the storme before thou feele the shower,
My sonne a King, an Empire is my dower.

Of

56

Of wanton *Edward* when I firſt was wooed,
Why cam'ſt thou not into the Court of France?
Thy ſelfe alone then in my grace hadſt ſtood;
Deere *Mortimer*, how good had beene thy chance?
My loue attempted in that youthfull mood,
I might haue beene thine owne inheritance; (might,
Where entring now by force, thou hold'ſt thy
And art deſeiſor of anothers right.

57

Honour thou Idoll, women ſo adore,
How many plagues dooſt thou retaine to grieue vs,
When ſtill we finde there is remaining more,
Then that great word of Maieſty can giue vs;
Which takes more from vs then it can reſtore,
And of that comfort often doth depriue vs,
That with our owne ſelues ſets vs at debate,
And mak'ſt vs beggars vnder our eſtate.

58

Thoſe pleaſing raptures from her graces riſe,
Strongly inuading his impreſſiue breſt,
Quickly entranced all his faculties,
Of the proud fulneſſe of their ioyes poſſeſt;
And hauing throughly wrought him in this wiſe,
Like tempting Syrens ſing him to his reſt,
When eu'ry power is paſſiue of ſome good,
Felt by the ſpirits of his high-rauiſht blood.

59

Like as a Lute that's touch'd with curious skill,
In muſickes language ſweetly ſpeaking plaine,
When eu'ry ſtring his note with ſound doth fill,
Taking the tones, and giuing them againe,
And the eare bath's in harmony at will,
The diapaſon cloſing eu'ry ſtraine;
So their affections ſet in keyes ſo like,
Still fall in conſort as their humors ſtrike.

60

When now the path to their deſire appeares,
Of which before they had been long debar'd,
By deſolution of ſome threatning feares.
That for deſtruction ſeem'd to ſtand prepar'd,
Which the ſmooth face of better ſafety beares,
And now protected by a ſtronger guard,
Giues them large ſcope of leiſure, to fore-caſt
Euents to come, by things already paſt.

61

Theſe great diſſignements ſetting eaſly out,
By due proportion meaſuring eu'ry pace,
T'auoid the cumbrance of each hindring doubt,
That might diſtort the comlineſſe and grace,
Comming with eu'ry circumſtance about,
Strictly obſeruing perſon, time and place;
All ornaments in faire diſcretions lawes,
Could giue attire to beautifie the cauſe.

The

62

The Embaſſie in termes of equall height,
As well their ſtate and dignity might ſit,
Apparrelling a matter of that weight,
In ceremony well beſeeming it,
To carry things ſo ſteddy, and ſo right,
Where Wiſedome with cleere maieſty might ſit;
All things ſtill ſeeming ſtrictly to effect, (ſpect.
That Loue commaunds, and Greatneſſe ſhould re-

63

Whoſe expedition by this faire ſucceſſe,
Once doth againe this ancient league combine,
When *Edward* ſhould by couenant releaſe,
And to the Prince the Prouinces reſigne,
With whom King *Charles* renues the happy peace,
Receiuing homage due to him for *Guyne*:
And laſtly now to conſummate their ſpeede,
Edwards owne perſon to confirme the deede.

64

Who whilſt he ſtands yet doubtfull what to doe,
The *Spenſers* chiefly that his counſels gnide,
That with their Soueraigne not to France durſt goe,
Nor in his abſence durſt at home abide;
(Now whilſt the weake King ſtands perplexed ſo)
His liſtning eares with ſuch perſwaſion plide,
As he at laſt to ſtay in England's wonne,
And in his place, to ſend the Prince his ſonne.

65

Thus is the King encompaſt by their ſkill,
A meane to worke what *Herford* doth deuiſe,
To thruſt him on, to draw them vp the hill,
That by his ſtrength they might get powre to riſe:
Thus they in all things are before him ſtill,
This perfect ſteerſman of their policies,
Hath caſt to walke whilſt *Edward* beares the ſight,
And take that aime that muſt direct his ſight.

66

And by th'allowance of his liberall will,
Suppos'd his ſafety, furthering their intent,
Stands as a Teſt to iuſtifie their ill,
Made ſound and currant by this late euent,
And what yet wanting laſtly to fulfill,
Things in their courſe to fall in true conſent,
Giues full aſſurance of that happy end,
On which they now laborioully attend.

67

Nor finding reaſon longer to protract,
Or in ſuſpence their home-left friends to holde,
By being now ſo abſolutely backt,
And thereby waxing confident and bold,
By their proceedings publiſhing their act,
When as their powre was ripened as they would,
Now with an armed and erected hand,
To abet their faction abſolutely ſtand.

When

68

When now the feareſull fainting *Exceter*,
A man experienc'd in their counſels long,
Whether himſelfe thought his way to preferre,
Or moou'd in conſcience with King *Edwards* wrong,
Or t'was his frailty forc'd him thus to erre,
Or other fatall accident among,
The onely firſt that back to England flew,
And knowing all, diſcouered all he knew.

69

The plot of treaſon laſtly thus diſclos'd,
And *Torletons* drift by circumſtances found,
With what conueyance things had beene diſpos'd;
The cunning vs'd in caſting of the ground,
The meanes and apt aduantages propos'd,
When better counſell coldly comes to ſound,
Awakes the King to ſee his owne eſtate,
When the preuention comes too vaine and late.

70

And whilſt the time the dayly dooth adiourne,
Charles as a brother, by perſwaſions deales,
Edward, with threats doth haſten her returne,
And *Iohn* of Rome with Papall curſe aſſaies,
Tis but in vaine againſt her will to ſpurne,
Perſwaſions, threats, nor curſes ought preuailes:
Charles, *Edward*, *Iohn*, doe th'vtmoſt of your worſt,
The Queene fares beſt when ſhe the moſt is curſt.

71

The subtile *Spensers* which French humors felt,
(And with their soueraigne had deuisde the draught)
With Prince and Peeres now vnder-hand had dealt,
With golden baites that craftily were caught,
Whose flexed temper soone begins to melt,
On which they now by sleights so throwly wrought,
As with great summes now lastly ouer-waide,
The wretched Queene is desperate of aide.

72

Nor can all this amaze this mighty Queene,
(With all th'affliction neuer yet contrould,
Neuer such courage in her sex was seene,
Nor was she cast in other womens mould)
Nor can rebate the edge of her hie spleene,
But can endure warre, trauaile, want, and cold:
Strugling with Fortune, ne're with griefe oppresst,
Most cheerefull still, when she was most distrest.

73

And thus resolu'd to leaue ingratefull France,
And in the world her fortune yet to try,
Changing the ayre, hopes time may alter chance,
As one whose thoughts were eleuate more hie,
Her weakned state still seeking to aduance,
Her mighty minde so scorneth misery;
Yet ere she went, her griued heart to ease,
Thus to the King this gricued Lady saies.

74

Is this a King and brothers part, quoth ſhe?
And to this end did I my griefe vnfold?
Came I to heale my wounded heart to thee,
Where ſlaine outright I now the ſame behold?
Proue theſe thy vowes, thy promiſes to mee,
In all this heate, thy faith become ſo cold,
To leaue me thus forſaken at the worſt?
My ſtate more wretched than it was at firſt?

75

My frailty vrging what my want requires,
To thy deere mercy ſhould my teares haue tide,
Our bloud's maintained by the ſelfe-ſame fires,
And by our fortunes as our birth alide;
My ſute ſupported by my iuſt deſires,
All arguments, I ſhould not be denide.
The grieuous wrongs that in my boſome be,
Should be as neere thy care, as I to thee.

76

Nature that eaſly wrought vpon my ſex,
To thy vile pleaſure thus mine honour leaues,
And vnder colour of thy due reſpects,
My ſetled truſt diſloyally deceaues,
That me and mine thus careleſly neglects,
And of all comfort wholy me bereaues;
Twixt recreant baſeneſſe, and diſordinate will,
To expoſe my fortunes to the worſt of ill.

But

77

But for my farewell this I prophecie,
That from my womb that glorious fruit doth spring,
Which shall deiect thy neere posterity,
And leade a captiue thy succeeding King,
That shall reuenge this wretched iniury.
To fatall France bas a *Sybill* sing,
Her Cities sackt, the slaughter of her men,
When of the English, one shall conquer ten.

78

Bewmount in France that had this shuffling scene,
Whose soule by kindnesse *Isabell* had wonne,
For *Henaults* now perswades the grieued Queene,
By full assurance what might there be done;
Now in the anguish of her tumorous spleene,
Offring his faire Niece to the Prince her sonne:
The surest way to gaine his brothers might,
To backe yong *Edward*, and vphold her right.

79

This gallant Lord, whose name euen fill'd report,
To whom the Souldiers of that time did throng,
A man that fashioned others of his sort,
As that knew all to honour did belong,
And in his youth train'd vp with her in Court,
And fully now confirmed in her wrong,
Crost by the faction of th'Emperiall part,
In things that sat too neerely to his heart.

Suffici-

80

Sufficient motiues to inuite diſtreſſe,
To apprehend the leaſt and pooreſt meane,
(Againſt thoſe miſchiefes that ſo ſtrongly preſſe)
Whereon their low deiected ſtate to leane,
And at this ſeaſon, though it were the leſſe,
That might a while their ſickly power ſuſtaine;
Till proſperous times by milde & temperate daies,
Their drooping hopes to former height might raiſe.

81

Where finding cauſe to breath their reſtleſſe ſtate,
Where welcome, lookt with a more milder face,
From thoſe diſhonours ſhe receiu'd of late,
Where now ſhe wants no due officious grace,
Vnder the guidance of a gentler fate,
Where bounteous offers mutually embrace:
And to conclude all ceremonies paſt,
The Prince affies faire *Philip* at the laſt.

82

All couenants ſign'd with wedlocks ſacred ſeale,
A laſting league eternally to binde,
And all proceeding of religious zeale,
And ſuting right with *Henaults* mighty minde,
That to his thoughts much honour doth reueale,
What eaſe the Queene is like thereby to finde,
The ſweet contentment of the louely Bride,
Yong *Edward* pleas'd, and ioy on euery ſide.

The end of the third Canto.

THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF THE BARONS WARRES.

THE ARGVMENT.

The Queene in Henault *mighty power doth winne,*
In Harwich *Hauen ſafely is arriu'd,*
Great troubles now in England new beginne,
The King of friends and ſafety is depriu'd,
Flieth to Wales, *at* Neath *receiued in,*
Many ſtrange acts and outrages contriu'd:
Edward *betrayde, deliu'red vp at* Neath,
The Spenſers, *and his friends are put to death.*

I

NOw ſeuen times *Phœbus* had his welked waine,
Vpon the top of all the Tropike ſet,
And ſeuen times deſcending downe againe,
His firy wheeles had with the fiſhes wet;
In the occurrents of this hapleſſe raigne,
Since treaſon firſt theſe troubles did beget:
Which through more ſtrange varieties had runne,
Than in that time celeſtiall ſignes hath done.

Whilſt

2

Whilſt our ill thriuing in thoſe Scottiſh broiles,
Their ſtrength and courage greatly doth aduance,
That being made fat and wealthy by our ſpoiles,
When we ſtill weakned by the iarres in France,
And thus diſ-hartned by continuall foiles,
Yeelds other cauſe, whereat our Muſe may glance;
And *Herckleys* treaſons laſtly brings to view,
Whoſe power of late the Barons ouer-threw.

3

Now when the Scot with an inuaſiue hand,
By dayly inroads on the borders made,
Had ſpoil'd the Country of Northumberland,
Whoſe buildiugs leuell with the ground were layd;
And finding none that dare his power withſtand,
Without controlement euery where had praide,
Bearing with pride what was by pillage got,
As our laſt fall appointed to their lot.

4

For which falſe *Herckley* by his Soueraigne ſent,
T'intreate this needfull, though diſhonoured peace,
Cloking his treaſons by this fain'd intent,
Kindling the warre which otherwiſe might ceaſe;
And with the Scot, new miſchiefes doth inuent,
T'intrap King *Edward*, and their feare releaſe;
For which, their faith they conſtantly haue plight,
In peace and warre to ſtand for eithers right.

Working

5

Working the King his ſiſter to beſtow,
Vpon this falſe Lord, which to him affi'd,
Maketh too plaine and euident a ſhow,
Of what before his truſt did cloſely hide;
But being found from whence this match ſhould grow
By ſuch as now into their actions pry'd,
Diſplaies the treaſons, which not quickly croſt,
Would ſhed more bloud then all the wars had coſt

6

Whether the Kings weake Counſels, cauſes are
That eu'ry thing ſo badly forteth out,
Or that the Earle did of our ſtate diſpaire,
When nothing proſper'd that was gone about;
And therefore, careleſſe how theſe matters fare,
(Ile not define, but leaue it as a doubt)
Or ſome vaine title his ambition lackt,
Hatch'd in his breaſt this treaſonable act.

7

Which now reueal'd vnto the iealous King,
For apprehenſion of this traiterous Peere,
To the Lord *Lucy* leaues the managing,
One, whoſe knowne faith he euer held ſo deere;
By whoſe diſpatch, and trauaile in this thing,
(He doth well worthy of this truſt appeare)
In his owne Caſtell careleſly defended,
The trecherous *Herckley* cloſely apprehended.

For

8

For which ere long vnto his triall led,
In all the roabes befitting his degree,
Where *Scroope* chiefe Iuſtice in King *Edwards* ſted,
Was now prepar'd his lawfull Iudge to bee,
Vrging the proofes by his enditements read,
Where they his treaſons euidently ſee;
Which now themſelues ſo plainely do expreſſe,
As might at firſt declare his bad ſucceſſe.

9

His honor'd title backe againe reſtor'd,
Noted with termes of infamy and ſcorne.
And then diſarmed of his Knightly ſword,
On which his faith and loyalty was ſworne,
And by a varlet of his ſpurres diſpurr'd,
His coate of Armes in pieces hal'd and torne;
To taſte deſerued puniſhment is ſent,
T'a traiterous death that traiterouſly had meant.

10

When ſuch the fauorers of this fatall warre,
Whom this occaſion doth more ſharply whet,
Thoſe for this cauſe that yet impris'ned are,
Boldly attempt at liberty to ſet,
Whoſe purpoſe fruſtrate by the others care,
Doth greater wounds continually beget;
Warning the King more ſtrictly looke about,
Theſe ſecret fires ſtill daily breaking out.

And

11

And *Hereford* in Parlement accus'd
Of treasons, which apparantly were wrought,
That with the Queene, and *Mortimers* were vsde,
Whereby subuersion of the Realme was sought,
And both his calling and his trust abusde;
Which now to answere when he should be brought,
Seizde by the Clergie in the Kings dispight,
Vnder the colour of the Churches right.

12

Whilst now the Queene from England day by day,
That of these troubles still had certaine word,
Whose friends much blam'd her tedious long delay,
When now the time occasion doth afford,
With better hast doth for her selfe puruay,
Bearing prouision presently abord;
Ships of all vses daily rigging are,
Fit'st for inuasion tò transport a warre.

13

The Earle of Kent by's Soueraigne brother plac'd,
As the great Generall of his force in *Gwine*,
Who in his absence here at home disgrac'd,
And frustrated both of his men and coine,
By such lewd persons to maintaine their waste,
That from his treasures ceas'd not to purloine;
Th'lasciuious Prince though mou'd, regardlesse still
Both of his owne losse, and his brothers ill.

Whose

14

Whose discontentment being quickly found,
By such as all aduantages await,
That still appli'd strong corsiues to the wound,
And by their sharpe and intricate deceit,
Hindred all meanes might possibly redound,
This fast-arising mischiefe to defeat;
Vntill his wrongs were to that fulnesse growne,
That they haue made him absolute their owne.

15

Whose selfe-like followers in their faithlesse warres,
Men most experienc'd, and of worthiest parts,
Which for their pay receiued onely scarres,
Whilst the inglorious reap'd their due desarts,
And Mineons hate of other hope debarres,
With too much violence vrg'd their grieued hearts,
On *Iohn* of *Henault*, wholy doe rely,
Who led a great and valiant company.

16

That in this conquest doe themselues combine,
The Lords *Pocelles*, *Sares*, and *Boysseers*,
Dambreticourt, the young and valiant *Heyn*,
Estotenill, *Commes*, and *Villeers*,
Others his Knights, Sir *Michaell de la Lyne*,
Sir *Robert Baboll*, *Boswit*, and *Semeers*,
Men of great power, whom spoile & glory warmes,
Such as were wholy dedicate to Armes.

17

Three thousand souldiers musſred men in pay,
Of French, Scotch, Almaine, Swiſer, and the Dutch;
Of natiue Engliſh, fled beyond the Sea,
Whoſe number neere amounted to as much;
Which long had look'd for this vnhappy day,
Whom her reuenge did but too neerely tutch,
Her friends now ready to receiue her in,
And new commotions eu'ry day begin.

18

When ſhe for England fitly ſetting forth,
Spreading her proud ſailes on the watry plaine,
Shaping her courſe directly to the North,
With her young *Edward* Duke of *Aquitaine*,
With th'other three of ſpeciall name and worth,
(The deſtin'de ſcourges of his lawleſſe raigne)
Her ſouldier *Beumont*, with the Earle of Kent;
And *Mortimer*, that mighty malecontent.

19

A fore-wind now for *Harwitch* fitly blowes,
Blow not too faſt to kindle ſuch a fire,
Whilſt with full ſaile, and fairer tide ſhe goes,
Turne gentle winde, and force her to retire;
The fleete thou driu'ſt is fraughted with our woes,
But windes and ſeas, do *Edwards* wracke conſpire;
For when iuſt heauen to chaſtiſe vs is bent,
All things conuert to our due puniſhment.

Thy

20

Thy coasts be kept with a continuall ward,
Thy Beacons watch'd her comming to discry;
O had the loue of subiects beene thy guard,
T'had beene t'effect that thou didst fortifie;
But whilst thou standst gainst forraigne foes prepar'd,
Thou art betrai'd by thy home enemie;
Small help by this thou art but like to win,
Shutting death out, thou keep'st destruction in.

21

When *Henry* brother to that hapleſſe Prince,
The first great Engine of this ciuill strife,
(Deere *Lancaster*) who mlaw did late conuince,
And that at *Pomfret* left his wretched life;
This *Henry*, in whose great heart euer since
Reuenge lay couer'd, smother'd vp in griefe,
Like fire in some fat minerall of the earth,
Finding the least vent; giues it selfe a birth.

22

That being Earle Marshall, great vpon the coast,
With bells and bon-fires welcomes her a shore,
And by his office gath'ring vp an hoast,
Shewes the olde malice in his breast he bore,
Nor of his helpe abash'd at all to boast,
The Clergies power in readinesse before,
Vpon their friends a great taxation laide,
To raise munition for the present aide.

23

And to confuſion all their power expoſe;
On the rent boſome of this Ile, where long
Warre did it ſelfe ſo ſtedfaſtly incloſe;
(Warre from our owne lewd deſoluteneſſe ſprong)
Whom no inuaſion euer yet could looſe;
So old the malice, and ſo great the wrong,
Vrg'd with the force that forraigne fire doth bring,
A greater ſpoile, and horror menacing.

24

This innouation by an altred ſtate,
Lent this new action ſuch a violent hand,
That it thus boldly dare inſinuate,
On the cold faintneſſe of the feebled Land;
And being arm'd with all the power of fate,
Finding a way ſo openly to ſtand
To their intendments, which endeuoured well,
Might get that height from whence at firſt they fell.

25

When all their ſtrength in order ſtrictly ſet,
All helps and doubts by wars beſt counſailes waid,
What well might further, what their courſe might let,
And their reliefes conueniently had laid,
A meane reſerv'd ſecurity to get,
Whereon at worſt their fortune might be ſtayd,
And furniſh'd fully as themſelues deſir'd,
Of all this action needfully requir'd,

And

26

And at Saint *Edmonds* doe a while repose,
To rest themselues, and their new welcom'd force,
Better to learne the manner of their foes,
To th'end, not vainely to direct their course;
And seeing daily how the Armie growes,
To take a full view both of foote and horse;
With such discretion managing the war,
Truly to shew them what indeede they are.

27

When now the King of these proceedings heard,
And of the troupes that to them daily runne,
And little strength at *London* yet prepar'd,
Where he expected fauour to haue wonne,
He now commits the Citty to the guard
Of his approu'd most-trusted *Stapleton*,
To *Iohn* of *Eltham* (his faire sonne) the Tower,
Himselfe to *Wales* to raise a speedy power.

28

Yet whilst his name doth any hope admit,
Proclaimes in forfait both of goods and life,
All that enioy'd a subiects benefit,
Should lend their power against his sonne and wife,
And doth all slaughters generally acquite,
Were done vpon the mouers of this strife:
And who could bring in *Mortimers* proud head,
Should freely take th'reuenewes of the dead.

29

Which ſtrait encountred by the Queenes Edict,
Who making knowne the iuſtneſſe of her cauſe,
That ſhe proceeded in a courſe ſo ſtrict,
T'vphold their ancient liberties and lawes;
Nor that ſhe did this puniſhment inflict,
For priuate hate, or popular applauſe,
Onely the *Spenſers* to account to bring,
Whoſe wicked counſels had abus'd the King.

30

Which ballaſing the multitude that ſtood
As a light barke that's toſt twixt winde and tide,
Turn'd in the mixture of th'oppoſed flood,
When yet opinion not their courſe could guide,
And wau'ring thus in their inconſtant moode,
Till by the weakneſſe of th'Emperiall ſide,
Suffers the ſeiſure of it ſelfe at laſt,
Which to the Queene all free aduantage caſt.

31

When friendleſſe *Edward* followed by his foes,
Whom danger doth to recreant flight debaſe,
As poore in hope, as he is rich in woes,
Depriu'd all Princely ornament and grace,
Whoſe force th'more weakned further that he goes,
His ſafety now ſuſpecting eu'ry place;
No helpe at home, no ſuccour ſeene abroade,
His minde ſmall reſt, his body leſſe abode.

One

32

One ſcarce to him his ſad diſcourſe hath done
Of *Henaults* power, and what the Queene intends,
But whilſt he ſpeakes, another hath begunne,
A third doth take it where the ſecond ends,
When now abroad ther's other rumours runne,
Some of new foes, ſome of reuolting friends;
These ſcarcely paſt when more reports are ſpred,
Of many that rebell, of many fled.

33

What plagues doth *Edward* for himſelfe prepare,
Forſaken King, O whither dooſt thou flie?
Men change their clime, but ſildome change their care,
Thou fli'ſt thy foes, but follow'ſt miſery,
The euill Fates in number many are,
That to thy footſteps doe themſelues apply;
And ſtill thy conſcience prickt with inward griefe,
Thy ſelfe purſues thy ſelfe, both rob'd, and thiefe.

34

Accepting ſuccour offer'd next at hand,
At laſt for *Wales* commits him to the Seas,
And ſeeing *Lundy* that ſo faire doth ſtand,
Puts in for ſuccour, (neede would faine haue eaſe)
This little modell of his baniſht land,
Which for a while his fancie ſeemes to pleaſe,
Faine would he be King of a little Ile,
Although his Empire bounded in a mile.

35

And ready now to ſtrike his proſp'rous ſaile,
As vnder lee, paſt danger of the flood,
A ſuddaine ſtorme of mixed ſleet and haile,
Not ſuffers him to rule the peece of wood,
What doth thy labour, what thy toyle auaile,
When thou art ſtill with greater powers with-ſtood?
Edward, thy hopes all vainely doe delude,
By Gods and men, inceſſantly purſude.

36

In this black tempeſt long turmoil'd and toſt,
Quite from their courſe, & well they know not where
Mongſt rocks and ſands, in danger to be loſt,
Without in perrill, and within in feare,
At length perceiuing they are neere the coaſt,
And that the place more plainely doth appeare,
Knowes by the mountaines inſolently tall,
That part of Wales that we *Clamorgan* call.

37

To *Neath*, a Caſtell fortifi'd and ſtrong,
Commanding entrance with his baniſh'd crew;
The Earle of *Gloſter*, worker of much wrong,
The Chancelor *Baldocke* that much euill knew,
Reding his Marſhall is the reſt among,
Here hid from eyes, but not from enuies view;
Where for a while committing them to dwell,
We muſt prepare more dreadfull things to tell.

You

38

You lighter Muſes, leaue me, and be gone,
Your weake complaints are matters much too ſleight
More horrid plagues are here approching on,
Yee ghaſtly ſpirits that haunt the gloomy night,
Lend me your ſhrieks t'expreſſe the depth of moane,
With ghaſtly howling all approach my ſight;
And round about with funerall Tapers ſtand,
To giue a ſad light to my ſadder hand.

39

Each line ſhall leade to ſome dire point of wo,
And eu'ry cadence as a tortur'd cry,
Now muſt my teares in ſuch abundance flow,
That they ſurround the circle of mine eye;
And whilſt theſe great calamities I ſhow,
All looſe affections ſtand you id'ly by,
Once more our cleare Muſe dips her wing in gore,
The dreer'eſt tale that pen did ere deplore.

40

New ſorts of vengeance threatned to the earth,
The raging Ocean paſt the bounds to riſe,
Strange apparitions, and prodigious birth,
Vnheard of ſickneſſe, and mortalities,
More inaccuſtom'd, and vnlook'd for dearth,
New ſorts of Meteors gazing from the skies;
As what before had ſmall or nothing bin,
And onely now our miſeries begin.

And

41

And whilſt theſe diſcords and diſſentions breed,
The land lay naked to all offered ill,
The lawleſſe Exile now returnes with ſpeed,
Not to defend his Country, but to kill,
And all the priſons diſſolutely freed,
Both field and towne with wretchednes to fill,
London firſt author of our lateſt ſhame,
Soon'ſt that repent'ſt, moſt plagued for the ſame.

42

Whoſe giddy commons mercileſſe and rude,
Let looſe to miſchiefe in this curſed day,
Their hands in bloud of *Edwards* friends imbrude,
Neuer content till they were made away;
Th'implacable and wicked multitude,
On the Lieutenant *Stapleton* doe pray,
Who dragg'd and torne by this tumultuous heape,
Cut off his head before the Croſſe in Cheape.

43

Reade wofull City on thy ruin'd wall,
Thy ſad deſtruction which is drawing nie,
Where on thy gates is caracktered thy fall,
In mangled bodies thine Anatomie,
Now thy lewd errours to a reckning call,
Which may exſtract teares from thy ruthleſſe eye:
And if the thick ayre dim thy hatefull ſight,
Thy buildings are on fire to giue thee light.

Thy

44

Thy chanells ſerue for incke, for paper, ſtones,
And on the ground write murther, inceſt, rape
And for thy pennes, a heape of dead mens bones,
Let euery Letter be ſome monſtrous ſhape,
Thy pointes and accents be departing groanes,
And let no vile, nor deſperate act eſcape,
And when with pride thou art againe ore'gon,
Then take this booke, and ſadly looke thereon.

45

Poore wretch diſpoilde of thy late Virgines name,
Now for thy ſinne what impious villaine ſhent,
Blacke is my incke, but blacker thy defame,
Who ſhall reuenge whilſt I thy ſtate lament,
What might be done to remedy thy ſhame,
When now too late theſe miſchiefes to preuent,
Againſt theſe horrors thou doſtidly ſtriue,
Thou ſeeſt thy ſelfe deuoured yet aliue.

46

Thou wantſt redreſſe, and tyranny remorce,
To whom ſhouldſt thou thy helples woes complaine?
But yeelde thy ſelfe to the adulterers force,
Thy wordes vntimely and returne in vaine,
The more thou grieu'ſt, thy fault is ſtill the worſe;
This remedy there onely doth remaine,
Diſpoilde of Fame, be prodigall of breath,
And make thy life cleare by a reſolute death.

For

47

For worlds that were, the preſent times complaine,
When men might haue been buried when they dide,
And children ſafely in their Cradles laine,
And when the husband might enioy his bride,
When in ſome bounds ill could it ſelfe containe,
The ſonne haue kneel'd by's fathers death-bed ſide,
The liuing wrong'd, the dead no right can haue,
The father ſees his ſonne to want a graue.

48

But tis too late thy head-ſtrong courſe t'recall,
Depriu'd all feeling of externall feare;
Theſe deadly ſounds by their continuall fall,
Settle confuſion in thy deafned eare,
This is the laſt, O would the worſt of all!
Shreekes be the muſick thou delightſt to heare,
Armes thy attire, and wounds be all thy good,
Thy end conſiſts in rapine and in blood.

49

Inglorious age of whom it ſhould be ſaid,
That all theſe miſchiefes ſhould abound in thee,
That all theſe ſinnes ſhould to thy charge be laid,
From no calumnious nor vile action free,
O let not time vs with thy ills vpbrayd,
Leſt feare what hath beene, argue what may bee;
And faſhioning ſo a habite in the minde,
Make vs alone the haters of our kinde.

50

O powerfull heauen, in whose all-soueraigne raine,
Those thy pure bodies moone in harmony,
And by a strong and euerlasting chaine,
Together linckt in sacred vnity;
In which you doe continually remaine,
Stay'd in one certaine course eternally,
Why his due motion keepeth eu'ry star,
Yet what they gouerne so irregular?

51

Muse, in the course of this vnnaturall warre,
Tell me from whence this height of mischiefe grew,
That in so short time spread it selfe so farre,
Whereon such strange calamities ensue;
The true occasions faithfully declare:
O men religious, was the fault in you?
Which euen grown resty by your powre, withdraw
Your stifned necks, as free from ciuill awe.

52

What wonder then the people grow prophane,
When Church-mens liues giue lay-men leaue to fall;
Their former Doue-like humblenesse disdaine,
For coates of haire, now clad in costly pall,
The holy Ephod made a cloke for gaine,
And what most cunning, most canonicall,
And blind promotion shuns that dangerous road,
Which the old Prophets diligently troad.

Hence

53

Hence ist that God so sleightly is ador'd,
The rocke remoou'd whereon our faith is grounded,
Conscience esteem'de but as an idle word,
Which weake before, by vaine opinion wounded,
Professors liues so little fruit affoord,
And in her sects religion lies confounded;
The sacred thinges a merchandize become,
None talkes of texts, and prophecying dumbe.

54

And of the former being thus possest,
Like to the venome of infectious ayre,
That hauing got into the secret breast,
Is not prescrib'de, nor long times staies it there;
But from this ground to seize vpon the rest,
The rancke contagion spreading euery where;
That ere this euill hath the vtmost done,
The solide body lastly ouer-runne.

55

Cauils breake forth to cancell wholesome lawes,
And catching hold vpon the publique weale,
Where doubts should cease, they rise in euery claw
The sword that wounds ordain'de a salue to heale,
One mischiefe still another forward drawes;
Each striuing others vilenes to conceale,
By lewde corruptions in a needefull vse,
Right cloakes all wrong, and couers all abuse.

W

56

When now the King late taking to this hold,
And in this poore imprisned libertie,
Liuing a death in hunger, want, and cold,
Euen in depth of woe and misery;
By hatefull treason secretly is sold.
Before he could the trecherous drift espie;
For when oppression's vp vnto the chin,
Who lends not hand to thrust him boldly in?

57

In th'luckleſſe fortunes of this wretched King,
Whoſe perſon's ſeiſed by th'inuading part,
Vnto his frindes ſad matters menacing,
With bloodleſſe terror ſtriking eu'ry hart,
All expectation now diſcouraging,
When no euaſion from the foe to ſtart;
And that the clowd which threatned greateſt feare,
Roſe whence their hopes moſt brighteſt did ap-
peare.

58

Which breaking in now with a generall force,
On the two *Spenſers* from whoſe onely hate
This Warre firſt ſprung, diſtracted in their courſe,
Their lateſt power confined by their fate,
Of whom ther's none takes pittie or remorce;
Which to auoide, as cankers of the ſtate,
The eldeſt firſt to death at *Briſtow* led,
Where hangde to death, his body quartered.

When

59

When as the heire to *Winchester* late dead,
The bloudy lot to Earle of *Gloster* fell,
Reding the Marshall, marshald with the dead,
When soone succeedes the Earle of *Arundell*,
To pay the forfait of a reuerent head,
Then *Muchelden*, and woefull *Dauell*,
Who followed him in his lasciuious waies,
Must goe before him to his fatall daies.

60

Euen like some pillar, on whose goodly height,
A ponderous building onely doth depend,
Which when not able to sustaine the weight,
And that his strong back hath begun to bend,
As quite depriued of his former might,
The massie load vnto the ground doth send,
Crushing the lesser props, and murd'ring all
That stand within the compasse of the fall.

61

That state whereon the strength of Princes leanes,
Whose hie ascent we trembling doe behold,
From whence by coyneſſe of their chaſte disdaines,
Subiection is imperiously controld;
Their earthly weakneſſe euermore explaines,
Exalting whom they please, not whom they should,
When their own fall (showes how they fondly er
Procur'd by those vnworthily prefer'd.

Merit

62

Merit goes vnregarded and vngrac'd,
When by his fautors ignorance held in,
And Paraſites in wiſe mens roomes are plac'd,
Onely to ſooth the great ones in their ſin,
From ſuch whoſe gifts, and knowledge is debas'd,
There's many ſtrange enormities begin,
Forging great wits into moſt factious tooles,
When mightieſt men oft proue the mightieſt fooles.

63

But why ſo vainely doe I time beſtow,
The foule abuſe of th'wretched world to chide,
Whoſe blinded iudgement eu'ry howre doth ſhow,
What folly weake mortality doth guide?
Wiſe was the man that laugh'd at all thy woe,
My ſubiect ſtill more ſorrow doth prouide,
And this late peace more matter ſtill doth breede,
To haſten that which quickly muſt ſucceede.

The end of the fourth Canto.

THE FIFTH BOOKE OF THE BARONS WARRES.

THE ARGVMENT.

Th'imprisoned King his gouernement forsakes,
And to the Peeres his weakenesse so excused,
Who him ere long from Leisters *keeping takes,*
That with much woe his soueraigne Lord refused,
His torture of him a mockery makes,
And basely, and reprochfully abused,
By secret waies to Berckley *being led,*
And cruelly in prison murthered.

I

THe wretched King vnnaturally betray'd,
By lewd corruption of his natiue Land,
From thence with speed to *Kenelworth* conuay'd,
By th'Earle of *Leister* with a mighty band,
Some few his fauorers quickly ouer-way'd,
And now a present Parlement in hand,
To ratifie the generall intent,
His resignation of the gouernement.

Falne

2

Falne through the frailty of intemperate will,
That with his fortunes it ſo weakly far'd,
To vndergoe that vnexpected ill,
For his deſerued puniſhment prepar'd,
The meaſure of that wretchedneſſe to fill,
To him allotted as a iuſt reward,
Armes all with malice, either leſſe or more,
To ſtrike at him that ſtrooke at all before.

3

And being a thing the commons daily craue,
To which the great are reſolutely bent,
Such forward helpes on eu'ry ſide to haue,
T'effect their ſtrong and forcible intent,
Which now that ſpeed vnto their action gaue,
That ratifi'd by generall conſent,
Still haſtned on to execute the thing,
Which for one ill, two worſe ſhould ſhortly bring.

4

Biſhops, Earles, Abbots, and the Barons all,
Each in due order as becomes the ſtate,
Set by the Heraults in that goodly Hall,
The Burgeſſes for places corporate,
(Whom this great buſineſſe at this time doth call)
For the Cinque-ports the Barons conuocate,
And other Knights, for the whole body ſent,
Both on the South, and on the North of Trent.

5

From his impris'ning chamber clad in blacke,
Before th'aſſembly ſadly he is brought,
A dolefull hearſe vpon a dead-mans backe,
Whoſe heauy lookes might tell his heauier thought,
In which there doth no part of ſorrow lacke,
Nor fained action needes to griefe be taught:
His funerall ſolemniz'd in his cheere,
His eyes the mourners, and his legs the Beere.

6

Torleton, as one ſelect to this intent,
The beſt experienc'd in this great affaire;
A man graue, ſubtill, ſtout, and eloquent,
Firſt with faire ſpeech th'aſſembly doth prepare,
Then with a voyce auſtere and eminent,
Doth his abuſe effectually declare,
As winnes each ſad eye with a reuerent feare,
With due attention drawing eu'ry eare.

7

The great exactions raiſed by the King,
With whoſe full plenty he his Mineons fed,
Himſelfe and ſubiects ſo impou'riſhing,
As that deere bloud he lauiſhly had ſhed,
Which deſolation to the land ſhould bring,
Which from his riots onely tooke their head;
The loſſe in warre ſuſtained through his blame,
The during ſcandall to the Engliſh name.

Pro-

8

Proceeding forward to the future good,
That their diſſignements happily intend,
And with what vpright policie it ſtood,
(No after hopes their fortunes to amend)
The reſignation to his proper blood,
That might the action lawfully defend,
The preſent neede that will'd it ſtrictly ſo,
Whoſe impoſition they might not forſlowe.

9

O pardon me, that ſtriuing to be ſhort,
To this intent a ſpeech deliuering,
And that at full I doe not here report
Matters that touch depoſing of the King,
My faithfull Muſe, O doe not thou exhort
The after times to ſo abhorr'd a thing,
To ſhew the reaſons forcibly were laid,
Out of thy feelings what he might haue ſaid.

10

The ſtrong deliu'ry of whoſe vehement ſpeech,
Borne with a dauntleſſe and contracted brow,
That with ſuch ſterne ſeuerity did teach,
His reaſons more authentique to allow,
Which the more eaſly made the dang'rous breach,
By the remembrance of a generall vow;
To which they here muſt openly conteſt,
When *Edward* comes to conſummate the reſt.

11

His faire cheeke couer'd in pale ſheets of ſhame,
And as a dumbe ſhew in a ſwowne began,
Where paſſion doth ſuch ſundry habites frame,
As eu'ry ſence a right Tragedian,
Truly to ſhew from whence his ſorrow came,
Beyond the compaſſe of a common man,
Where Nature ſeemes a practiſer in Art,
Teaching Diſpaire to act a liuely part.

12

Ah Pity, do'ſt thou liue, or wert thou not,
(Mortalls by ſuch ſights haue to flint bin turned)
Or what men haue beene, hath their ſeed forgot,
Or was it neuer knowne that any mourned,
In what ſo ſtrangely are we ouerſhot?
Againſt our owne ſelues hath our frailty ſpurned,
Or teares henceforth abandon'd humane eies,
And neuer-more to pity miſeries.

13

He takes the Crowne yet ſcornfully vnto him,
With ſlight regard, as ſcarcely thinking on it,
As he were ſenceleſſe that it ſhould forgoe him,
And ſildome caſts a ſcornfull eye vpon it,
Would ſeeme to leaue it, and would haue it woe him,
Then ſnatching it as loath to haue forgone it,
Yet puts it from him, yet he will not ſo,
Would faine retaine what fame he would forgoe.

In

14

In this confuſed conflict of the minde,
Teares drowning ſighs, and ſighs confounding teares,
Yet when as neither liberty could finde,
Oppreſſed with the multitude of feares,
Stands as a man affrighted from his kinde,
Griefe becomes ſenſleſſe when too much it beares,
Whilſt ſpeech and ſilence ſtriues which place ſhould
From his full boſome thus his ſorrowes brake. (take,

15

If that my title rightfully be planted,
Vpon a true indubitate ſucceſſion,
Confirm'd by Nations as by nature granted,
That freely hath deliuered me poſſeſſion,
Impute to heauen ſufficientie t'haue wanted,
Which muſt deny it power, or you oppreſſion,
Which into queſtion by due courſe may bring,
The grieued wrongs of an annointed King.

16

That halowed vnction by a ſacred hand,
Which once was powr'de on this Emperious head,
Which wrought th'indument of a ſtrict command,
And round about me the rich verdure ſpred,
Either my right in greater ſtead muſt ſtand,
Or why in vaine was it ſo idly ſhed,
Whoſe prophanation and vnreuerent tuch,
Iuſt heauen hath often puniſht, alwayes much.

17

When from the bright beames of our ſoueraine due,
Deſcends the ſtrength of our innated right,
And proſperouſly deriues it ſelfe to you,
As from our fulneſſe taking borrowed light,
Which to your ſafety alwaies firme and true,
Why thus repugne you by prepoſtrous might?
But what heauen lent me vertuouſly t'haue vſed,
Leaues to your power what weaknes hath abuſed.

18

But here I doe reſigne it to your King,
Pawſing hereat as though his tongue offended,
With griping throwes ſeems forth that word to bring,
Sighing a full point as he there had ended,
O how that ſound his grieued heart doth wring,
Which he recalling gladly would haue mended:
Things of ſmall moment we can ſcarcely hold,
But griefes that touch the heart are hardly tolde.

19

But being paſt, he proſecutes in teares,
Calming that tempeſt with a ſhower of raine,
As he had ſtroue to keepe it from his eares,
Quoth he, the Liegéman to your Soueraigne?
O in his lippes how vile that word appeares,
Whereat aſham'd doth ſadly pawſe againe,
Then ſaith, yes ſay ſo vnto him you beare it,
If t be yong *Edward* that you meane ſhall weare it.

Let

20

Let him account his bondage from that day,
That he is with the Diadem inuested,
A glittering Crowne hath made this haire so gray,
Within whose circle he is but arrested,
To true content this s'not the certaine way,
With sweeter cates a meane estate is feasted,
And when with proud feet scorn to touch the mold,
His head a prisner in a gayle of gold.

21

His subiects numbred, numbring of his care,
And when his showt's the people doe beginne,
Let him suppose th'applause but prayers are
T'escape the danger that they see him in,
Wherein t'aduenture he so boldly dare;
The multitude hath multitudes of sinne,
And he that's first to cry, God saue the King,
Is the first man doth newes of sorrow bring.

22

Appeasing tumults hate cannot appease,
Sooth'd with deceits, and fed with flatteries,
Himselfe displeasing, others if he'le please,
Obey'd as much as he shall tyrannize,
The least in safety being most at ease,
Feare forcing friends, inforcing enemies:
And when he sitteth in his great'st estate,
His foot-stoole danger, and his chaire is hate.

Raigne

23

Raigne he alone, whilſt he no King, was one
Diſarm'd of power, and here deiected is,
By whoſe depoſing he enioyes a throne,
Nor ſhould I ſuffer that, nor he doe this,
I muſt confeſſe th'inheritance his owne,
But whilſt I liue it ſhould be none of his,
The ſonne climes vp to thruſt the Father downe,
And thus the crowned left without a Crowne.

24

Hauing perform'd this hard conſtrained part,
His ſpeech, his raigne, the day all ioyntly ended,
Strangely transform'd, not being what thou art,
Car'd for of none, vnlookt on, vnattended,
Sadly departing with a heauy heart,
To his ſtrong lodging ſtraightly recommended,
Left to bemoane his miſerable plight,
To the rude walls, and ſolitary night.

25

Whilſt things are thus diſaſtrouſly decreed,
Seditious libels euery day are ſpred,
By ſuch as like not of their violent deede,
That he by force ſhould be deliuered,
Whether his wrong remorce in ſome did breede,
That him at laſt vntimely pittied,
Or elſe deuis'd in pollicie by ſome,
To cloake that miſchiefe afterward to come.

And

26

And hate that each where hearkning ſtill doth lurke,
And yet ſuſpitious *Edward* is not ſure,
Thinking what bloud with *Leiceſter* might worke,
Or elſe, what friends his name might him procure,
Which yet their thoughts continually doth yrke
The time he ſhould at *Kenelworth* endure:
Forethink ſome place t'which ſecretly conuaide,
Vnknowne his being, he might lie from aide.

27

And though the great to couer their intent,
Seeme not to know thoſe people that are ill,
Yet want they not their wicked inſtrument,
Which they keepe ready to performe their will,
Such men they haue (to their damnation bent)
In villany notorious for their skill;
Diſhoneſt, deſperate, mercileſſe and rude,
And that themſelues as boldly dare intrude.

28

Matreuers and baſe *Gurney* are the men,
In this lewd act that muſt confedered be,
Whoſe hateſull names pollute our maiden pen,
But I entreate you, be not grieu'd with me,
To whom thoſe names doe worthily pertaine,
Some boughs grow crooked from the ſtraighteſt tree
Nor ſhall you be partakers of their ſhame,
The fault lies in their deede, not in your name.

Theſe

29

Theſe ſecretly to *Kullingworth* diſpatcht,
Fitted of all things that their hearts deſire,
At ſuch a time as few their purpoſe watcht,
After whoſe buiſneſſe none is to enquire,
Which by their warrant ſubtilly was matcht,
Onely to them knowne whither to retire:
Taking the King, his guardian to acquit,
And to beſtow him where they thought moſt fit.

30

With a crew of ribalds, vallainous, and nought,
As their coagents in this hatefull thing,
To th'Earle of *Leiſter* their commiſſion brought,
Commanding the deliu'ry of the King, (wrought,
Which (with much griefe) they laſtly from him
About the Caſtell cloſely houering,
Watching a time till ſilence, and the night,
Might with conuenience priuiledge their flight.

31

With ſhamefull ſcoffes, and barbarous diſgrace,
Him on a leane ill-fauor'd iade they ſet,
In a vile garment, beggarly, and baſe
(Which, it ſhould ſeeme, they purpoſely did get)
And in a wretched miſerable caſe,
Benum'd and beaten with the colde, and wet,
Depriu'd of all repoſe and naturall reſt,
With thirſt and hunger grieuouſly oppreſt.

Yet

32

Yet ſtill ſuſpitious that he ſhould be knowne,
They ſhaue away his ornament of haire,
The laſt thing his that he could call his owne,
Neuer left Fortune any wight ſo bare;
Such tyranny on King was neuer ſhowne,
Thus voide of comfort, were he voide of care:
No, no, our ioyes are ſhadowes, and deceiue vs,
But till our death, our ſorrowes neuer leaue vs.

33

To which intent, when fartheſt from reſort,
Forcing him light from his poore weary beaſt,
Vpon a mole-hill (O moſt ſad report)
With puddle-water him they lewdly dreſt,
Whilſt at his woes and miſeries they ſport,
An yron skull the Baſon, like the reſt,
Whoſe lothing eyes in this more loathed glaſſe,
Well may diſcerne how much deform'd he was.

34

Th'abundant drops that from his eyes do fall,
Forceth a Poole ſtill riſing by this raine,
Which wraſtleth with the water, and withall,
A troubled circle makes it to retaine,
His endleſſe griefes vnto his minde might call,
Billow'd with ſighes like to a little Maine,
Water with teares contending whether ſhould
Make water warme, or make the warme teares cold.

Vile

35

Vile traytors hold off your vnhallowed hands,
His brow the ſtate of maieſtie ſtill beares,
Dare you thus keepe your ſoueraigne Lord in bands,
How can your eyes behold th'anointeds teares?
Or if your ſight thus all remorce with-ſtands,
Are not your hearts euen pierced through your eares?
The minde is free, what ere afflict the man,
Hee's yet a King, doe Fortune what ſhe can.

36

Who's he ſhould take what God himſelfe hath giuen,
Or ſpill that life his holy ſpirit infuſed,
All powers be ſubiect to the power of heauen,
Wrongs paſſe not vnreueng'd how ere excuſed,
If of all ſenſe griefe hath thee not bereauen,
Riſe maieſtie when thou art thus abuſed,
O whither ſhall authority betake,
When in this ſort it doth it ſelfe forſake.

37

And in deſpight and mockery of a Crowne,
A wreathe of graſſe they for his temples make,
Which when he felt, as comming from a ſwoune,
And that his powers a little gan awake,
Fortune (quoth he) thou dooſt not alwaies frowne,
I ſee thou giu'ſt as well as thou dooſt take,
That wanting naturall couert for my braine,
For that defect, thou lend'ſt me this againe.

To

38

To whom, O heauen, ſhould I my griefes complaine,
Since thou art iuſt and prouident in all?
How ſhould this body naturall ſtrength retaine,
To ſuffer things ſo much innaturall?
My cogitations labour but in vaine,
Except thou be partaker in my fall;
And when at once ſo many miſchiefes meete,
By change of ſorrow mak'ſt my torment ſweete.

39

Wherefore my fate I ſhould but fondly grutch,
Tis vaine contention when with heauen we ſtriue,
Which preordaines my miſeries for ſuch,
That by one woe another ſhould ſuruiue,
To ſhew how it mortality can tutch,
My wretchednesſe ſo ſtrangely to contriue,
That all my comfort in miſhaps ſhould reſt,
And elſe in nothing but misfortune bleſt.

40

To *Berckley* thus they led this wretched King,
The place of horror that was long fore-thought,
What power ſhould ſuffer ſo defil'd a thing,
Or can behold this murther to be wrought,
That might the Nation into queſtion bring,
But that your waies with iudgement ſtill are fraught;
Thus art thou hap'd into thy earthly hell,
Now take thy leaue, and bid the world farewell.

Berckley

41

Berckley, whose faire seate hath beene famous long,
Let thy faire buildings shreeke a deadly sound,
And to the ayre complaine thy greeuous wrong,
Keeping the figure of King *Edwards* wound,
That as thou waxest old, their shame still yong,
Their wretched foot-steps printed on the ground,
That when report shall lend their vile act breath,
All tongues may adde damnation to their death.

42

The ominous Rauen with a dismall cheere,
Through his hoarse beake, of following horror tells,
Begetting strange imaginarie feare,
With heauie Ecchoes like to passing-belles;
The howling dogge a dolefull part doth beare,
As though they chimde his latest burying knells,
Vnder his eaue the buzzing shreech-owle sings,
Beating his windowes with her fatall winges.

43

And still affrighted in his fearefull dreames,
With raging fiendes and goblins that he meetes,
Of falling downe from steepe rockes into streames,
Of toombes, of burials, and of winding sheetes,
Of wandring helpelesse in far forraigne Realmes,
Of strong temptations by seducing spirits,
Wherewith awak'de and calling out for alde,
His hollow voice doth make himselfe affraide.

Next

44

Next comes the viſion of his bloudy raine,
Masking along with *Lancaſters* ſterne ghoſt,
Of Barons twenty eight, or hang'd, or ſlaine,
Attended with the ruefull mangled hoſt,
That vnreueng'd yet all this while remaine,
At *Borough* battell, and at *Burton* loſt,
Threatning with frownes, and trembling eu'ry lim,
As though in peeces they would torture him.

45

And if it chance that from the troubled skies,
The leaſt ſmall ſtarre through any chinke giues light,
Straightwaies on heapes the thronging cloudes ariſe,
As though the heauen were angry with the night,
That it ſhould lend that comfort to his eies,
Deformed ſhadowes glimpſing in his ſight,
As darkneſſe, for it would more darkened be,
Through thoſe poore crannies forc'd it ſelfe to ſee.

46

When all th'affliction that they could impoſe,
Euen to the full, and vtmoſt of their hate,
Aboue his torment yet his ſtrength aroſe,
As Nature made a couenant with Fate,
When now his watchfull and too wary foes,
That ceaſe not ſtill his woes to aggrauate,
All further helps ſuſpected to preuent,
To take his life to *Berckley* cloſely ſent.

47

And ſubtilly a letter faſhioning,
Which in the words a double ſenſe doth beare,
Which ſeemes to bid them, not to touch the King,
Shewing withall how vile a thing it were,
But by falſe pointing, is another thing,
And to diſpatch him, bids them not to feare, (more,
Which taught to finde, theſe murtherers neede no
For which they ſtood too ready long before.

48

When *Edward* haps a Chronicle to finde,
Of former Kings, their raignes, their deaths, and deede,
Which ſome there lodg'd forgotten had behinde,
On which to paſſe the houres he falls to reede,
Thinking thereby to recreate his minde,
But in his breaſt this greatet woe doth breede,
For when deepe ſorrow on the fancie ſeaſeth,
What ere we ſee, our miſery encreaſeth.

49

Firſt of great *William*, Conquerour of this Ile,
(From whom he's tenth that in ſucceſſion lies)
Whoſe power inforc'd the Saxon to exile,
Planting new lawes, and forraine ſubtilties,
Force and ſubiection ſo to reconcile
The puniſhment of *Harolds* tyrannies,
Which he applies with arguments as ſtrong,
To the due courſe of his iuſt puniſht wrong.

Rufus

50

Rufus his ſonne, Duke *Roberts* farre abroade,
Receiues the rule in weake infeebled ſtate,
His fathers ſteps that euidently treade,
Depreſſing thoſe who had beene conquer'd late,
Wiſhing releaſe of this their grieuous loade,
Vnder the guidance of their formes Fate,
The place for men that did to beaſts intend,
A beſtiall life had laſt a beaſtly end.

51

Henry the yong'ſt, his brother *William* dead,
Taketh the Crowne from his vſurpfull hand,
Due to the eldeſt good Duke *Roberts* head,
Bearing our Red Croſſe in the Holy Land,
Whoſe force farre off ſo much diminiſhed,
That his returne diſabled to withſtand,
When thoſe for whom th'vnnaturall war was done,
The Sea deuoures, he left without a ſoune.

52

To *Maud* the Empreſſe he the Scepter leaues,
His onely daughter, which by falſe pretext
Stephen Earle of *Bolloine* forcibly bereaues,
Henries falſe Nephew in ſucceſſion next,
By which the Land a ſtranger warre receiues,
Wherewith it grew ſo miſerably vext:
Till *Stephen* failing, and his iſſue reft,
To the heires of *Maud* the regall Scepter left.

53

The second *Henry*, *Maud* the Empresse sonne,
Of th'English line *Plantagenet* the first,
By *Stephens* death a glorious raigne begunne,
Whose youth prolong'd to make his age accurst,
By his sonne *Henries* coronation,
Which to his dayes much woe and sorrow nurst,
When those for whom he conquer'd, to make great,
Abroad his townes, at home vsurp'd his seate.

54

Richard his sonne him worthily succeedes,
Who not content with what was safely ours,
(A man lift vp to great and glorious deedes)
Into the East transports our valiant powres,
Where with his sword whilst many a Pagan bleedes,
Relentlesse Fate hasts on vntimely howers,
And makes a period to this hopefull story,
Euen in the spring and blossome of his glory.

55

Next followeth him his faithlesse brother *Iohn*,
Murth'ring young *Arthur* by oppressefull might,
Climing by force to his vsurped throne,
Iustly with poyson was repay'd his spight,
His life to all men was so hatefull growne,
Who grieues his wrongs that ne're did any right?
That on the Clergie tyrannously fed,
Was by the Clergie iustly punished.

56

Henry his ſonne now crowned very yong,
Who for the hate they to the father bare,
His ſtate of raigning ſtood in queſtion long,
Or to be left vnto a ſtrangers care;
With whom the Barons, inſolent and ſtrong,
For the olde Charter in commotion are,
Which (his long raine ſo carefully attended)
Granting, his daies in peace ſecurely ended.

57

From him proceedes a Prince, iuſt, wiſe, and ſage,
(In all things happy but in him his ſonne)
For whom euen nature did her ſelfe engage,
More then in man, in this Prince to haue done,
Whoſe happy raigne, recur'd the former rage,
By the large bounds he to his Empire wonne,
As the firſt *Edward* had the ſecond beene,
O what a flow'r of glory had we ſeene.

58

Turning the leafe as finding vnwares,
What day young *Edward* Prince of *Wales* was borne,
Which letters ſeeme like Magicke Characters,
Or to deſpight him they were made in ſcorne,
Marking the paper like diſ-figuring ſcars,
O let that name (quoth he) from bookes be torne,
Leſt in that place the ſad diſpleaſed earth,
Doe loath it ſelfe as ſlaundered with my birth.

59

From thence hereafter humane birth exil'd,
By th'earth deuour'd, or ſwallowed by the Sea,
And fame enquiring for that luckleſſe child,
Say t'was abortiue, or elſe ſtolne away;
And leſt, O Time, thou be therewith defil'd,
In thy vnnumbred courſe deuoure that day;
Let all be done that power can bring to paſſe,
Onely forget that ſuch there euer was.

60

The troubled teares now ſtanding in his eyes,
Through which as glaſſes he is forc'd to looke,
Make letters ſeeme as rondlets that ariſe,
By a ſtone caſt into a ſtanding Brooke,
Appearing to him in ſuch various wiſe,
And at one time ſuch ſundry faſhions tooke,
Which like deluding monſters do affright,
And with their foule ſhapes terrifie his ſight.

61

When on his faint bed falling downe at laſt,
His troubled ſpirit fore-telling danger nie,
When (forth) the doores a fearefull howling caſt,
To let thoſe in by whom a King ſhould die;
Whereat he ſtarts, amazed and agaſt,
Theſe ruthleſſe villaines all vpon him flie,
Sweet Prince, alas in vaine thou call'ſt for aide,
When thus vnto theſe homicides he ſaid.

O

62

O be not authors of ſo vile an act,
My bloud on your poſterity to bring,
Which after times with horror ſhall diſtract,
Whē Fame euen hoarſe with age your ſhame ſhal ring,
And by recounting of ſo vile a fact,
Mortality ſo much aſtoniſhing,
That they ſhall count their wickednesſe ſcarce ſin,
To that which long before their time hath bin.

63

And if your hate be deadly, let me liue,
For that a dumnage angry heauen hath left,
That except life, takes all that it could giue,
But for iuſt vengeance ſhould not quite bereſt.
Me yet with greater miſery to grieue,
Reſerues a white this remnant of her theft, (me,
That, that which ſpent from the reſt ſhould interdict
Alone remayning, doth with all afflict me.

64

Thus ſpake this wofull and diſtreſſed Lord,
As yet his breath found paſſage to and fro,
With manya ſhort pant, many a broken word,
Many a ſore groane, many a grieuous throw,
Whilſt yet his ſpirit could any ſtrength afford,
Though with much paine diſburd'ning of his woe,
Till quite oppreſſed by their maſt'ring ſtrength,
His Kingly heart ſubiects it ſelfe at length.

65

When twixt two beds they eloſe his wearied corſe,
Baſely vncou'ring of his ſecret part,
Without all humane pitty and remorce,
With burning yron thruſt him to the hart;
O that my Muſe had but ſufficient force,
T'explaine the torment in the which thou art,
Which whilſt with words we coldly doe expreſſe,
Thy paine made greater, that we make it leſſe.

66

When thoſe in dead and depth of all the night,
Good ſimple people that are dwelling neare,
From quiet ſleepe whom care did now affright,
That his laſt ſhreeke and wofull cry doe heare,
Euen pittying that miſerable wight,
As twixt compaſſion, and obedient feare,
Lift their ſad eyes with heauy ſleepe oppreſt,
Praying to heauen to giue the ſoule good reſt.

67

Still let the buildings ſigh his bitter grones,
And euermore his ſad complaints repeate,
And let the dull walls and the ſenſeleſſe ſtones,
By the impreſſion of his torment, ſweate,
As wanting ſounds wherewith to ſhew his mones,
With all ſharpe paine and agony repeate,
That all may thither come that ſhall be told it,
As in a mirror clearely to behold it.

And

68

And let the *Genius* of this wofull place,
Being the guide to his affrightfull ghoſt,
With haire diſheued, and a gaſtly face,
Still haunt the priſon where his life was loſt;
And as the denne of horror and diſgrace,
Let it be fearefull vnto all the coaſt,
And thoſe hereafter that do trauaile neere,
Neuer behold it but with heauy cheere.

The end of the fifth Canto.

THE

THE SIXTH BOOKE OF THE BARONS WARRES.

THE ARGVMENT.

Lord Mortimer *made Earle of March; when he*
And the faire Queene rule all things by their might,
The pompe wherein at Nottingham they be,
The coſt wherewith their amorous Court is dight,
Enuide by thoſe their hatefull pride that ſee,
The King attempts the dreadfull Caue by night,
Entring the Caſtell, taketh him from thence,
And March *at London dies for the offence.*

I

INforc'd of other accidents to ſing,
(Bearing faire ſhowes of promiſed delight
Somewhat to ſlacke this melancholy ſting,)
With new occaſions that our Muſe excite,
To our conceit ſtrange obiects affronting,
Doth our free numbers liberally inuite,
Matter of moment, much to be reſpected,
Muſt by our pen be ſeriouſly directed.

When

2

When they, the time that cunningly redeeme
Their fraudfull courses fitly to contriue,
How ill so ere to make them faire to seeme,
For which they all must diligently striue,
Casting alwayes to gaine their high esteeme,
That to the world they prosp'rously might thriue
Thus farre gone on, employing all their might,
Vpon their wrong, to set substantiall right.

3

The pompous Synod of these earthly Gods,
At *Salsbury* selected by their King,
To set all euen that had beene at ods,
And into fashion their disdignes to bring,
And strongly now to settle their abodes,
That peace might after from their actions spring;
Firmely t'establish what was well begunne,
Vnder which colour mighty things were done.

4

When *Mortimer* pursuing his desire,
Whilst euery ensigne had his temperate beate,
To b'Earle of *March* doth suddainly aspire,
T'encrease the honour of his ancient seate,
That his command might be the more entire;
Who now but onely *Mortimer* is great?
Who knew a Kingdome as her lot was throwne,
Which hauing all, would neuer starue her owne.

Now

5

Now stand they firme as those celestiall Poles,
Twixt which the starres in all their course do move,
Whose strength this frame of gouernement vpholds,
An argument their wisedomes to approue,
Which way so e're the time in motion rolles,
So perfect is the vnion of their loue;
For might is still most absolute alone,
Where power and fortune kindly meete in one.

6

Whilst *Edwards* non-age giues a further breed,
To th'ancient foe-man to renew the warre,
Which to preuent they must haue speciall heed,
Matters so strangely manag'd as they are,
Which otherwise, if their neglect should breed,
Nothing yet made, it might not easily marre,
Which with the most, reseruing their estate,
They must needs purchase at the dearest rate.

7

So much t'release the homage, as suffis'd,
Mongst which that deed nam'd *Ragman*, of renowne,
By which the Kings of Scotland had deuis'd,
Their fealty vnto the English Crowne,
With other Reliques that were highly priz'd,
As that which forc'd the greatest part to frowne;
Th'blacke Crosse of Scotland (men did ominous
Being a Relique of so hie esteeme. (deeme

To

8

To colour which, and to confirme the peace,
They make a marriage twixt the Scot and vs,
To giue more ſtrength vnto this ſtrange releaſe,
Which vnto all men ſeem'd ſo dangerous
Whilſt *Roberts* raigne, and after his deceaſe,
The league might euer be continued thus,
Danid the Prince the Lady *Iane* ſhould take,
Which twixt the realms a laſting bond ſhould make.

9

When th'Earle of *Kent* that being one of thoſe,
Which in their actions had a powerfull hand,
Perceiuing them of matters to diſpoſe,
To the ſubuerſion of ſo great a land,
Finding the inconuenience that growes
Vnder the guidance of their proud command,
To ſhake their power whilſt he doth ſtrangely caſt,
His fatall end too violently doth haſt.

10

Which giuing out his brother yet to liue,
(Long now ſuppoſed the deceaſed King)
Vnto his Nephew might that ſcandall giue,
As into queſtion might his title bring:
Ill this report began, and worſe it thriue,
Being ſo foule and dangerous a thing,
Which being the motiue of intеſtine ſtrife,
The time not long ere it bereft his life.

Whilſt

11

Whilst *Edward* takes what late their power did giue,
Whose non-age craues their bountifull protection,
Which know to rule, whilst he must learne to liue,
From their experience taking his direction,
Which more and more their doubtfull hopes reuiue,
When borne to raigne, yet crown'd by their election,
The right to him that chiefly doth belong,
Now makes their faction absolutely strong.

12

Prouiding for the safeguard of the King,
Men of most power, and noblest of the Peeres,
That no distaste vnto the Realme might bring,
For ripened iudgement, or well seasoned yeeres,
With comelinesse all matters managing,
Yet whilst they row, tis *Mortimer* that steeres,
Wel might we think the man were worse than blind,
That wanted Sea roomth, and could rule the wind.

13

To smoothe the path wherein this course was gone,
Which as a Test might to their actions stand,
And giue them free possession of their owne,
In being receiued from a soueraigne hand,
Into their bosomes absolutely throwne,
Both for the good, and safety of the land:
When their proceedings colour'd with this care,
To the worlds eye so faire an out-side bare.

All

14

All complement that appertain'd to ſtate,
By giuing greatneſſe eu'ry honoured rite,
To feed thoſe eies that did their houres awaite;
And by all meanes to nouriſh their delight,
That entertaining loue, they welcome hate,
And with free bounty equally inuite,
A Princes wealth in ſpending ſtill doth ſpred,
Like to a Brooke with many fountaines fed.

15

To *Nottingham* the Norths Emperious eye,
Which as a *Pharus* guards the goodly ſoile,
And arm'd by Nature danger to defie,
March, to repoſe him ſafely after toile,
Where treaſon leaſt aduantage might eſpie,
Cloſely conuaies this great in-valued ſpoile:
That by reſiding from the publique ſight,
He might more freely reliſh his delight.

16

Nine ſcore in checke attending in their Court,
Whom honoured Knighthood knits in mutuall bands,
Men moſt ſelect, of ſpeciall worth and ſort,
Much might they doe that haue ſo many hands,
Who payes not tribute to this Lordly port?
This hie rear'd Caſtell eu'ry way commands;
Thus like thoſe Giants gainſt great heauen they riſe,
Which darted Rocks at the Emperiall skies.

17

As though in him Fame meant her power to show,
And twixt her wings to beare him through the skies,
That he might easily see the things below,
Hauing aboue them mounted him so hie,
Vnto whose will they meekely seeme to bow,
Vnder whose greatnesse meaner powers doe lie:
All things concurre with faire successefull chance,
To raise that man whom Fortune will aduance.

18

Here all along the flower enameld vales,
The siluer *Trent* on pearly sands doth slide,
And to the medowes telling wanton tales,
Her Cristall limbs lasciuiously in pride,
(As rauished with the enamored gales,)
With often turnings casts from side to side,
As loath she were the sweet soyle to forsake,
And cast her selfe into the German lake.

19

Neare whom, faire *Sherwood* wildly bent to roue,
Twynes her loose armes about the flattering Towers
By the milde shadowes of her scattered groue,
Lends Winter shelter, and giues Summer bowers,
As with the cloud in courtesie it stroue,
And by repulsing the sharpe Northerne showers:
Courts the proud Castell, who by turning to her,
Smiles to behold th'lasciuious wood-nimph woo her.

Who

20

Who being retir'd ſo ſtrictly to that place,
Thither likewiſe the Prince in perſon drawes,
Who ſeem'd his liking onely to embrace,
And vpon eu'ry little offer'd cauſe,
Ready to doe him ceremonious grace;
Whom *March* obſerueth by the ſelfe-ſame lawes,
Whilſt in the Towne King *Edward* hath his ſeate,
With th'others Court the Caſtell is repleate.

21

Where when they pleas'd, in counſell to debate,
Or he the King at any pleaſure met,
So ſoueraigne and magnificent in ſtate,
As might all eyes vpon his greatneſſe ſet,
Prizing his honour at that coſtly rate,
As to the ſame due reuerence might beget,
Which in the moſt men admiration wrought,
Strangely amuſing many a wandring thought.

22

Could blinde Ambition finde the meaneſt ſtay
His diſproportion'd and vaine courſe to guide,
T'aſſure ſome ſafety in that ſlippery way,
Where the moſt worldly prouident doe ſlide,
Feeling the ſteep fall threatning ſure decay,
Beſotted in the wantonneſſe of pride,
The minde aſſuming abſoluter powres,
Might checke this fralle mortality of ours.

23

But still in pleasure sitting with excesse,
His sauorie iunkets tasted with delight,
Ne're can that glutton appetite suppresse,
Where eu'ry dish inuites the liquorish sight,
Nor hauing much, is his desire the lesse,
Till tempted past the compasse of his might,
The pampered stomacke more then well suffiz'd,
Casts vp the surfet lately gurmundiz'd.

24

As when some Brooke from th'ouermoistned ground,
By swelling waters proudly ouer-stowd,
Stoppeth his current, shouldreth downe his mownd,
And from his course doth quite himselfe vnloade,
The bord'ring meddowes eu'ry where surrownd,
Dispersing his owne riches all abroade,
Spending the store he was maintained by,
Leaues his first channell desolate and dry.

25

When now those few that many teares had spent,
And long had wept on murthered *Edwards* graue,
Mutt'ring in corners, grieu'd, and discontent,
And finding some a willing eare that gaue,
Still as they durst, bewraying what they ment,
Tending his pride and greatnesse to depraue,
Vrging withall, what some might iustly do,
If things thus borne, were rightly lookt into,

Some

26

Some giue it out, that *March* by bloud to riſe,
Had cut off *Kinſ*, the man might next ſucceede,
And his late treaſons falſly did ſurmiſe,
As a meere colour to this lawleſſe deede,
That his ambition onely did deuiſe,
In time the royall family to weede,
When in account there was but only one,
That kept him off from ſtepping to the throne.

27

And thoſe much buſied in the former times,
Then credulous that honour was his end,
And by the hate they bare to others crimes,
Did not his faults ſo carefully attend,
Perceiuing how he diſſolutely climes,
(Hauing thus brought his purpoſe to an end)
With a ſeuere eye now more ſtrictly looke,
Into the courſe that his ambition tooke.

28

All fence the Tree that ſeeketh for a ſhade,
Whoſe large growne body doth repulſe the winde,
Vntill his waſtfull branches do inuade,
The ſtraighter plants, and them in priſon binde,
Then as a Tyrant to the weaker made;
Becom'n a foule deuourer of his kinde,
Vnto his foote all put their hands to hew,
Whoſe roomth but hinders others that would grow.

29

Thus at his ease whilst he securely sate,
And to his will these things assured were,
With a well-gouern'd and contented Fate,
Neuer so much freed from suspitious feare,
Well fortifi'd, and in so good estate,
As not admits of danger to be neare,
But still we see before a suddaine shower,
The sunne shines hot'st, & hath the greatest power.

30

Within the Castle hath the Queene deuis'd
A chamber with choise rarities so frought,
As in the same she had imparadiz'd
Almost what man by industry hath sought,
Where, with the curious pensill was compriz'd,
What could with colours by the Art be wrought,
In the most sure place of the Castle there,
Which she had nam'd the Tower of *Mortimer*.

31

In which a roome with pillers forth she chose,
That to the roofe their slender points did reare,
Arching the height whereas they all did close,
Somewhat conuex and towards a hemisphere,
Where her conceite she aptly doth dispose,
Limming the Northerne Asterismes there
In their corporeall shapes with starres inchased,
As by th'olde Poets they in heauen were placed.

About

32

About which lodgings, towards the vpper face,
Ran a fine bordure circularly led,
As equall twixt the high'ſt point and the baſe,
That as a Zone the waiſte ingirdled,
That lends the ſight a breathing or a ſpace,
Twixt things neere view, and thoſe farre ouer head;
Vnder the which, the Painters curious skill,
In liuely formes the goodly roome did fill.

33

Here *Phœbus* clipping *Hyacinthus* ſtood,
Whoſe liues laſt drops his ſnowie breaſt imbrew,
The ques teares mixed with the others blood,
That which the more was, one could hardly view,
And though together lotta's in a flood,
Yet here and there they ſeu'rally with-drew,
The prety wood-nimphs chafing him with balme,
To bring the ſweet boy from his deadly qualmes.

34

With the Gods Lire, his quiuer, and his bow,
His golden mantle caſt vpon the ground,
T'expreſſe whoſe griefe, Art euen her beſt did ſhow,
The ſledge ſo ſhadowed ſtill ſeem'd to rebound,
As though it newly did but gyne the blow,
Adding thereby freſh anguiſh to the wound,
The purple flowre ſprung as the blood did runne,
That op neth ſmice, and cloſeth with the Sunne.

35

By which the Heyfer *Io*, *Iones* faire rape,
Gazing her new tane figure in a Brooke,
The water shadow'd to obserue the shape,
In the same forme that she on it did looke:
So cunningly, to cloud the wanton scape,
That gazing eyes, the portraiture mistooke,
By prospectiue deuis'd that did allow,
This way a mayden, that way t'seem'd a Cow.

36

Swift *Mercury* like to a Shepheards boy,
Sporting with *Hebe* by a fountaine brim,
With many a sweet glance, many an amorous toy,
He sprinckling drops at her, and she at him;
Wherein the Painter so explain'd their joy,
As though his skill the very life could limn;
Vpon whose browes the water hung so cleare,
That through the drops the fair skins might appeare.

37

And Ciffy *Cinthia* with a thousand hinds,
Whose freckled plumes adorne his bushy Crowne,
Vnder whose shadowe graze the straggling heards;
Out of whose top the fresh springs trembled downe,
The stones like olde men with rude hoary beards,
With mosse and climing Iuie ouer-growne,
The Rocke so lickly done in euery part,
As Nature could be paternied by Art.

The

38

The naked Nimphs some vp and down descending,
Small scattering flowers at one another flung,
With nimble turnes their limber bodies bending,
Cropping the blooming branches lately sprung,
(Vpon the briers their coloured mantles rending)
Which on the Rockes grew here and there among,
Some combe their haire, some making garlands by,
With all delight to satisfie the eye.

39

There comes proud *Phaetus* tubling through the clouds,
Cast by his Palfraies that their raines had broke,
And setting fire vpon the welked shrowds,
Through the wide heauen run madding from the yoke,
The elements together thrust in crowds,
Both Land and Sea hid in a reeking smoke,
Drawne with such lifts as some did much desire,
To warme themselues, some frighted with the fire.

40

The riuer *Po*, that him receiuing burn'd,
His seuen faire sisters standing in degrees,
Trees vnto women seeming to be turn'd,
As the gods turn'd the women into trees,
That you could not tell whither (as they mourn'd)
Drops from their boughs, or teares fell from their eies,
Making the water to reflect a flame,
So well his hand deliuered had the same.

41

And to this lodging did the light inuent,
To haue it artificially reflect,
Through a short roome into the window sent,
Whence it should come immediatly direct,
Holding iust distance to the lineament,
And should the beames proportionably project,
And being thereby condensated and graue,
To eu'ry figure a sure colour gaue.

42

In part of which, vnder a golden Vine,
Which leld like to a Canapy through all,
Stood a rich bed, spred with this wanton twine,
Doubling themselues in their lasciuious fall,
With rip ned clusters seeming to decline,
Whereas among the naked *Cupids* sprawle,
Some at the sundry coloured birds do shute,
Some swarming vp to plucke the purple fruite.

43

On which a Tissue counterpoint was cast,
Arachnes web the same did not surpasse,
Wherein the story of his fortunes past,
In liuely pictures neatly handled was;
How he escap'd the Tower, in France how grac'd,
With stones embrod'red of a wondrous masse;
About the border in a curious fret,
Emblems, Empresas, Hieroglifiques set.

This

44

This flattering calme, congeales that thickned shower,
Which the full clouds of pois'nous enuie fed,
Whose desolution waits th'vnhappy hower,
To let the fury on his hatefull head,
Which now was of that violence and power,
As his delight yet not imagined,
For when we thinke in safety most to stand,
Then greatest danger euer is at hand.

45

Yet finding the necessity is such,
To execute what he doth vndertake,
And that his Crowne it did so neerely tuch,
If they too soone his sleeping power awake;
Th'attempt so great, the danger was as much,
Must secretly prouide some course to take,
By which he might th'enterprise effect,
And most offend, where he might least suspect.

46

A deepe black Caue low in the earth is found,
(Whose dusky entrance like pale *Morpheus* Cell,
With strange Meanders windeth vnder ground)
Where sooty darknesse euermore doth dwell;
That with such dread and horror doth abound,
As might be deem'd an entrance into hell;
Which Architects to serue the Caitiff made,
When as the *Dane* this Iland did inuade.

Now

47

Now on along this crankling path doth keepe,
Then by a rocke turnes vp another way,
Now rising vp, now falling towards the deepe,
As the ground leuell, or vneuell lay:
And now direct, now angular doth creepe,
Nor in the course keepes any certaine stay,
Till in the Castell in a fenst place,
He casts the foule mask from his clowdy face.

48

By which the King with a selected crew,
Of such as he with his intent acquainted,
And well affected to this action knew,
That in reuenge of *Edward* neuer fainted,
And to their vtmost would the cause pursue,
Such, whose cleare blood no time had euer tainted;
Aduentures now this labirinth t'assay,
To rowze the beast which kept them all at bay.

49

What time the Sunne with his day-labouring teame,
Is driuing downe into the Westspace,
T'refresh his cauples in the Ocean streame,
And coole the feruor glowing in his face,
Which now appeares by his high-coloured beame,
To rest him from our Hemisphere a space,
Leauing foule darknesse to possesse the skies,
The fittest times for bloudy tragedies.

With

50

With torches now attempting the sad Caue,
Which at their entrance seemeth in a fright,
At the reflection that their brightnesse gaue,
As till that time it neuer saw the light;
Where light and darknesse with the power they haue,
Strongly for the prehéminence do fight,
And each confounding other, both appeare,
As to their owne selues they contrary were.

51

The craggy cleeues which crosse them as they go,
Make as their passage they would haue denide,
And threatning them their iourney to forslow,
As angry with the path that was their guide,
As they their griefe and discontent would show,
Cursing the hand that did them first diuide;
The combrous falls and rifings seeme to say,
This wicked action could not brooke the day.

52

The gloomy lampe this troope which forward led,
Forcing their shadowes follow on their backe,
Which are like mourners waiting on the dead,
And as the corse, so are they vgly blacke;
Hate goes before, confusion followed,
The sad portents of bloud-shed, and of wracke;
These faint dim-burning lights as all amazed,
At those deformed shades whereon they gazed.

The

53

The clattering armes their maſters ſeeme to chide,
As they would reaſon wherefore they ſhould wound,
And ſtriking with the points from ſide to ſide,
As though euen angry with the hollow ground,
That it this vile and ruthleſſe act ſhould hide,
Whoſe ſtony roofe lock'd in their doleſull ſound,
And hanging in the crookes, draw back againe,
As willing them from murther to refraine.

54

Now waxing late, and after all theſe things,
Vnto her chamber is the Queene withdrawne,
To whom a choice Muſitian plaies and ſings,
Repoſing her vpon a ſtate of Lawne,
In night attire diuinely glittering,
As th'approching of the cheerefull dawne,
Leaning vpon the breaſt of *Mortimer*,
Whoſe voice more then the muſick pleas'd her eare.

55

Where her faire breaſts at liberty are left,
Where Violet veines in curious branches flow,
Where *Venus* Swans and milky Doues are ſeene,
Vpon the ſwelling mounts of thriuen ſnow,
Where Loue whilſt he to ſport himſelfe doth get,
Hath loſt his courſe nor findes which way to goe,
Incloſed in this Labyrinth about,
Where let him wander ſtill, yet ne're get out.

Her

56

Her looſe gold haire, O gold, thou art too baſe,
Were it not ſinne to name thoſe ſilke threds haire,
Declining as to kiſſe her fairer face,
But no word faire enough for thing ſo faire,
O what high wondrous Epithite can grace,
Or giue the due praiſe to a thing ſo rare!
But where the pen failes, penſill cannot ſhow it,
Nor can be knowne vnleſſe the mind do know it.

57

Shee laies thoſe fingers on his manly cheeke,
The gods pure Scepters, and the darts of loue,
Which with a touch might make a Tyger meeke,
Or the maine *Atlas* from his place remoue,
So ſoft, ſo feeling, delicate, and ſleeke,
As Nature ware the Lillies for a Gloue,
As might beget life where was neuer none,
And put a ſpirit into the flinti'ſt ſtone.

58

The fire of precious wood the lights perfume,
Whoſe perfect cleereneſſe on the painting ſhone,
As eu'ry thing to ſweetneſſe did conſume,
Or eu'ry thing had ſweetneſſe of it owne,
And to it ſelfe this portrayed did reſume,
The ſmell as if it naturally had growne,
That light gaue colour on each thing it fell,
And to the colour the perfume gaue ſmell.

59

Vpon the sundry pictures they deuise,
And from one thing they to another run,
Now they commend that body, then those eyes,
How well that bird, how well that flowre was done,
How this part shadowed, and how that doth rise,
This top is clowded, and that traile is spunne,
The landskip, mixtures, and delineatings,
And in that Arte a thousand curious things.

60

Looking vpon proud *Phaeton* wrapt in fire,
The gentle Queene doth much bewaile his fall,
But *Mortimer* more praising his desire,
To loose a poore life, or to gouerne all;
For though he did ambitiously aspire,
And by his murde was made proud Fortunes thrall,
Yet in despight when she her worst had done,
He perisht in the chariot of the Sunne.

61

The Queene saith *Phœbus* is much forc'd by Arte,
Nor can she find how his embraces be,
But *Mortimer* now takes the Painters part,
Why thus great Empresse, thus, and thus quoth he,
Thus holdes the Boy, thus clips his fainting hart,
Thus twine their armes, and thus their lips you see:
You shall be *Phœbus*, *Hyacinthus* I,
It were a life thus euery houre to die.

By

62

Neere by this time into the vpper Hall,
Is rudely entred this disordered rowt,
When they within suspecting least of all,
Discharg'd the guard that should haue watcht without,
O see how mischiefe suddainly doth fall,
And steales vpon vs, being freest from doubt,
How ere the life, the end is euer sure,
And oft in death fond man is most secure.

63

Whilst his lou'd *Nouill*, and deere *Turrington*,
Amongst the Ladies that attended there,
Relating things that anciently were done,
With such discourse as women loue to heare,
Staying delight, whilst time so fast doth runne,
Thus in the Lobby as they freely were,
Charg'd on the suddaine by this armed traine,
Both in the entrance miserably slaine.

64

As from the snow-crown'd Skidos loftly cleeues,
Som fleet-wing'd haggard towards the euening houre
Stooping amongst the More-bred Mallard driues,
And th'aire of all her feathered flockes doth skowre,
When backe vnto her former pitch she striues,
The seely fowle all prostrate to her powre:
Such a sharp shreek doth ring through all the vault,
Made by the Ladies at the first assault.

March

65

March now vnarm'd (she onely in his armes,
Too faire a shield, not made for fouler blowes)
That least of all expected these alarmes,
And to be thus entrapped by his foes,
When he is most improuident of harmes.
O, had he had but weapons like his woes,
Either his valure had his breath redeem'd,
Or in her fight dy'd happily esteem'd.

66

Amongst the others looking for the King,
In this blacke shew that (he assures him) is,
Though much disguis'd, yet him imagining
By the most perfect lineaments of his,
Quoth he, the man thee to the Crowne did bring,
Might at thy hands the least haue lookt for this,
And in this place vnseeming of the rest,
Where onely sacred solitude is blest.

67

Her presence frees th'offender of his ill,
And as the Essence makes the place diuine,
What strong decree can countermaund that will,
That gaue to thee the power that now is thine,
And in her armes preseru'd in safety still,
As the most pure inuiolable shrine,
Though thou thus irreligiously despise,
And dar'st profane these hallowed liberties.

But

68

But euen as when olde *Ilion* was ſurpris'd,
The Grecians iſſuing from the woodden horſe,
Their rage and fury proudly exercis'd,
Opening the wide gates, letting in their force,
Putting in act what was before deuis'd,
Without all ſenſe of pitty or remorce,
With cries, ſhreekes, rumors in confuſed ſound,
Words are broke off, complaints abruptly drownd.

69

Diſſolu'd to drops ſhe followes him, O teares,
Elixar like turne all to pearle you touch,
To weepe with her the building ſcarce forbeares,
The ſorrowes that ſhe vttereth are ſuch,
Able to wound th'impenitrabl'ſt eares,
Her plaints ſo piercing, and her woes ſo much,
But finding words from her full breaſt to come,
At length, thus ſpake, whē long ſhe had bin dumbe.

70

Sweet ſonne (quoth ſhe) let not that bloud be ſpilt,
Once priz'd ſo deere as did redeeme thy Crowne,
Whoſe purity if tainted now with guilt,
The cauſe thereof efficiently thine owne,
That from the ruines of thy Country built,
(Raz'd with diſſentions) thy ſubſtantiall throne,
And broke thoſe bounds thy Kingdome once con-
Into large *France*, to exerciſe thy minde. (finde,

71

For the deere portion of that naturall blood,
Which lends thee heate, and nutriment of life,
Be not a niggard of ſo ſmall a good,
Where bounty ſhould be plentifully rife,
Begg'd on thoſe knees at which thou oft haſt ſtood,
And with thoſe hands, that might haue ſtay'd this ſtrife,
O God! that breath from ſuch a boſome ſent,
Should thus in vaine be prodigally ſpent.

72

When in this vproare with the ſuddaine fright,
Whilſt euery one for ſafety ſeekes about,
And none regarding to preſerue the light,
Which being waſted ſadly goeth out,
Now in the midſt and terror of the night,
At the departure of this armed rowt,
The Queene alone (at leaſt if any neare)
Her wretched women, yet halfe dead with feare.

73

When horror, darkneſſe, and her preſent woe,
Begin to worke on her afflicted minde,
And eu'ry one his tyrannie doth ſhow,
Euen in the fulneſſe of his proper kinde,
In ſuch exceſſe her accuſations flow,
This liberty vnto their power aſſign'd,
Racking her conſcience by this torture due,
It ſelfe t'accuſe with whatſoe're it knew.

O

74

O God to thinke (that not an houre yet paſt)
Her greatneſſe, freedome, and her hopes ſo hie,
The ſweet content wherein her thoughts were plac'd,
Her great reſpect in eu'ry humbled eye,
How now ſhe is abuſed, how diſgrac'd,
Her preſent ſhame, her after miſery,
When eu'ry woe could by deſpaire be brought,
Preſents his forme to her diſtracted thought.

75

To *London* now a wretched pris'ner led,
London where oft he triumpht with the Queene,
And but for ſpite of no man followed,
Scarſely thought on, who had for many beene,
Of all regard and ſtate impou'riſhed,
Where in exceſſe he often had bin ſeene:
Which at his fall doth make them wonder more,
Who ſaw the pompe wherein he liu'd before.

76

O miſery! where once thou dooſt infect,
How ſoone thy vile contagion alters kinde,
That like a *Circe* metamorphiſeſt
The former habite of the humane minde,
That euen from vs dooſt ſeeme our ſelues to wreſt,
Striking our fraile and fading glories blinde,
And with thy vicious preſence in a breath,
Chain'ſt vs as ſlaues vnto pale fainting Death.

77

At *Westminster* a Parlament decreed,
To th'establishing the safety of the Crowne,
Where to his end they finally proceede,
All laying hand to dig this mountaine downe,
To which Time wills they haue especiall heede,
Now whilst the Fates thus angerly doe frowne,
The bloud of *Edward* and the *Spensers* fall,
For their iust vengeance hastily doe call.

78

The death of *Kent* (that foule and loathsome blot)
Th'assuming of the Wardes and Liueries,
With *Ioane* the Princesse married to the Scot,
The summes oft seized to his treasuries,
(And that by this might well haue beene forgot)
The signe at *Stanhope* to the enemies,
Or what else ript from the recordes of Time,
That any way might aggrauate his crime.

79

O dire reuenge, when thou in time art rak'd,
From the rude ashes which preseru'd thee long,
In the dry cindars where thou seem'dst as slak'd,
Matter to feede on, forc'd with breath of wrong,
How soone thy hideous fury is awak'd,
From thy small sparks what flames are quickly sprong
And to that top doth naturally aspire,
Whose weight and greatnesse once repress thy fire.

And

80

And what quailes his anſwere in this caſe,
Which now the time doth generally diſtaſt?
Where iudgement lookes with ſo ſeuere a face,
And all his actions vtterly diſgrac'd,
What fainting boſome giues him any place,
From out the faire ſeate of opinion caſt?
With pen and incke his griefe when to deceiue,
Thus of the faire Queene takes his lateſt leaue.

81

Moſt mighty Empreſſe s'daine not to peruſe,
The Swan-like dirges of a dying man,
Vnlike thoſe raptures of the fluent Muſe,
In that ſweet ſeaſon when our ioyes began,
That did my youth with glorious fire infuſe,
When for thy Gloue at Tilt I proudly ran;
Whereas my ſtartling Courſer ſtrongly ſet,
Made fire to flie from *Hartfords* Burgonet.

82

The King your ſonne, which haſteneth on my death
(Madame) you know I tendred as mine owne,
And when I might haue graſped out his breath,
I ſet him gently on his fathers throne,
Which now his power too quickly witneſſeth,
Which to this height and maieſtie is growne,
But our deſert forgot, and he forgiuen,
As after death we wiſh to liue in heauen.

83

And for the sole rule whereon thus he stands,
Came bastard *William* but himselfe on shore,
Or borrowed not our fathers conqu'ring hands,
Which in the field our ancient Ensignes bore,
(Guarded about with our well ord'red bands)
Which his proud Leopards for their safety wore,
Raging at *Hastings* like that ominous Lake,
Frō whose dread waues our glorious name we take.

84

Had I beene charg'd vpon mine armed horse,
As when I came vnto the walles of *Gaunt*,
Before the Belgick and Burgonian force,
There challenging, my Countries Combattant,
Borne from my seate in some tobustious course,
That of my spoiles the enemie might vaunt,
Or had I falne vnder my battered shield,
And lent mine honour to some conquered field.

85

Yet haue not followed Fortune like a slaue,
To make her bounty any whit the lesse,
By my desert her iudgement to depraue,
Nor lent me ought I freely not confesse,
And haue return'd with interest what she gaue,
A minde that suted with her mightinesse,
He twice offends which sinne in flatt'ry beares,
Yet eu'ry house he dies that euer feares.

That

86

That quailes not me at which the world would quake,
The times and I haue tugg'd together ſo,
Wonting my way through ſword and fire to take,
So oft conſtrain'd againſt the ſtreame to rowe,
To doubt with Death a couenant to make,
When I am growne familiar with my woe:
And nothing can th'afflicted conſcience grieue,
But he can pardon, that doth all forgiue.

87

And thus thou moſt adored in my heart,
Whoſe thoughts in death my humbled ſprite do raiſe,
Lady moſt faire, moſt deere, of moſt deſert,
Worthy of more than any mortall praiſe,
Condemned *March*, thus laſtly doth depart
From her, the greateſt Empreſſe of her dayes:
Nor in the duſt mine honour I interre,
Thus *Ceſar* dy'd, and thus dies *Mortimer*.

88

To *Nottingham* this Letter brought vnto her,
Which is ſubſcrib'd with her Emperious ſtile,
Purs her in minde how once that hand did wooe her,
With this ſhort thought to pleaſe her ſelfe a while,
Thus ſorrow can ſo ſubtilly vndooe her,
That with ſuch flattery doth her ſenſe beguile.
To giue a ſharper feeling to that paine,
Which her grieu'd heart was ſhortly to ſuſtaine.

89

Putting her fingers to vnrip the ſeale,
Cleauing to keepe thoſe ſorrowes from her eies,
As it were loth the tidings to reueale,
Whence griefe ſhould ſpring in ſuch varieties;
But ſtrongly vrg'd doth to her will appeale,
When the ſoft waxe vnto her touch implies,
Sticking vnto her fingers bloudy red,
To ſhew the bad newes quickly followed.

90

Thus by degrees ſhe eaſly doth begin,
As the ſmall fiſh plaies with the baited hooke,
Then more and more to ſwallow ſorrow in,
As threatning death at eu'ry little looke
Where now ſhe reades th'expences of her ſin,
Sadly ſet downe in this blacke dreadfull booke,
And thoſe deere ſummes were like to be deſtray'd,
Before the vtmoſt abſolutely pay'd.

91

An hoaſt of woes her ſuddainly aſſaile,
As eu'ry letter wounded like a dart,
As though contending which ſhould moſt preuaile,
Yet eu'ry one doth pierce her to the hart,
As eu'ry word did others caſe bewaile;
And with his neighbour ſeem'd to beare a part,
Reaſon of griefe each ſentence is to her,
And eu'ry line a true remembrancer.

Griefe

92

Griefe makes her reade, yet ſtrait-waies bids her leaue,
With which o're-charg'd ſhe neither ſees nor heares,
Her ſenſes now their Miſtris ſo deceiue,
The words do wound her eyes, the ſound her eares,
And eu'ry organ of the vſe bereaues,
When for a ſeſcue ſhe doth vſe her teares;
That when ſome line ſhe looſely ouer-paſt,
The drops doe tell her where ſhe left the laſt.

93

O now ſhe ſees, was neuer ſuch a ſight,
And ſeeing, curs'd her ſorrow-ſeeing eye,
Yet thinkes ſhe is deluded by the light,
Or is abus'd by the Orthography;
And by ſome other t'is deuis'd for ſpight,
Or pointed falſe, her ſcholerſhip to try;
Thus when we fondly ſooth our owne deſires,
Our beſt conceits oft proue the greateſt liers.

94

Her trembling hand as in a feauer ſhakes,
Wherewith the paper doth a little ſtirre,
Which ſhe imagines at her ſorrow ſhakes,
And pitties it, who ſhe thinkes pitties her,
Each ſmall thing ſomwhat to the greater makes,
And to the humor ſomething doth infer,
But when ſo ſoone as ſhe her tongue could free,
O worthy Earle, deere loued Lord, quoth ſhee.

95

I will reſerue thy aſhes in ſome Vrne,
Which as a relique I will onely ſaue,
Mixt with the teares that I for thee ſhall mourne,
Which in my deere breaſt ſhall their buriall haue,
From whence againe they neuer ſhall returne,
Nor giue the honour to another graue,
But in that Temple euer be preſerued,
Where thou a Saint religiouſly art ſerued.

96

When ſhe breakes out to curſing of her ſonne,
But *March* ſo much ſtill runneth in her minde,
That ſhe abruptly ends where ſhe beguinne,
Forgets her ſelfe, and leaues the reſt behinde,
From this ſhe to another courſe doth runne,
To be reueng'd in ſome notorious kinde:
To which ſhe deepely doth ingage her troath,
Bound by a ſtrong vow and a ſolemne oath.

97

For pen and incke ſhe calles her maides without,
And the Kings dealings will in griefe diſcouer,
But ſoone forgetting what ſhe went about,
She now begins to write vnto her Louer,
Here ſhe ſets downe, and there ſhe blotteth out,
Her griefe and paſſion doe ſo ſtrongly moue her:
That turning backe to reade what ſhe had writ,
She teares the paper, and condemnes her wit.

And

98

And thus with contrarieties araiſed,
As waters chilneſſe wakeneth from a ſwound,
Comes to her ſelfe, the agony appeaſed,
When colder bloud more ſharply feeles the wound,
And griefe her ſo incurably hath ſeized,
That for the ſame no remedie is found,
As the poore refuge to her reſtleſſe woes,
Thus of her griefe ſhe laſtly doth diſpoſe.

99

(Quoth ſhe) vnkinde King, as thou art my ſonne,
Leauing the world ſome Legacie muſt giue thee,
My hearts true loue the dying *March* hath wonne,
Yet that of all I will not quite bereaue thee;
The wrong and miſchiefe to thy mother done,
I thee bequeathe, ſo bound that they out-liue thee,
That as my breaſt it hourely doth torment,
Thou maiſt enioy it by my Teſtament.

100

Henceforth within this ſolitary place,
Abandoning for euer generall ſight,
A priuate life I willingly embrace,
No more reioycing in the obuious light,
To conſummate my weary lingering ſpace,
Till death incloſe me with continuall night:
Each ſmall remembrance of delight to flie,
A conuertite and penitently die.

FINIS.

To the Reader.

SEeing these Epistles are now to the world made publique, it is imagined that I ought to be accountable of my private meaning, chiefly for mine owne discharge, lest being mistaken, I fall in hazard of a rash and vniuersall reprehension, for

Hæ nugæ seria ducent
In mala derisum semel exceptumque sinistre.

Three points are especially therefore to bee explaned. First, why I entitle this worke Englands Heroicall Epistles; Then, why I obserue not the persons dignity in the dedication. Lastly, why I haue annexed notes to euery Epistles end. For the first, the title I hope carrieth reason in it selfe, for that the most and greatest persons herein, were English; or else, that their loues were obtained in England. And though (Heroicall) be properly vnderstood of Demigods, as of Hercules and Aeneas, whose Parents were said to bee, the one Celestiall, the other Mortall, yet is it also transferred to them, who for the greatnesse of minde come neere to Gods. For to bee borne of a Celestiall Incubus, is nothing else but to haue a great and mightie Spirit, farre aboue the earthly weakenesse of men; in which sense, Ouid (whose imitator I gladly professe to be) doth also vse Heroicall. For the second, seeing none to whom I haue dedicated any two Epistles, but haue their states euer-matched by them, who are made to speake in the Epistles, how euer the order is in dedication, yet in respect of their degrees in my deuotion,

deuotion, and the cause before recited, I hope they suffer no disparagement, seeing euery one is the first in their particular interest, hauing in some sort, sorted the complexion of the Epistles to the character of their iudgements to whom I dedicate them, excepting onely the blamefulnesse of the persons passion, in those points wherein the passion is blamefull. Lastly, such manifest difference being betweixt euery one of them, where, or howsoeuer they be mainteined, how can I be iustly appeached of vnaduisement. For the third, because the worke might in truth be iudged brainish, if nothing but amorous humor were handled therein, I haue inter-woouen matters historicall, which vnexplaned, might defraude the minde of much content as for example, in Queene Margarites *Epistle to* William de la Poole.

My Daizie flower, which once perfum'd the aire.

Margarite *in French signifies a Daizie, which for the allusion to her name, this Queene deuise for her deuise; and this as others more, haue seemed to me not worthy the explaining.*

Now though no doubt I had neede to excuse other things beside, yet these most especially, the rest I ouerpasse to eschue tedious recitall, or to speake as malicious enuie may, for that in trueth I ouersee them. If they be as harmelesly taken, as I meant them, it shall suffice to haue only touched the cause of the title of the Dedications, and of the Notes, whereby emboldned to publish the residue, (these not being accounted in mens opinions relishlesse) I shall not lastly be afraide to beleeue and acknowledge thee a gentle Reader.

M. D.

To M. Michaell Drayton.

HOw can he write that broken hath his penne,
Hath rent his paper, throwne his incke away,
Deteſts the world, and company of men,
Becauſe they growe more hatefull day by day?
Yet with theſe broken reliques, mated minde,
And what a iuſtly-grieued thought can ſay:
I giue the world to know, I ne're could find,
A worke more like to liue a longer day.
Goe Verſe, an obiect for the proudeſt eye;
Diſdaine thoſe which diſdaine to reade thee ouer,
Tell them they know not how they ſhould deſery,
The ſecret paſſions of a witty Louer.
For they are ſuch, as none but thoſe ſhall know,
Whom Beauty ſchooles to hold the blind Boyes bow.

Once I had vow'd, (O who can all vowes keepe?)
Henceforth to ſmother my vnlucky Muſe;
Yet for thy ſake ſhe ſtarted out of ſleepe,
Yet now ſhe dies: Then doe as kinſfolkes vſe;
Cloſe vp the eyes of my new-dying ſtile,
As I haue opened my ſweet Babes ere-while.

E. St. Gent.

Duris decus omen.

To M. Michaell Drayton.

LOng haue I wiſht and hop'd my weaker Muſe,
(In nothing ſtrong but my vnhappy Loue)
Would giue me leaue my fortune to approue,
And view the world, as named, Poets vſe;
But ſtill her fruitleſſe boſome doth refuſe
To bleſſe me with indifferencie of praiſe,
Not daring (like to many) to abuſe
That title which true worth ſhould onely raiſe;
Thus bankerout, and deſpairing of mine owne,
I ſet my wiſh and hope (kind friend) on thee,
Whoſe fruit approu'd and better fortune knowne,
Tells me, thy Muſe my Loues ſole heire muſt be,
So barren wombs embrace their neighbours yong,
So dumbe men ſpeake by them that haue a tong.

Thomas Haſſell, Gent.

To M. Michael Drayton.

NOw I perceiue *Pythagoras* diuin'd,
When he that mocked *Maxim* did maintaine,
That ſpirits once ſpoil'd, reueſted were againe,
Though chang'd in ſhape, remaining one in mind;
Theſe loue-ſicke Princes paſſionate eſtates;
Who feeling reades, he cannot but allow,
That *Ouids* ſoule reuiues in *Drayton* now,
Still learn'd in loue, ſtill rich in rare conceits,
This pregnant ſpirit affecting further skill,
Oft alt'ring forme, from vulgar wits retir'd,
In diuers Idyoms mightily admir'd,
Did proſecute that ſacred ſtudy ſtill;
While to a full perfection now attain'd,
He ſings ſo ſweetly that himſelfe is ſtain'd.

William Alexander, Scotus.

To the excellent Lady, *Lucy*, *Counteſſe of Bedford.*

(*.*)

MAdam, after all the admired wits of this excellent age, which haue laboured in the ſad complaints of faire and vnfortunate Roſamond, and by the excellencie of inuention, haue ſounded the depth of her ſundry paſſions, I preſent to your Ladiſhip this Epiſtle of hers to King Henry, whom I may rather call her louer then beloued. Heere muſt your Ladiſhip behold variableneſſe in reſolution; woes conſtantly grounded, laments abruptly broken off, much confidence, no certainty, words begetting teares, teares confounding matter, large complaints in little papers, and many deformed cares, in one vniformed Epiſtle. I ſtriue not to affect ſingularity, yet would faine flie imitation, and proſtrate vnto owne wants to other mens perfections. Your iudiciall eye muſt modell forth what my pen hath layde together, much would ſhe ſay to a King, much would I ſay to a Counteſſe, but that the method of my Epiſtle muſt conclude the modeſtie of hers, which I wiſh may recommend my euer vowed ſeruice to your Honour.

Michael Drayton.

The Epiſtle of Roſamond to *King Henry the ſecond.*

(*.*)

THE ARGVMENT.

Henry *the ſecond of that name, King of England, the ſonne of* Geffrey Plantaginet, *Earle of Anion, and* Mawd *the Empreſſe, having by long ſute and Princely gifts, wone (to his vnLawfull deſire) faire* Roſamond, *the daughter of the Lord* Walter Clyfford, *and to auoide the danger of* Elinor *his iealous Queene, had cauſed a Labyrinth to be made within his Pallace at Woodſtocke, in the center whereof he had lodged his beauteous Paramour. Whilſt the King is abſent in his warres in Normandie, this poore diſtreſſed Lady, incloſed in this ſolitarie place, toucht with remorſe of conſcience, writes to the King of her diſtreſſe and miſerable eſtate, vrging him with all meanes and perſwaſions, to cleare himſelfe of this infamie, and her of the griefe of minde, by taking away her wretched life.*

IF yet thine eyes (great *Henry*) may endure
Theſe tainted lines, drawne with a hand impure,
Which faine would bluſh, but feare keeps bluſhes back,
And therefore ſuted in diſpairing black,
This in loues name, O that theſe lips might craue,
But that ſweet name (vile) I prophaned haue,

Punish my fault, or pitty mine estate,
Reade it for loue, if not for loue, for hate,
If with my shame thine eyes thou faine wouldst feede,
Here let them surfeit, of my shame to reade;
This scribled paper which I send to thee,
If noted rightly, doth resemble mee;
As this pure ground, whereon these letters stand,
So pure was I, ere stained by thy hand;
Ere I was blotted with this foule offence,
So cleare and spotlesse was mine innocence,
Now like these marks which taint this hatefull scroule,
Such the blacke sinnes which spot my leprous soule.
O *Henry*, why by losse thus shouldst thou win?
To get by conquest? to enrich with sinne?
Why on my name this slaunder doo'st thou bring,
To make my fault renowmed by a King?
Fame neuer stoopes to things but meane and poore,
The more our greatnesse, makes our fault the more,
Lights on the ground, themselues doe lessen far,
But in the ayre, each small sparke seemes a star.
Why on my woman frailty shouldst thou lay
So strong a plot, mine honour to betray?
Or thy vnlawfull pleasure shouldst thou buy
Euen with the forfeit of cleare maiestie?
T'was not my minde consented to this ill,
Then had I beene transported by my will:
For what my body was inforc'd to doe,
(Heauen knowes) my soule did not consent vnto;
For through mine eyes had she her liking seene,
Such as my loue, such had my louer beene.
True loue is simple, like his mother Truth,

Kindly

Kindly affection, youth to loue with youth;
No ſharper corſiue to our blooming yeares,
Then the colde badge of Winter-blaſted haires.
Thy Kingly power makes to withſtand thy foes,
But can not keepe backe age, with Time it growes,
Though honour our ambitious ſex doth pleaſe,
Yet in that honour, age a foule diſeaſe,
Nature hath her free courſe in all, and then,
Age is alike in Kings, and other men,
Which all the world will to my ſhame impute,
That I my ſelfe did baſely proſtitute;
And ſay that gold was fewell to the fire,
Gray haires in youth not kindling greene deſire,
O no; that wicked woman wrought by thee,
My tempter was to that forbidden tree,
That ſubtile Serpent, that ſeducing deuill,
Which bad me taſte the fruit of good and euill;
That *Circe*, by whoſe magicke I was charm'd,
And to this monſtrous ſhape am thus transform'd,
That viprous hag, the foe to her owne kinde,
That wicked ſpirit vnto the weaker minde;
Our frailties plague, our natures only curſe,
Hels deep'ſt damnation, the worſt euils worſe.
But *Henry*, how canſt thou affect me thus,
T'whom thy remembrance now is odious?
My hapleſſe name, with *Henries* name I found,
Cut in the glaſſe with *Henries* Diamond,
That glaſſe from thence faine would I take away;
But then I feare the aire would me betray;
Then doe I ſtriue to waſh it out with teares,
But then the ſame more euident appeares.

Then doe I couer it with my guilty hand,
Which that names witneſſe doth againſt me ſtand;
Once did I ſinne, which memory doth cherriſh,
Once I offended, but I euer perriſh.
What griefe can be, but time doth make it leſſe?
But infamie time neuer can ſuppreſſe.
Sometimes to paſſe the tedious irkeſome houres,
I climbe the top of *Woodſtockes* mounting towres,
Where in a Turret ſecretly I lie,
To view from farre ſuch as doe trauell by,
Whether (me thinkes) all caſt their eyes at mee,
As through the ſtones my ſhame did make them ſee,
And with ſuch hate the harmeleſſe walls doe view,
As vnto death their eyes would me purſue.
The married women curſe my hatefull life,
Wronging a faire Queene, and a vertuous wife;
The maidens wiſh I buried quicke may die,
And from each place neere my abode doe flie.
Well knewſt thou what a monſter I would be,
When thou didſt build this Labyrinth for me,
Whoſe ſtrange *Meanders* turning euery way,
Be like the courſe wherein my youth did ſtray;
Onely a Clue to guide me out and in,
But yet ſtill walke I circular in ſin.
As in the Tarras heere this other day,
My maide and I did paſſe the time away,
Mongſt many pictures, as we paſſed by,
The ſilly Gerle at length hapt to eſpie
Chaſte *Lucrece* Image, and deſires to knowe,
What ſhe ſhould be her ſelfe that murdred ſo?
Why Gerle (quoth I) this is that Romane Dame,

Not able then to tell the rest for shame,
My tongue doth mine owne guiltinesse betray;
With that I send the prating Wench away,
Lest when my lisping guilty tongue should hault,
My lookes might proue the Index to my fault.
As that life bloud which from the heart is sent,
In beauties field pitching his crimson Tent,
In louely sanguine sures the Lilly cheeke,
Whilst it but for a resting place doth seeke;
And changing often times with sweet delight,
Conuerts the white to red, the red to white.
The blush with paleneſſe for the place doth striue,
The paleneſſe thence, the blush would gladly driue;
Thus in my breast a thousand thoughts I carry,
Which in my passion diuersly doe vary.
When as the Sun hales towards the Westerne slade,
And the trees shadowes three times taller made,
Forth goe I to a little current neere,
Which like a wanton traile creepes heere and there,
Where with mine angle casting in my baite,
The little fishes (dreading the deceit)
With fearefull nibbling flie th'inticing gin,
By nature taught what danger lies therein.
Things reasonleſſe thus warn'd by nature be,
Yet I deuour'd the baite was laid for me;
Thinking thereon, and breaking into grones,
The bubling spring which trips vpon the stones,
Chides me away, lest sitting but too nie,
I should pollute that natiue puritie.
Rose of the world, so doth import my name,
Shame of the world, my life hath made the same.

And to th'vnchaſte this name ſhall giuen be,
Of *Roſamond*, deriu'd from ſinne and me.
The *Cliffords* take from me that name of theirs,
Famous for vertue many hundred yeeres.
They blot my birth with hatefull baſtardie,
That I ſprang not from their nobilitie;
They my alliance vtterly refuſe,
Nor will a ſtrumpet ſhall their name abuſe.
Here in the Garden wrought by curious hands,
Naked *Diana* in the fountaine ſtands,
With all her Nimphes got round about to hide her,
As when *Acteon* had by chance eſpie'd her;
This ſacred Image I no ſooner view'd,
But as that metamorphos'd man purſu'd
By his owne Hounds; ſo by my thoughts am I,
Which chaſe me ſtill, which way ſo ere I flie.
Touching the graſſe, the hony-dropping dew,
Which falls in teares before my limber ſhue,
Vnto my foote conſumes in weeping ſtill,
As it would ſay, why went'ſt thou vnto ill?
Thus to no place in ſafety can I goe,
But euery thing doth giue me cauſe of woe.
In that faire Casket of ſuch wondrous coſt,
Thou ſent'ſt the night before mine honour loſt
Ammione was wrought, a harmeleſſe maide,
By *Neptune* that adult'rous God betray'd;
She proſtrate at his feete begging with praiers,
Wringing her hands, her eyes ſwolne vp with teares,
This was not an intrapping baite from thee,
But by thy vertue gentle warning mee;
And to declare for what intent it came,

Leſt

Leſt I therein ſhould euer keepe my ſhame,
And in this Casket (ill I ſee it now)
That *Iones* Loue *Io*, turn'd into a Cow,
Yet was ſhe kept with *Argus* hundred eyes,
So wakefull ſtill be *Iunoes* iealouſies:
By this I well might haue fore-warned beene,
T'haue clear'd my ſelfe to thy ſuſpecting Queene,
Who with more hundred eyes attendeth mee,
Then had poore *Argus* ſingle eyes to ſee.
In this thou rightly imitateſt *Ione*,
Into a beaſt thou haſt transform'd thy loue.
Nay, worſer far, (degenerate from kinde)
A monſter, both in body and in minde.
The waxen Taper which I burne by night,
With the dull vapory dimneſſe mockes my ſight,
As though the dampe which hinders the cleare flame,
Came from my breath, in that night of my ſhame,
When it did burne as darkneſſe vgly eye,
When ſhot the lampe of my virginity,
And if a ſtar but by the glaſſe appeare,
I ſtraight intreat it not to looke in here;
I am already hatefull to the light,
It is enough, betray me not to night.
Then ſith my ſhame ſo much belongs to thee,
Rid me of that by onely murdering mee;
And let it iuſtly to my charge be laide,
Thy royall perſon I would haue betrai'd;
Thou ſhalt not neede by circumſtance t'accuſe me,
If I deny it, let the heauens refuſe me.
My life's a blemiſh which doth cloud thy name,
Take it away, and cleare ſhall ſhine thy fame.

Yeeld to my sute, if euer pitty moou'd thee,
In this shew mercy, as I euer lou'd thee.

¶ *Notes of the Chronicle Historie.*

VVell knowst thou what a monster I would bee,
VVhen thou didst build this Labyrinth for mee.

IN the *Cretean* Labyrinth a monster was inclosed, called a *Minotaur*, the history whereof is well knowne, but the Labyrinth was framed by *Dedalus*, with so many intricate waies, that being entred, one could either hardly or neuer returne; being in a maner of a maze, saue that it was larger, the waies being walled in on euery side, out of the which *Theseus* by *Ariadnes* helpe (lending him a clue of threed) escaped. Some report that it was a house, hauing one halfe beneath the ground, another aboue, the chamber doores therein so deceitfully enwrapped, and made to open so many waies, that it was held a matter almost impossible to returne.

Some haue held it to haue bin an Allegory of mans life, true it is that the comparison will hold, for what liker to a Labyrinth then the maze of life? But it is affirmed by antiquity, that there was indeede such a building, though *Dedalus* being a name applied to the workmans excellency, make it suspected for *Dedalus* is nothing else but engenious, or artificiall. Hereupon it is vsed among the ancient Poets, for any thing curiously wrought.

Rosamonds Labyrinth, whose ruins together with her Well being paued with square stone in the bottom, & also her Tower from which the Labirinth did run (are yet remaining) was altogether vnder ground, being vaults arched & walled with brick & stone, almost inextricably wound one within another, by which, if at any time her lodging were laid about by the Queene, she might easily auoid perill imminent, & if need be, by secret issues take the aire abroad, many furlongs round about Woodstock in Oxfordshire, wherin it was situated. Thus much for *Rosamonds* labirinth.

VVhose strange Meanders turned euery way.

Meander is a riuer in *Lycia*, a Prouince of *Natolia*, or *Asia minor*, famous

famous for the sinuosity and often turning thereof, rising from certaine hills in *Meonia*, hereupon are intricate turnings by a transumptiue and metonimicall kind of speech, called *Meanders*, for this River did so strangely path it selfe, that the foot seemed to touch the head.

Rose of the world, so doth import my name,
Shame of the world, my life hath made the same.

It might be reported, how at Godstow, where this Rose of the world was sumptuously interred, a certaine Bishop in the visitation of his Diocesse, caused the monument which had beene erected to her honour, vtterly to be demolished, but let that seuere chastisement of *Rosamond* then dead, at this time also be ouer-passed, lest she should seeme to be tho *Shame of the world.*

Henry to Rosamond.

WHen first the Post arriued at my Tent,
And brought the letters *Rosamond* had sent,
Thinke from his lips but what sweet comfort came,
When in mine eare he softly breath'd thy name,
Straight I enioyne him of thy health to tell,
Longing to heare my *Rosamond* did well;
With new enquiries then I cut him short,
When of the same he gladly would report,
That with the earnest haste my tongue oft trips,
Catching the words halfe spoke out of his lips:
This told, yet more I vrge him to reueale,
To loose no time whilst I vnript the seale:
The more I reade, still doe I erre the more,
As though mistaking somewhat said before.
Missing the point, the doubtfull sense is broken,
Speaking againe, what I before had spoken,
Still in a swound, my heart reuiues & faints,
Twixt hopes, dispaires, twixt smiles & deepe cõplaints.

As

As theſe ſad accents ſort in my deſires,
Smooth calmes, rough ſtormes, ſharpe froſts, & raging fires,
Put on with boldnes, and put back with feares,
My tongue with curſes, when mine eyes with teares,
O how my hart at that blacke line did tremble!
That blotted paper ſhould thy ſelfe reſemble,
O were their paper but neere halfe ſo white!
The Gods thereon their ſacred lawes would write
With pens of Angels wings, and for their inke,
That heauenly Nectar, their immortall drinke.
Maieſticke courage ſtriues to haue ſuppreſt,
This fearefull paſſion ſtir'd vp in my breaſt,
But ſtill in vaine the ſame I goe about,
My heart muſt breake within, or woes breake out.
Am I at home purſu'd with priuate hate,
And war comes raging to my Pallace gate?
Is Meager Enuie ſtabbing at my throne,
Treaſon attending when I walke alone?
And am I branded with the curſe of Rome,
And ſtand condemned by a counſels dombe?
And by the pride of my rebellious ſonne,
Rich Normandie with Armies ouer-runne?
Fatall my birth, vnfortunate my life,
Vnkinde my children, moſt vnkinde my wife,
Griefe, cares, olde age, ſuſpition to torment me,
Nothing on earth to quiet or content me,
So many woes, ſo many plagues to finde,
Sickneſſe of body, diſcontent of minde;
Hopes left, helps reft, life wrong'd, ioy interdicted,
Baniſh'd, diſtreſs'd, forſaken and afflicted,
Of all reliefe hath Fortune quite beteft me?

Onely

Onely my loue vnto my comfort left me,
And is one beauty thought so great a thing,
To mitigate the sortowes of a King?
Barr'd of that choise the vulgar often proue,
Haue we (then they) lesse priuiledge in loue?
Is it a King, the wofull widdow heares?
Is it a King dries vp the Orphans teares?
Is it a King regards the Clyents crie?
Giues life to him by law condemn'd to die?
Is it his care the Common-wealth that keepes,
As doth the Nurse her Baby whilst it sleepes?
And that poore King, of all those hopes preuented,
Vnheard, vnhelp'd, vnpittied, vnlamented,
Yet let me be with pouerty oppresst,
Of earthly blessings rob'd, and dispossest,
Let me be scorn'd, reiected and reuil'd,
From Kingdome, Country, and from Court exil'd;
Let the worlds curse vpon me still remaine,
And let the last bring on the first againe:
All miseries that wretched man may wound,
Leaue for my comfort onely *Rosamond*,
For thee swift Time his speedy course doth stay,
At thy command the Destinies obay;
Pitty is dead that comes not from thine eies,
And at thy feete, euen mercy prostrate lies:
If I were feeble, rheumaticke, or colde,
These were true signes that I were waxed olde;
But I can march all day in massie steele,
Nor yet my armes vnweldy weight doe feele,
Nor wak'd by night with bruise or bloudy wound,
The Tent my bed, no pillow but the ground:

For

For very age had I laine bedred long,
One smile of thine againe could make me yong.
Were there in art a power but so diuine,
As is in that sweet Angel-tongue of thine,
That great Enchantres which once tooke such paines,
To force young bloud in *Æsons* wither'd veines,
And from groues, mountaines, and the moorish Fen,
Vs'd all the hearbs ordain'd to vse of men,
And in the powerfull potion that she makes,
Put bloud of men, of birds, of beasts, and snakes,
Neuer had needed to haue gone so farre,
To seeke the soiles where all those simples are,
One accent from thy lips, the bloud more warmes,
Then all her philters, exorcismes, and charmes.
Thy presence hath repaired in one day,
What many yeares and sorrowes did decay,
And made fresh beauties fairest branches spring,
From wrinkled furrowes of times ruining.
Euen as the hungry Winter-starued earth,
When she by nature labours towards her birth,
Still as the day vpon the darke world creepes,
One blossome forth after another peepes,
Till the small flower whose roote is now vnbound,
Gets from the frosty prison of the ground,
Spreading the leaues vnto the powerfull noone,
Deck'd in fresh colours, smiles vpon the sunne.
Neuer vnquiet care lodg'd in that breast,
Where but one thought of *Rosamond* did rest;
Nor thirst, nor trauaile, which on warre attend,
E're brought the long day to desired end;
Nor yet did pale Feare, or leane Famine liue,

Where

Where hope of thee did any comfort giue,
Ah what iniuſtice then is this of thee
That thus the guiltleſſe dooſt condemne for me?
When onely ſhe (by meanes of my offence)
Redeemes thy pureneſſe, and thy innocence,
When to our wills perforce obey they muſt,
That iuſt in them, what e're in vs vniuſt,
Of what we doe, not them account we make,
The fault craues pardon for th'offenders ſake,
And what to worke a Princes will may merit,
Hath deep'ſt impreſſion in the gentleſt ſpirit;
If t be my name that dooth thee ſo offend,
No more my ſelfe ſhall be mine owne names friend,
If it be that which thou dooſt onely hate,
That name, in my name, laſtly hath his date.
Say 'tis accurſt, and fatall, and diſpraiſe it,
If written, blot it, if engrauen, raze it.
Say that of all names 'tis a name of woe,
Once a Kings name, but now it is not ſo.
And when all this is done, I know t'will grieue thee,
And therefore (ſweet) why ſhould I now believe thee?
Nor ſhouldſt thou think thoſe eies with enuie lower,
Which paſſing by thee, gaze vp to thy tower;
But rather praiſe thine owne which be ſo cleare,
Which from the Turret like two ſtarres appeare;
Aboue the ſunne dooth ſhine, beneath thine eie,
Mocking the heauen to make another skie,
The little ſtreame which by thy tower doth glide,
Where oft thou ſpend'ſt the wearie euening tide,
To view thee well his courſe would gladly ſtay,
As loath from thee to part ſo ſoone away;

And

And with ſalutes thy ſelfe would gladly greete,
And offer vp thoſe ſmall drops at thy feete,
But finding that the enuious banks reſtraine it,
T'excuſe it ſelfe, doth in this ſort complaine it,
And therefore this ſad bubling murmure keepes,
And for thy want within the channell weepes.
And as thou dooſt into the water looke,
The fiſh which ſee thy ſhadow in the Brooke,
Forget to feede, and all amazed lie,
So daunted with the luſtre of thine eie. (wrong,
And that ſweete name which thou ſo much dooſt
In time ſhall be ſome famous Poets ſong;
And with the very ſweetneſſe of that name,
Lions and Tygers men ſhall learne to tame.
The carefull mother from her penſiue breaſt,
With *Roſamond* ſhall bring her Babe to reſt,
The little birds (by mens continuall ſound)
Shall learne to ſpeake, and prattle *Roſamond*.
And when in April they begin to ſing,
With *Roſamond* ſhall welcome in the Spring;
And ſhe in whom all rarities are found,
Shall ſtill be ſaid to be a *Roſamond*.
The little flowers dropping their honied dew,
Which (as thou writ'ſt) doe weepe vpon thy ſhue,
Not for thy fault (ſweet *Roſamond*) doe moane,
Onely lament that thou ſo ſoone art gone,
For if thy foote touch Hemlocke as it goes,
That Hemlock's made more ſweeter then the Roſe,
Of *Ioue* or *Neptune* how they did betray,
Nor ſpeake of *Io*, or *Ammiane*,
When ſhe for whom *Ioue* once became a Bull,

Com-

Compar'd with thee, had beene a tawny trull;
He a white Bull, and ſhe a whiter Cow,
Yet he nor ſhe, neere halfe ſo white as thou.
Long ſince (thou know'ſt) my care prouided for
To lodge thee ſafe from iealous *Ellinor*.
The labyrinths conueyance guides thee ſo,
(Which onely *Vaghan*, thou, and I doe know)
If ſhe doe guard thee with a hundred eies,
I haue an hundred ſubtile *Mercuries*,
To watch that *Argus* which my loue doth keepe,
Vntill eie, after eie, fall all to ſleepe.
Thoſe ſtarres looke in by night, looke in to ſee
(Wondring) what ſtarre here on the earth ſhould be.
As oft the Moone at midſt the ſilent night,
Hath come to ioy vs with her friendly light,
And by the curtaine helpt mine eie to ſee
What enuious night and darkneſſe hid from mee;
When I haue wiſht that ſhe might euer ſtay,
And other worlds might ſtill enioy the day:
What ſhould I ſay? words, teares, and ſighes be ſpent,
And want of time doth further helps preuent:
My campe reſounds with fearefull ſhockes of warre,
Yet in my breaſt more dangerous conflicts are;
Yet is my ſignall to the battels ſound,
The bleſſed name of beauteous *Roſamond*.
Accurſed be that heart, that tongue, that breath,
Should think, ſhould ſpeake, or whiſper of thy death.
For in one ſmile, or lowre from thy ſweet eie,
Conſiſts my life, my hope, my victorie.
Sweet *Woodſtocke*, where my *Roſamond* doth reſt,
Bleſſed in her, in whom thy King is bleſt;

For

For though in *France* a while my body bee,
My heart remaines (sweet Paradice) in thee.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

Am I at home pursued with priuate hate,
And warre comes raging to my Pallace gate?

ROBert Earle of Leister, who tooke part with young King Henry, entred into England with an Armie of 3000. Flemmings, and spoiled the Countries of Norfolk and Suffolk, being succoured by many of the Kings priuate enemies.

And am I branded with the curse of Rome?

King Henry the second, the first Plantaginet, accused for the death of Th. Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, slaine in the Cathedrall Church, was accursed by Pope Alexander, although he vrged sufficient proofe of his innocency in the same, & offered to take vpon him any penance, so hee might escape the curse and interdiction of the Realme.

And by the pride of my rebellious sonne,
Rich Normandie with Armies ouer-runne.

Henry the yong K. whom king Henry had caused to be crowned in his life (as he hoped) both for his own good and the good of his Subiects, which indeed turned to his owne sorrow, and the trouble of the Realme, for he rebelled against him, and raising power, by the meanes of Lewes King of France, and William King of Scots (who tooke part with him) & inuaded Normandy.

Vnkinde my children, most vnkinde my wife.

Neuer King more vnfortunate then K. Henry in the disobedience of his children: First Henry, then Geffrey, then Richard, then Iohn, all at one time or other, first or last, vnnaturally rebelled against him, then the iealousie of Elinor his Queene, who suspected his loue to Rosamond, which grieuous troubles the deuout of those times attributed to happen to him iustly, for refusing to take on him the gouernment of Ierusalem, offered to him by the patriark there; which country was mightily afflicted by the Souldane.

VVhich

Which onely Vaghan, *thou and I doe know.*

This *Vaghan* was a Knight whom the King exceedingly loued, who kept the Pallace at *Woodstocke*, and much of the Kings Iewels and treasure, to whom the King committed many of his secrets, and in whom he reposed such trust, that he durst commit his loue vnto his charge.

King Iohn to Matilda.

THE ARGVMENT.

After that King Iohn *had assayed by all meanes possible, to win the faire and chaste* Matilda, *to his vnchaste and vnlawfull bed, and by vniust courses and false accusation had banished the Lord* Robert Fitzwater *her noble Father, and many other of his allies, who iustly withstood the desire of this wanton King, seeking the dishonour of his faire and vertuous daughter; this chaste Lady, still solicited by this lasciuious King, flies vnto* Dunmow *in Essex, where in a Nunnery she becomes a Nunne, where the King (still persisting in his Suite) solicites her by his Epistle; her reply confirmes her vowed and inuincible chastitie, making knowne to the King her pure vnspotted thoughts.*

WHen these my Letters come vnto thy view,
Think thē not forc'd, or fain'd, or strage, or new,
Thou know'st no way, no means, no course exempted,
Left now vnsought, vnproou'd, or vnattempted,
All rules, regardes, all secret helps of Art,
What knowledge, wit, experience can impart;
And in the olde worlds Ceremonies doted,
Good daies for loue, times, houres and minutes noted;

And where Art left, loue teacheth more to finde,
By ſignes in preſence to expreſſe the minde.
Oft hath mine eye tolde thine eye, beauty grieu'd it,
And beg'd for one looke to haue relieu'd it,
And ſtill with thine eyes motion, mine eye mou'd,
Labouring for mercy, telling how it lou'd
If bluſht, I bluſht, thy cheeke pale, pale was mine,
My red, thy red, my whiteneſſe anſwered thine;
If ſigh'd, I ſigh'd, alike both paſſion proue,
But thy ſigh is for hate, my ſigh for loue;
If a word paſt, that inſufficient were,
To helpe that word, my eye let forth a teare.
And if that teare did dull or ſenſeleſſe proue,
My heart would fetch a ſigh, to make it moue
Oft in thy face, one fauour from the reſt
I ſingled forth, that pleas'd my fancie beſt;
This likes me moſt, another likes me more,
A third exceeding both thoſe lik'd before;
Then one, as wonder were deriued thence,
Then that whoſe rareneſſe paſſeth excellence.
Whilſt I behold thy Globe-like rowling eye,
Thy louely cheeke (me thinks) ſtands ſmiling by
And tells me, thoſe are ſhadowes and ſuppoſes,
But bids me thether come and gather Roſes;
Looking on that, thy brow doth call to mee
To come to it, if wonders I will ſee:
Now haue I done, and now thy dimpled chinne,
Againe doth tell me newly I beginne,
And bids me yet to looke vpon thy lip,
Leſt wondring leaſt, the greateſt I ouerſlip;
My gazing eye, on this and this doth ſeaſe,

Which

Which ſurfets, yet cannot deſire appeaſe.
Then like I browne, (O louely browne thy haire)
Onely in browneneſſe, beauty dwelleth there.
Then loue I blacke, thine eye-ball blacke as iet,
Then cleare, that ball in Chriſtal being ſet,
Then white, but ſnow, nor ſwan, nor luory pleaſe,
Then are thy teeth more whiter then all theſe;
In browne, in blacke, in pureneſſe, and in white,
All loue, all ſweetes, all rareneſſe, all delight;
Thus thou vile thiefe, my ſtolne hart hence dooſt carry,
And now thou flieſt into a Sanctuary;
Fie peeuiſh Gerle, ingrateſull vnto Nature,
Did ſhe to this end frame thee ſuch a creature,
That thou her glory ſhouldſt increaſe thereby,
And thou aloue doſt ſcorne ſocietie?
Why, heauen made beauty like her ſelfe to view,
Not to be lockt vp in a ſmoaky mew,
A roſie-tainted feature is heauens gold,
Which all men ioy to touch, all to behold.
It was enacted when the world begunne,
That ſo rare beauty ſhould not liue a Nunne,
But if this vow thou needs wilt vndertake,
O were mine armes a Cloiſter for thy ſake,
Still may his paines for euer be augmented,
This ſuperſtition idely that inuented,
Ill might he thriue, that brought this cuſtome hether,
That holy people might not liue together.
A happy time, a good world was it then,
When holy women liu'd with holy men;
But Kings in this yet priuiledg'd may be,
Ile be a Monke, ſo I may liue with thee.

Who would not riſe to ring the mornings knell,
When thy ſweet lips might be the facring bell?
Or what is he not willingly would faſt,
That on thoſe lips might feaſt his lips at laſt?
Who vnto Mattens early would not riſe,
That might reade by the light of thy faire eyes?
On worldly pleaſures who would euer looke,
That had thy curles his beads, thy browes his booke?
Wert thou the croſſe, to thee who would not creepe?
And wiſh the croſſe, ſtill in his armes to keepe.
Sweet Gerle, Ile take this holy habite on me,
Of meere deuotion that is come vpon me,
Holy *Matilda*, thou the Saint of mine,
Ile be thy ſeruant, and my bed thy ſhrine.
When I doe offer, be thy breaſt the Altar,
And when I pray, thy mouth ſhall be my Pſalter.
The beades that we will bid, ſhall be ſweet kiſſes,
Which we will number, if one pleaſure miſſes,
And when an *Aue* comes to ſay Amen,
We will begin, and tell them o're againe,
Now all good fortune giue me happy thrift,
As I ſhould ioy t'abſolue thee after ſhrift.
But ſee how much I doe my ſelfe beguile,
And doe miſtake thy meaning all this while,
Thou took'ſt this vow to equall my deſire,
Becauſe thou wouldſt haue me to be a Frier,
And that we two ſhould comfort one another,
A holy ſiſter, and a holy brother,
Thou as a Votreſſe vnto me alone,
She is moſt chaſte that's but enioy'd of one,
Yea, now thy true deuotion doe I finde,

And ſure in this I much commend thy minde,
Elſe here thou dooſt but ill enſample giue,
And in a Nunry thus thou ſhouldſt not liue,
Is't poſſible the houſe that thou art in
Should not be toucht, (though with a veniall ſinne)
When ſuch a ſhee-prieſt comes her Maſſe to ſay,
Twenty to one they all forget to pray?
Well may we wiſh they would their hearts amend,
When we be witneſſe that their eyes offend,
All creatures haue deſires, or elſe ſome lie,
Let them thinke ſo that will, ſo will not I.
Dooſt thou not thinke our anceſtors were wiſe,
That theſe religious Cels did firſt deuiſe?
As Hoſpitals were for the ſore and ſicke,
Theſe for the crook'd, the hault, the ſtigmaticke,
Leſt that their ſeed mark'd with deformity,
Should be a blemiſh to poſterity.
Would heau'n her beauty ſhould be hid from ſight,
Nere would ſhe thus her ſelfe adorne with light
With ſparkling lamps; nor would ſhe paint her throne
But ſhe delighteth to be gaz'd vpon;
And when the golden glorious Sunne goes downe,
Would ſhe put on her ſtar-beſtudded crowne,
And in her maſking ſute the ſpangled skie,
Come forth to bride it in her reuelrie,
And gaue this gift to all things in creation,
That they in this ſhould imitate her faſhion.
All things that faire, that pure, that glorious beene,
Offer themſelues of purpoſe to be ſeene,
In ſinks and vaults, the vgly Toades do dwell,
The diuels, ſince moſt vgly, they in hell:

Our mother Earth, nere glorious in her fruite,
Till by the Sunne clad in her Tinſell ſute.
Nor doth ſhe euer ſmile him in the face,
Till in his glorious armes he her embrace;
Which proues ſhe hath a ſoule, ſenſe, and delight
Of generations feeling appetite.
Well hypocrite (in faith) wouldſt thou confeſſe,
What ere thy tongue ſay thy heart ſaith no leſſe.
Note but this one thing, (if naught elſe perſwade)
Nature, of all things male and female made,
Shewing her ſelfe in our proportion plaine,
For neuer made ſhe any thing in vaine;
For as thou art, ſhould any haue beene thus,
She would haue left enſample vnto vs.
The Turtle that's ſo true and chaſte in loue,
Shewes by her mate ſomething the ſpirit doth moue;
Th'Arabian bird that neuer is but one,
Is onely chaſte, becauſe ſhe is alone:
But had our mother Nature made them two,
They would haue done as Doues and Sparrowes doe;
But therefore made a Martyr in deſire,
And doth her penance laſtly in the fire;
So may they all be roſted quicke that bee
Apoſtataes to Nature, as is ſhee.
Finde me but one ſo young, ſo faire, ſo free,
(Wooed, ſu'd and ſought, by him that now ſeeks thee)
But of thy minde, and here I vndertake,
To build a Nunry for her onely ſake;
O hadſt thou taſted of theſe rare delights,
Ordain'd each where to pleaſe great Princes ſights,
To haue their beauty and their wits admir'd,

(Which

(Which is by nature of your sexe desir'd)
Attended by our traines, our pompe, our port,
Like Gods ador'd, abroad kneel'd to in Court,
To be saluted with the cheerefull cry,
Of highnesse, grace, and soueraigne maiestie;
But vnto them that know not pleasures price,
All's one, a prison, and a Paradice.
If in a dungeon, clos'd vp from the light,
There is no difference twixt the day and night,
Whose palate neuer tasted daintycates,
Thinks homely dishes Princely delicates.
Alas poore Gerle, I pitty thine estate,
That now thus long hast liu'd disconsolate;
Why now at length let yet thy heart relent,
And call thy Father backe from banishment;
And with those Princely honours here inuest him,
That aukward loue, not hate hath dispossest him.
Call from exile thy deere alies and friends,
To whom the fury of my griefe extends,
And if thou take my counsaile in this case,
I make no doubt thou shalt haue better grace,
And leaue the *Dunmow*, that accursed Cell,
There let blacke night and melancholy dwell;
Come to the Court, where all ioyes shall receiue thee,
And till that houre, yet with my griefe I leaue thee.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

THis Epistle of King *Iohn* to *Matilda*, is much more Poeticall then historicall, making no mention at all of the occurrents of the time, or state, touching onely his loue to her, and the extreamitie of his passions forced by his desires, rightly fashioning the humour of this King, as hath beene truly noted by the

most authenticall Writers; whose nature and disposition is truliest discerned in the course of his loue; first iesting at the ceremonies of the seruices of those times, then going about by all strong and probable arguments, to reduce her to pleasures and delights; next with promises of honour, which he thinketh to be last and greatest meanes, and to haue greatest power in her sex, with promise of calling home of her friends, which hee thought might be a great inducement to his desires.

Matilda to King Iohn.

NO sooner I receiu'd thy letters here,
Before I knew from whom, or whence they were,
But suddaine feare my bloudlesse veines doth fill,
As though diuining of some future ill:
And in a shiuering extasie I stood,
A chilly coldnesse ranne through all my blood;
Opening thy letters, I shut vp my rest,
And let strange cares into my quiet breast,
As though thy hard vnpittying hand had sent me,
Some new deuised torture to torment me;
Well had I hop'd, I had beene now forgot,
Cast out with those things thou remembrest not;
And that proud beauty which enforst me hether,
Had with my name now perished together:
But O (I see) our hoped good deceiues vs,
But what we would forgoe, that seldome leaues vs.
Thy blamefull lines bespotted so with sin,
Mine eyes would cleuse, ere they to reade begin,
But I to wash an Indian goe about,
For ill so hard set on, is hard got out.

I once determin'd ſtill to haue beene mute,
Onely by ſilence to refell thy ſute,
But this againe did alter mine intent,
For ſome will ſay, that ſilence doth conſent:
Deſire, with ſmall encouraging growes bold,
And Hope, of euery little thing takes hold.
I ſet me downe at large to write my minde,
But now, nor pen, nor paper can I finde;
For dread and paſſion, are ſo powerfull o're me,
That I diſcerne not things that ſtand before me:
Finding the pen, the paper, and the waxe,
This at command, and now inuention lacks;
This ſentence ſerues, and that my hand out-ſtrikes,
That pleaſeth well, and this as much miſlikes,
I write, indite, I point, I raze, I quote,
I enterline, I blot, correct, I note;
I hope, diſpaire, take courage, faint, diſdaine,
I make, alleadge, I imitate, I faine:
Now thus it muſt be, and now thus, and thus,
Bold, ſhame-fac'd, feareleſſe, doubtfull, timorous;
My faint hand writing, when my full eye teades,
From euery word ſtrange paſſion ſtill proceedes.
O! when the ſoule is fettered once in wo,
T'is ſtrange what humors it doth force vs to;
A teare doth drowne a teare, ſigh ſigh doth ſmother,
This hinders that, that interrupts the other:
Th'ouer-watched weakneſſe of the ſicke conceit,
Is that which makes ſmall beauty ſeeme ſo great,
Like things which hid in troubled waters lie,
Which crook'd, ſeeme ſtraight, if ſtraight, the contrarie:
And thus our vaine imagination ſhewes it,

As

As it conceiues it, not as iudgement knowes it,
As in a Mirror, (if the same be true)
Such as your likenesse, iustly such are you:
But as you change your selfe, it changeth there,
And shewes you as you are, not as you were;
And with your motion doth your shadow moue,
If frowne or smile; such the conceit of loue.
Why tell me, is it possible the minde
A forme in all deformity should finde?
Within the compasse of mans face we see,
How many sorts of seuerall fauours be;
And that the chin, the nose, the brow, the eye,
If great, if small, flat, sharpe, or if awry,
Alters proportion, altereth the grace,
And makes a mighty difference in the face;
And in the world, scarce two so like there are,
One with the other which if you compare,
But being set before you both together,
A iudging sight doth soone distinguish either,
How woman-like a weaknesse is it then?
O what strange madnesse so possesseth men?
Bereft of sense, such senseless wonders seeing,
Without forme, fashion, certainty, or being?
For which so many die to liue in anguish,
Yet cannot liue, if thus they should not languish;
That comfort yeelds not, and yet hope denies not,
A life that liues not, and a death that dies not;
That hates vs most, when most it speakes vs faire,
Doth promise all things, alwaies paies with aire,
Yet sometime doth our greatest griefe appease,
To double sorrow after little ease.

Like that which thy laſciuious will doth craue,
Which if once had, thou neuer more canſt haue;
Which if thou get, in getting thou dooſt waſt it,
Taken, is loſt, and periſh'd if thou haſt it;
Which if thou gain'ſt, thou ne're the more haſt won,
I looſing nothing, yet am quite vndone;
And yet of that, if that a King depraue me,
No King reſtores, though he a Kingdome gaue me.
Dooſt thou of father and of friends depriue me?
And tak'ſt thou from me all that heauen did giue me?
What Nature claimes by bloud, alies, or neereneſſe,
Or friendſhip challenge, by regard or deereneſſe,
Mak'ſt me an Orphan ere my father die,
A wofull widdow in virginitie?
Is thy vnbrideled luſt the cauſe of all?
And now thy flattering tongue bewailes my fall.
The dead mans graue with fained teares to fill,
So the deuouring Crocodile doth kill,
To harbour hate in ſhew of ſweeteſt things,
So in the Roſe the poiſoned ſerpent ſtings.
To lurke farre off, yet lodge deſtruction by,
The Baſiliske doth poiſon with the eye;
To call for aide, and then to lie in wait,
So the Hiena murthers by deceit;
By ſweet inticement, ſuddaine death to bring,
So from the rockes th'alluring Mer-maides ſing;
In greateſt wants, t'inflict the greateſt woe,
This is the vtmoſt tyrannie can doe.
But where (I ſee) the tempeſt thus prevailes,
What vſe of anchors, or what neede of ſailes?
Aboue vs bluſtring windes and dreadfull thunder,

The

The waters gape for our destruction vnder;
Here on this side the furious billowes flie,
There rocks, there sands, & dang'rous whirl-pooles lie.
Is this the meane that mightinesse approues?
And in this sort do Princes woo their loues?
Mildenesse would better suite with maiestie,
Then rash reuenge and rough seueritie.
O in what safety Temperance doth rest,
Obtaining harbour in a soueraigne breast,
Which if so praisefull in the meanest men,
In powerfull Kings how glorious is it then?
Fled I first hither hoping to haue ayde,
Here thus to haue mine innocencse betrayd,
Is Court and Country both her enemie,
And no place found to shrowd in chastitie?
Each house for lust a harbour, and an Inne,
And euery Citie a receite for sinne;
And all do pittie beauty in distresse,
If beauty chaste, then onely pittiesse.
Thus is she made the Instrument to ill,
And vnreleeu'd may wander where she will.
Lasciuious Poets which abuse the truth,
Which oft teach age to sinne, infecting youth,
For the vnchaste make trees and stones to mourne,
Or as they please, to other shapes do turne:
Cinyras daughter, whose incestuous minde,
Made her wrong Nature and dishonour Kinde;
Long since by them is turn'd into a Mir,
Whose dropping liquor euer weepes for her;
And in a fountaine, *Biblis* doth deplore
Her fault so vile and monsterous before:

Silla, which once her father did betray,
Is now a bird, (if all be true they ſay.)
Shee that with *Phœbus* did the foule offence,
Now metamorphos'd into Frankencenſe
Other, to flowers, to odors, and to gumme,
At leaſt *Iones* Leman is a ſtarre become;
And more; they faine a thouſand fond excuſes,
To hide their ſcapes, and couer their abuſes,
The virgine onely they obſcure and hide,
Whilſt the vnchaſte, by them are deifide,
And if by them a Virgin be expreſt,
She muſt be ranck'd ignobly with the reſt.
I am not now, as when thou ſaw'ſt me laſt,
Time hath thoſe features vtterly defac'd,
And all the beauties ſate vpon my brow,
Thou wouldſt not thinke ſuch euer had bene now,
And glad I am that time with me is done,
Vowing my ſelfe religiouſly a Nunne,
My veſtall habite me contenting more
Then all the Robes, adorning me before.
Had *Roſamond* (a recluſe of our ſort)
Taken our Cloiſter, left the wanton Court,
Shadowing that beauty with a holy vale,
Which ſhe (alas) too looſely ſet to ſale,
She neede not like an vgly Minotaur,
Haue beene lockt vp from iealous *Ellenor*,
But beene as famous by thy mothers wrongs,
As by thy father ſubiect to all tongues.
To ſhadow ſinne, might can the moſt pretend,
Kings, but the conſcience, all things can defend.
A ſtronger hand reſtraines our wilfull powres,

A will must rule aboue this will of ours,
Not following what our vaine desires doe wooe
For vertues sake, but what we (onely) doe.
And hath my father chóse to liue exil'd,
Before his eyes should see my youth defil'd?
And to withstand a tyrants lewd desire,
Beheld his Townes spent in reuengefull fire:
Yet neuer toucht with griefe, so onely I
Exempt from shame might honourably die.
And shall this iewell which so deerely cost,
Now after all, by my dishonour lost?
No, no, his reuerend words, his holy teares,
Yet in my soule too deepe impression beares,
His latest farewell at his last depart,
More deepely is ingraued in my hart,
Nor shall that blot, by me his name shall haue,
Bring his gray haires with sorrow to his graue,
Better his teares to fall vpon my tombe,
Then for my birth to curse my mothers wombe.
Though *Dunmow* giue no refuge here at all,
Dunmow can giue my body buriall.
If all remorselesse, no teare-shedding eye,
My selfe will moane my selfe, so liue, so die.

¶ *Notes of the Chronicle Historie.*

THis Epistle containeth no particular points of History, more then the generality of the argument layeth open; for after the banishment of the Lord *Robert Fitzwater*, and that *Matilda* was become a Recluse at Dunmow, (from whence this reply is imagined to be written,) the King still earnestly persisting in his suite, *Matilda* with this chaste and constant deniall, hopes yet at length

length to finde ſome comfortable remedy, and to rid her ſelfe of doubts, by taking vpon her this monaſticke habite, and to ſhew that ſhee ſtill beareth in minde his former cruelty, bred by the impatience of his luſt, ſhe remembreth him of her fathers baniſhment, and the lawleſſe exile of her alies and friends.

Do'ſt thou of father and of friends depriue me?

Then complaining of her diſtreſſe, that flying thither, thinking there to finde reliefe, ſhe ſees her ſelfe moſt aſſailed where ſhe hoped to haue found moſt ſafety.

Alas, and fled I hither from my foe,
That, &c.

After againe, ſtanding vpon the preciſe points of conſcience, not to caſt off this habite ſhe had taken,

My vow is taken, I a Nunne profeſt.

And at laſt laying open more particularly the miſeries ſuſtained by her father in England, the burning of his Caſtles and houſes, which ſhe proueth to be for her ſake: as reſpecting only her honor, more then his native country and his own fortunes.

And to withſtand a tyrants lewd deſire,
Beheld his Towers and Caſtles ſet on fire.

Knitting vp her Epiſtle with a great and conſtant reſolution.

Though Dunmow *giue no refuge here at all,*
Dunmow *can giue my body buriall.*

FINIS.

To

To the vertuous Lady, the Lady *Anne Harrington*, wife to the honorable Gentleman, Sir *Iohn Harrington* Knight.

MY singular good Lady, your many vertues knowne in generall to all, and your gracious fauours to my vnworthy selfe, haue confirmed that in me, which, before I knew you, I onely saw by the light of other mens iudgements. Honour seated in your breast, findes her selfe adorned as in a rich Pallace, making that excellent which makes her admirable; which like the Sunne (from thence) begetteth most pretious things of this earthly world, onely by the vertue of his rayes, not the nature of the mould. Worth is best discerned by the worthy, dejected mindes want the pure fire, which should giue vigor to vertue. I referre your great thoughts (the vnpartiall Iudges of true affection) the vnfained zeale I haue euer borne to your honourable seruice, and so rest your Ladiships humbly to command,

Michael Drayton.

Queene

Queene *Isabell* to *Mortimer.*

THE ARGVMENT.

Queene Isabel, (*the wife of* Edward *the second, called* Edward Carnaruan,) *being the daughter of* Philip de Beau, *King of France, forsaken by the King her husband, who delighted onely in the company of* Piers Gaueston, *his Minion and fauorite, and after his death seduced by the euill counsell of the* Spencers. *This Queene thus left by her husband, euen in the glory of her youth, drew into her especiall fauour* Roger Mortimer, *Lord of Wigmore, a man of a mighty and inuincible spirit. This Lord* Mortimer *rising in armes against the King with* Thomas *Earle of Lancaster and the Barons, was taken ere he could gather his power, and by the King commuted to the Tower of London. During his imprisonment, hee ordained a feast in honour of his birth-day, to which he inuited Sir* Stephen Segraue, *Lieuetenant of the Tower, and the rest of the officers, where, by meanes of a drinke prepared by the Queene, he cast them all into a heauie sleepe, and with Ladders of coards being ready prepared for the purpose, hee escapeth and flieth into France, whither she sendeth this Epistle, complaining of her owne misfortunes, and greatly reioycing at his safe escape.*

THough such sweet cõfort comes not now frõ her,
As Englands Queene hath sent to *Mortimer*:
Yet what that wants (which might my power approue
If lines can bring,) this shall supply with loue,

O Me

Me thinks affliction ſhould not fright me ſo,
Nor ſhould reſume theſe ſundry ſhapes of woe;
But when I faine would finde the cauſe of this,
Thy abſence ſhewes me where the error is.
Oft when I thinke of thy departing hence,
Sad ſorrow then poſſeſſeth eu'ry ſenſe:
But finding thy deere bloud preſeru'd thereby,
And in thy life, my long-wiſht liberty,
With that ſweet thought my ſelfe I onely pleaſe
Amidſt my griefe, which ſometimes giues me eaſe,
Thus doe extreames ills a ioy poſſeſſe,
And one woe makes another woe ſeeme leſſe,
That bleſſed night, that milde-aſpected hower,
Wherein thou mad'ſt eſcape out of the Tower,
Shall conſecrated euermore remaine;
What gentle Planet in that houre did raigne;
And ſhall be happy in the birth of men,
Which was chiefe Lord of the Aſcendant then,
O how I fear'd that ſleepy iuyce I ſent,
Might yet want power to further thine intent!
Or that ſome vnſeene myſterie might lurke,
Which wanting order, kindly ſhould not worke;
Oft did I wiſh thoſe dreadfull poys'ned lees,
Which clos'd the euer-waking Dragons eyes,
Or I had had thoſe ſenſe-bereauing ſtalkes,
That grow in ſhady *Proſerpin's* darke walkes;
Or thoſe blacke weedes on *Lethe* bankes below,
Or *Lunary* that doth on *Latmus* flow;
Oft did I feare this moiſt and foggy clime,
Or that the earth, waxt barren now with time,
Should not haue hearbs to helpe me in this caſe,

Such

Such as doe thriue on *India's* parched face.
That morrow, when the blessed Sunne did rise,
And shut the lids of all heauens lesser eies,
Forth from my Pallace by a secret staire,
I steale to Thames as though to take the aire;
And aske the gentle floud as it doth glide,
Or thou didst passe or perish by the tide?
If thou didst perish, I desire the streame,
To lay thee softly on her siluer teame,
And bring thee to me, to the quiet shore, (more.
That with her teares thou might'st haue some teares
When suddainly doth rise a rougher gale,
With that (me thinks) the troubled waues looke pale,
And sighing with that little gust that blowes,
With this remembrance seeme to knit their browes.
Euen as this suddaine passion doth affright me,
The cheerefull Sun breaks from a cloud to light me;
Then doth the bottome euident appeare,
As it would shew me, that thou wast not there,
When as the water flowing where I stand,
Doth seeme to tell me, thou art safe on land.
Did *Bulloyne* once a festiuall prepare,
For *England*, *Almaine*, *Cicill*, and *Nauarre*?
When *France* enui'd those buildings (only blest)
Grac'd with the *Orgues* of my Bridall feast,
That English *Edward* should refuse my bed,
For that lasciuious shamelesse *Ganimed*?
And in my place, vpon his regall throne,
To set that girle-boy, wanton *Gaueston*.
Betwixt the feature of my face and his,
My glasse assures me no such difference is,

That a foule Witches baſtard ſhould thereby
Be thought more worthy of his loue then I.
What doth auaile vs to be Princes heires,
When we can boaſt, our birth is onely theirs?
When baſe diſſembling flatterers ſhall deceiue vs,
Of all our famous aunceſtors did leaue vs:
And of our Princely iewels and our dowres,
We but enioy the leaſt of what is ours; (crownes,
When minions heads muſt weare our Monarches
To raiſe vp dunghills with our famous townes;
When beggars-brats are wrapt in rich perfumes,
Their buzzard wings impt with our Eagles plumes;
And matcht with the braue iſſue of our blood,
Alie the Kingdome to their crauand brood.
Did *Longſhankes* purchaſe with his conquering hand,
Albania, Gaſcoyne, Cambria, Ireland?
That young *Carnaruan* (his vnhappy ſonne)
Should giue away all that his father wonne?
To backe a ſtranger, proudly bearing downe
The braue Alies and branches of the crowne?
And did great *Edward* on his death-bed giue
This charge to them which afterwards ſhould liue,
That that proud *Gaſcoyne* baniſhed the land,
No more ſhould tread vpon the Engliſh ſand?
And haue theſe great Lords in the quarrell ſtood,
And ſeal'd his laſt will with their deareſt blood,
That after all this fearefull maſſacre,
The fall of *Beauchamp, Lacy, Lancaſter*,
Another faithleſſe fauorite ſhould ariſe,
To cloud the Sunne of our Nobilities?
And gloried I in *Gaueſtons* great fall,

That now a *Spenſer* ſhould ſucceede in all?
And that his aſhes ſhould another breed,
Which in his place and Empire ſhould ſucceede;
That wanting one, a Kingdomes wealth to ſpend,
Of what that left, this now ſhall make an end;
To waſte all that our father won before,
Nor leaue our ſonne a ſword to conquer more.
Thus but in vaine we fondly doe reſiſt,
Where power can doe (euen) all things as it liſt,
And of our right with tyrants to debate,
Lendeth them meanes to weaken our eſtate.
Whilſt Parlements muſt remedy their wrongs,
And we attend for what to vs belongs;
Our wealth but fewell to their fond exceſſe,
We faſting ſtill to feaſt their wantonneſſe.
Think'ſt thou our wrongs then inſufficient are,
To moue our brother to religious warre?
And if they were, yet *Edward* doth detaine
Homage for *Pontiu, Guyne,* and *Aquitaine*;
And if not that, yet hath he broke the truce,
Thus all accurre, to put backe all excuſe.
The ſiſters wrong, ioyn'd with the brothers right,
Me thinks might vrge him in this cauſe to fight.
Be all thoſe peop'e ſenſeleſſe of our harmes,
Which for our country oft haue manag'd armes?
Is the braue Normans courage now forgot,
Or the bold Brittaines loſt the vſe of ſhot?
The big-bon'd Almaines, and ſtowt Brabanders,
Their warlike Pikes, and ſharp edg'd Semiters?
Or doe the Pickards let their Croſſe-bowes lie,
Once like the Centaurs of old Theſſalie?

Or if a valiant Leader be their lacke,
Where thou art preſent, who ſhould driue them back?
I doe coniure thee by what is moſt deere,
By that great name of famous *Mortimer*,
By ancient *Wigmores* honourable creſt,
The tombes where all thy famous grand-ſires reſt;
Or if then theſe, what more may thee approue,
Euen by thoſe vowes of thy vnfained loue,
That thy great hopes may moue the Chriſtian King,
By forraigne armes ſome comfort yet to bring,
To curbe the power of traytors that rebell,
Againſt the right of Princely *Iſabell*.
Vaine witleſſe woman, why ſhould I deſire,
To add more heate to thy immortall fire?
To vrge thee by the violence of hate,
To ſhake the pillars of thine owne eſtate,
When whatſoeuer we intend to doe,
To our misfortune euer ſorts vnto;
And nothing elſe remaines for vs beſide,
But teares and coffins (onely) to prouide,
When ſtill ſo long as *Burrough* beares that name,
Time ſhall not blot out our deſerued ſhame;
And whilſt cleare Trent her wonted courſe ſhall keepe,
For our ſad fall, ſhe euermore ſhall weepe.
All ſee our ruine on our backes is throwne,
And we too weake to beare it out are growne,
Torlton that ſhould our buſineſſes direct,
The generall foe doth vehemently ſuſpect,
For dangerous things get hardly to their end,
Whereon ſo many watchfully attend.
What ſhould I ſay? My griefes doe ſtill renew,

And

And but begin when I ſhould bid adiew,
Few be my words, but manifold my woe,
And ſtill I ſtay, the more I ſtriue to goe.
Then till faire time ſome greater good affords,
Take my loues payment in theſe ayrie words.

Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

O how I fear'd that ſleepie drinke I ſent,
Might yet want power to further thine intent.

Mortimer being in the Tower, and ordaining a feaſt in honor of his birth-day, as hee pretended, and inuiting thereunto Sir *Stephen Segraue*, Conſtable of the Tower, with the reſt of the officers belonging to the ſame, hee gaue them a ſleepy drinke, prouided him by the Queene, by which meanes he got liberty for his eſcape.

I ſteale to Thames, as though to take the aire,
And aske the gentle ſtreame as it doth glide.

Mortimer being got out of the Tower, ſwamme the riuer of Thames into Kent, whereof the hauing intelligence, doubteth of his ſtrength to eſcape, by reaſon of his long impriſonment, being almoſt the ſpace of three yeares.

Did Bulloyne once a feſtiuall prepare,
For England, Almaine, Cicill and Nauarre?

Edward Carnaruan. the firſt Prince of Wales of the Engliſh bloud, married *Iſabell*, daughter of *Philip* the Faire, at Bulloine, in the preſence of the Kings of Almaine, Nauarre, and Cicill, with the chiefe Nobility of France and England: which marriage was there ſolemnized with exceeding pompe and magnificence.

And in my place, vpon his regall throne,
To ſet that girle-boy, wanton Gaueſton.

Noting the effeminacie and luxurious wantonneſſe of *Gaueſton*, the Kings Minion, his behauiour and attire euer ſo womanlike, to pleaſe the eye of his laſciuious Prince.

That a foule VVitches bastard should thereby.

It was vrged by the Queene and the Nobility, in the disgrace of *Piers Gaueston*, that his mother was conuicted of Witchcraft, and burned for the same, and that *Piers* had bewitched the King.

Albania, Gascoine, Cambria, Ireland.

Albania, Scotland, so called of *Albanact*, the second sonne of *Brutus*; and *Cambria*, Wales, so called of *Camber* the third sonne, the foure Realmes and Countries, brought in subiection by *Edward Longshanks*.

VVhen of our Princely Iewels and our dowers,
VVe but enioy the least of what is ours.

A Complaint of the prodigality of King *Edward*, giuing vnto *Gaueston* the iewels and treasure which was left him, by the ancient Kings of England; and enriching him with the goodly Manor of Wallingford, assigned as parcell of the dower, to the Queenes of this famous Ile.

And ioyn'd with the braue issue of our blood,
Alse our Kingdome to their crauand brood.

Edward the second, gaue to *Piers Gaueston* in marriage, the daughter of *Gilbert Clare*, Earle of Gloceſter, begot of the Kings sister, *Ione* of Acres, married to the said Earle of Gloceſter.

Should giue away all that his father won,
To backe a stranger.

King *Edward* offered his right in France to *Charles* his brother in law, and his right in Scotland to *Robert* Bruise, to be aided against the Barons, in the quarrell of *Piers Gaueston*.

And did great Edward *on his death-bed giue.*

Edward Longshanks, on his death-bed at Carlile, commanded yong *Edward* his sonne on his blessing, not to call backe *Gaueston*, which (for the mis-guiding of the Princes youth) was before banished by the whole counsell of the Land.

That after all this fearefull massaker,
The fals of Beuchamp, Lacie, Lancaster.

Thomas, Earle of Lancaster, *Guy*, Earle of Warwicke, & *Henry* Earle of Lincolne, who had taken their oaths before the deceased King at his death, to withstand his sonne *Edward* if he should call *Gaueston* from exile, being a thing which hee much feared, now seeing *Edward* to violate his fathers commaundement, rise in

in armes againſt the King, which was the cauſe of the ciuill warre, and the ruine of ſo many Princes.

And gloried I in Gaueſtons *great fall,*
That now a Spenſer *ſhould ſucceed in all?*

The two *Hugh Spenſers*, the father and the ſonne, after the death of *Gaueſton*, became the great fauorites of the King, the ſonne being created by him Lord Chamberlaine, and the father Earle of Wincheſter.

And if they were, yet Edward *doth detaine*
Homage for Pontiu, Guyne, and Aquitaine.

Edward Longſhanks, did homage for thoſe Cities and Territories to the French King, which *Edward* the ſecond neglecting, moued the French King, by the ſubornation of *Mortimer*, to ſeaze thoſe countries into his hands.

By ancient Wigmores *honourable Creſt.*

VVigmore in the Marches of Wales, was the ancient houſe of the *Mortimers*, that noble and couragious family.

That ſtill ſo long as Borrough *beares that name.*

The Queene remembreth the great ouerthrow giuen to the Barons, by *Andrew Herckley*, Earle of Carlil, at Borough bridge, after the battaile at Burton.

And Torlton *now whoſe counſels ſhould direct.*

This was *Adam Torlton*, Biſhop of Herford, that great Polititian, who ſo highly fauored the faction of the Queene & *Mortimer*, whoſe euill counſell afterward wrought the deſtruction of the King.

Mortimer to Queene *Iſabell.*

AS thy ſalutes my ſorrowes do adiourne,
So backe to thee their int'reſt I returne;
Though not in ſo great bounty (I confeſſe)
As thy heroicke Princely lines expreſſe:
For how ſhould comfort iſſue from the breath,
Of one condemn'd, and long iodg'd vp in death?
From murthers rage thou didſt me once depriue,

Now

Now in exile my hopes thou dooſt reuiue;
Twice all was taken, twice thou all didſt giue,
And thus twice dead, thou mak'ſt me twice to liue.
This double life of mine, your onely due,
You gaue to me; I giue it backe to you;
Ne're my eſcape had I aduentur'd thus,
As did the sky-attempting *Dædalus*;
And yet to giue more ſafety to my flight,
Had made a night of day, a day of night.
Nor had I backt the proud aſpiring wall,
Which held without my hopes, within my fall,
Leauing the cords to tell where I had gone,
For gazing eyes with feare to looke vpon;
But that thy beauty (by a power diuine)
Breath'd a new life into this ſpirit of mine.
Drawne by the Sunne of thy celeſtiall eyes,
With fiery wings made paſſage through the skies,
The heauens did ſeeme the charge of me to take,
And ſea and land befriend me for thy ſake;
Thames ſtopt his tide, to make me way to go,
As thou hadſt charg'd him that it ſhould be ſo;
The hollow murmuring windes their due time kept,
As they had rock'd the world, while all things ſlept;
One billow bore me, and another draue me,
This ſtroue to helpe me, and that ſtroue to ſaue me;
The briſling reeds mou'd with the aire did chide me,
As they would tell me that they meant to hide me;
The pale-fac'd night beheld thy heauy cheere,
And would not let one litt'e ſtarre appeare,
But ouer all her ſmokie mantle hurl'd,
And in thick vapours muffled vp the world;

And

And the pure aire became ſo calme and ſtill,
As he had beene obedient to my will;
And euery thing diſpos'd vnto my reſt,
As it the Seas when th' *Alcion* builds her neſt.
When thoſe rough waues which late with fury ruſht
Slide ſmoothly on, and ſuddainly are huſht;
Nor *Neptune* lets his ſurges out ſo long,
As Nature is in bringing forth her yong.
Nor let the *Spenſers* glory in my chance,
That I ſhould liue an Exile here in France:
That I from England baniſhed ſhould be,
But England rather baniſhed from me: (beare,
More were her want, France our great bloud ſhould
Then Englands loſſe ſhould be to *Mortimer*.
My Grandſire was the firſt ſince *Arthurs* raigne,
That the Round-table rectified againe;
To whoſe great Court at Kenelworth did come,
The peereleſſe Knighthood of all Chriſtendome:
Whoſe Princely order, honoured England more,
Then all the Conqueſts ſhe atchiv'd before.
Neuer durſt Scot ſet foote on Engliſh ground,
Nor on his backe did Engliſh beare a wound,
Whilſt *Wigmore* flouriſh'd in our Princely hopes,
And whilſt our enſignes march'd with *Edwards* troups:
Whilſt famous *Longſhanks* bones (in Fortunes ſcorne)
As ſacred Reliques to the field were borne;
Nor euer did the valiant Engliſh doubt,
Whilſt our braue battailes guarded them about,
Nor did our wiues and wofull mothers mourne,
The Engliſh bloud that ſtained *Banocksburne*,
Whilſt with his Minions ſporting in his Tent,

Whole

Whole daies and nights in banquetting were ſpent,
Vntill the Scots (which vnder ſafegard ſtood)
Made lauiſh hauocke of the Engliſh blood:
And battered helmes lay ſcattered on the ſhore,
Where they in conqueſt had beene borne before.
A thouſand Kingdoms will we ſeeke from far,
As many Nations waſte with ciuill war,
Where the diſheuel'd gaſtly Sea-nimph ſings,
Or well-rig'd ſhips ſhall ſtretch their ſwelling wings,
And drag their anchors through the ſandy ſome,
About the world in euery clime to rome,
And thoſe vnchriſtned Countries call our owne,
Where ſcarſe the name of England hath bin knowne;
And in the dead-ſea ſinke our houſes fame,
From whoſe ſterne waues we firſt deriu'd our name,
Before foule blacke-mouth'd infamy ſhall ſing,
That *Mortimer* e're ſtoop'd vnto a King.
And we will turne ſterne-viſag'd fury backe.
To ſeeke his ſpoile, who fought our vtter ſacke:
And come to beard him in our natiue Ile,
E're he march forth to follow our exile.
And after all theſe boiſtrous ſtormy ſhockes,
Yet will we grapple with the chaulkie rockes:
Nor will we ſteale like Pirates, or like theeues,
From mountaines, forreſts, or ſea-bordering Cleeues
But fright the ayre with terror (when we come)
Of the ſterne trumpet, and the bellowing drum:
And in the field aduance our plumy Creſt,
And march vpon faire Englands flowry breſt;
And Thames which once we for our life did ſwim,
Shaking our dewy treſſes on his brim,

Shall

Shall beare my Nauie; vaunting in her pride,
Falling from *Tanet* with the powerfull tide;
Which fertile *Eſſex*, and faire *Kent* ſhall ſee,
Spreading her flags along the pleaſant Lee,
When on her ſtemming poope ſhe proudly beares,
The famous Enſignes of the Belgicke Peeres,
And for the hatefull ſacrilegious ſinne,
Which by the Pope he ſtands accurſed in,
The Canon text ſhall haue a common gloſſe,
Receits in parcels, ſhall be paid in groſſe.
This doctrine preach'd *who from the Church doth take,*
At leaſt ſhall treble reſtitution make.
For which *Rome* ſends her curſes out from far,
Through the ſterne throat of terror-breathing war.
Till to th'vnpeopled ſhores ſhe brings ſupplies,
Of thoſe induſtrious Romane Colonies.
And for his homage, by the which of olde,
Proud *Edward, Guyne*, and *Aquitaine* doth holde,
Charles by inuaſiue armes againe ſhall take,
And ſend the Engliſh forces o're the lake;
When *Edwards* fortune ſtands vpon this chance,
To looſe in England, or expuls'd from France;
And all thoſe townes great *Longſhanks* left his ſonne,
Now loſt, which once he fortunately wonne.
Within their ſtrong perculliz'd Ports ſhall lie,
And from their walls his ſieges ſhall defie.
And by that firme and vndiſſolued knot,
Betwixt their neighbouring French, and bord'ring *Scot*,
Bruſe now ſhall bring his Red-ſhanks from the Seas,
From th'Ile Orcad's, and the Hebrydes.
And to his Weſterne hauens giue free paſſe,

To land the *Kerne* and *Irish Galliaſſe*,
Marching from *Tweede* to ſwelling *Humber* ſands,
Waſting along the Northerne nether lands.
And wanting thoſe which ſhould his power ſuſtaine,
Conſum'd with ſlaughter in his bloudy raigne,
Our warlike ſword ſhall driue him from his throne
Where he ſhall lie for vs to tread vpon;
And thoſe great Lords now after their attaints,
Canonized amongſt the Engliſh Saints;
And by the ſuperſtitious people thought,
That by their Reliques, miracles are wrought,
And thinke that bloud much vertue doth retaine,
Which tooke the bloud of famous *Bohun* ſlaine;
Continuing the remembrance of the thing,
To make the people more abhorre their King.
Nor ſhall a *Spenſer* (be he ne're ſo great)
Poſſeſſe our *Wigmore*, our renowned ſeate.
To raze the ancient Trophies of our race,
With our deſerts their monuments to grace;
Nor ſhall he leade our valiant marchers forth,
To make the *Spenſers* famous in the North;
Nor be the Guardants of the Brittiſh pales,
Defending England, and preſeruing Wales.
At firſt our troubles eaſily recul'd;
But now growne head-ſtrong hardly to be rul'd;
Deliberate counſell needes vs to direct,
Where not, (euen) plaineneſſe frees vs from ſuſpect.
By thoſe miſhaps our errours that attend,
Let vs our faults ingenuouſly amend.
Then (deere) repreſſe all peremptory ſpleene,
Be more then woman, as you are a Queene.

Smother

Smother those sparks, too quickly else would burne,
Till time produce what now it doth reiourne.
Till when great Queene, I leaue you(though a while)
Liue you in rest, nor pitty my Exile.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

Of one condemn'd, and long lodg'd vp in death.

ROger *Mortimer* Lord of Wigmore, had stood publiquely condemned, for his insurrection with *Thomas* Earle of Lancaster, and *Bohune* Earle of Herford, by the space of three moneths: and as the report went, the day of his execution was determined to haue beene shortly, which he preuented by his escape.

Twice all was taken, twice thou all didst giue.

At what time the two *Mortimers*, this *Roger* Lord of Wigmore, and his vncle *Roger Mortimer* the elder, were apprehended in the West, the Queene by meanes of *Torlton* Bishop of Hereford, and *Beche* Bishop of Durresme, and Patriarke of Ierusalem, being then both mighty in the state, vpon the submission of the *Mortimers*, somewhat pacified the King, and now secondly shee wrought meanes for his escape.

Leauing the cordes to tell where I had gone.

With strong Ladders made of cordes prouided him for the purpose, hee escaped out of the Tower, which when the same were found fastned to the walls, in such a desperate attempt they bred astonishment to the beholders.

Nor let the Spensers *glory in my chance.*

The two *Hugh Spensers*, the father, and the sonne, then being so highly fauoured of the King, knew that their greatest safety came by his Exile, whose high and turbulent spirit could neuer brooke any corriuall in greatnes.

My Grandsire was the first since Arthurs *raigne,*
That the Round-table rectified againe.

Roger Mortimer, called the great Lord *Mortimer*, Grandfather

to

to this *Roger*, which was afterward the firſt Earle of March, re-erected againe the Round-table at Kenelwoorth, after the ancient order of King *Arthurs* Table, with the retinue of a hundred Knights, and a hundred Ladies in his houſe, for the entertaining of ſuch aduenturers as cam thither frō all parts of Chriſtendom.

VVhileſt famous Longſhanks *bones in Fortunes ſcorne.*

Edward Longſhanks willed at his death, that his body ſhould be boyled, the fleih from the bones, and that the bones ſhould be borne to the warres in Scotland, which hee was perſwaded vnto by a Prophecie, which told that the Engliſh ſhould ſtill be fortunate in conqueſt, ſo long as his bones were caried in the field.

The Engliſh bloud that ſtained Banocksburne.

In the great voyage *Edward* the ſecond made againſt the Scots, at the battell at Striueling neere vnto the riuer of Banocksburne in Scotland, where there was in the Engliſh campe ſuch banquetting and exceſſe, ſuch ryot, and miſorder, that the Scots, (who in the meane time laboured for aduantage) gaue to the Engliſh a great ouerthrow.

And in the Dead-ſea ſinke our bouſes ſame.

From whoſe, &c.

Mortimer, ſo called of *Mare mortuum*, and in French *Mortmer*, in Engliſh the *Dead-ſea*, which is ſaid to be where Sodome and Gomorra once were, before they were deſtroyed by fire from heauen.

And for that hateful ſacrilegious ſin,

VVhich by the Pope he ſtands accurſed in.

Gauſtelinus and *Lucas*, two Cardinals, ſent into England, from Pope *Clement*, to appeaſe the ancient hate betweene the King & *Thomas* Earle of Lancaſter, to whoſe Embaſſie the King ſeemed to yeeld, but after their departure he went backe from his promiſes, for which he was accurſed at Rome.

Of thoſe induſtrious Romane Colonies.

A Colony is a ſort or number of people, that come to inhabite a place before not inhabited, whereby he ſeemes heere to prophecie of the ſubuerſion of the land, the Pope ioyning with the power of other Princes againſt *Edward* for the breach of his promiſe.

Charles *by inuaſiue Armes againe ſhall take.*

Charles

Charles the French King, mooued by the wrong done vnto his sister, seiseth the Prouinces which belonged to the King of England into his hands, stirred the rather thereto by *Mortimer*, who solicited her cause in France, as is expressed before in the other Epistle, in the glosse vpon this point.

And those great Lords now after their attaints,
Canonized among the English Saints.

After the death of *Thomas* Earle of Lancaster at Pomfret, the people imagined great miracles to be done by his reliques: as they did of the body of Bohune Earle of Hereford, slaine at Borough bridge.

FINIS.

To my worthie and honoured friend, Sir Walter Acton Knight of the Bath.

(.*.)

SIR, though without ſuſpition of flatterie I might in more ample and free termes, intimate my affection vnto you, yet hauing ſo ſenſible a taſte of your generous and noble diſpoſition, which without this habite of ceremonie can eſtimate my loue: I will rather affect breuitie, though it ſhould ſeeme my fault, then by my tedious complement, to trouble mine owne opinion ſetled in your iudgement and diſcretion. I make you the Patron of this Epiſtle of the Blacke-Prince, which I pray you accept, till more eaſie houres may offer vp from me ſome thing more worthy of your view, and my trauell.

Yours truely deuoted,

Michael Drayton.

Edward

Edward the Blacke-Prince to Alice Counteſſe of Salisbury.

THE ARGVMENT.

Alice *Counteſſe of Salisbury, remaining at Roxborough Caſtle in the North, in the abſence of the Earle her husband, who was by the Kings command ſent ouer into Flaunders, and there deceaſed ere his returne. This Lady being beſieged in her Caſtle by the Scots,* Edward *the Blacke-Prince being ſent by the King his father, to relieue the North-parts with an Armie, and to remoue the ſiege of Roxborough, there fell in loue with the Counteſſe; when after ſhe returned to London, hee ſought by diuers and ſundry meanes to winne her to his youthfull pleaſures, as by forcing the Earle of Kent her father, and her mother vnnaturally to become his Agents in his vaine deſire; where after a long and aſſured triall of her inuincible conſtancie, he taketh her to his wife, to which end he onely frameth this Epiſtle.*

REceiue theſe papers from thy wofull Lord,
With farre more woes then they with words are
Which if thine eie with raſhneſſe doe reproue, (ſtor'd,
They'le ſay they came from that imperious loue.
In euery letter thou mai'ſt vnderſtand,
Which loue hath ſign'd and ſealed with his hand;
And where to farther proceſſe he refers,
In blots ſet downe, for others Characters,
This cannot bluſh, although you doe refuſe it,

Nor will reply how euer you ſhall vſe it;
All's one to this, though you ſhould bid diſpaire,
This ſtill entreates you, this ſtill ſpeakes you faire;
Haſt thou a liuing ſoule? a humane ſenſe;
To like, diſlike, proue, order and diſpence,
The depth of reaſon, ſoundly to aduiſe,
To loue things good, things hurtfull to deſpiſe;
The touch of iudgment which ſhould all things proue,
And haſt thou toucht, yet not allow'ſt my loue?
Sound moues his ſound, voyce doth beget his voyce,
One Eccho makes another to reioyce,
One well-tun'd ſtring ſet truely to his like,
Strucke neere at hand doth make another ſtrike.
How comes it then that our affections iarre?
What oppoſition doth beget this warre?
I know that Nature frankly to thee gaue,
That meaſure of her bounty that I haue,
And with that ſenſe ſhe likewiſe to vs lent
Each one his organ, each his inſtrument,
But euery one, becauſe it is thine owne,
Doth prize it ſelfe, vnto it ſelfe alone.
Thy dainty hand, when it it ſelfe doth touch,
That feeling tells it, there was neuer ſuch?
When in thy glaſſe, thine eie it ſelfe doth ſee,
That thinkes ther's none, like to it ſelfe can be,
And euery one doth iudge it ſelfe diuine,
Becauſe that thou dooſt challenge it for thine;
And each it ſelfe, *Narciſſus*, like doth ſmother,
And loues it ſelfe, not like to any other;
Fie, be not burn'd thus in thine owne deſire,
'Tis needleſſe, beauty ſhould it ſelfe admire,

The

The Sunne, by which all creatures lightned bee,
And ſeeth all, it ſelfe yet cannot ſee;
And his owne brightneſſe his owne foile is made,
And is to vs the cauſe of his owne ſhade.
When firſt thy beauty by mine eye was prou'd,
It ſaw not then ſo much to be belou'd;
But when it came a perfect view to take,
Each looke of one, doth many beauties make:
In little circlets firſt it doth ariſe,
Then ſomewhat larger ſeeming in mine eyes,
And in this gyring compaſſe as it goes,
So more and more, the ſame in greatneſſe growes,
And as it yet at liberty is let,
The motion ſtill doth other formes beget;
Vntill at length looke any way I could,
Nothing there was but beauty to behold.
Art thou offended that thou art belou'd?
Remoue the cauſe, th'effect is ſoone remou'd,
Indent with Beauty how farre to extend,
Set downe deſire a limit where to end;
Then charme thine eyes, their glances ſhal not wound,
And teach the ſenſe the depth of loue to ſound:
If thou doe this, nay then thou ſhalt do more,
And bring to paſſe what neuer was before;
Make anguiſh ſportiue, crauing all delight,
Mirth ſolemne, ſullen, and inclin'd to night;
Ambition lowly, enuie ſpeaking well,
Loue, his reliefe of nigardize to ſell;
Our war-like fathers did theſe Forts deuiſe,
As ſureſt holds againſt our enemies,
The ſafeſt places for your ſexe to reſt,

Feare soone is setled in a womans breast,
Thy breast is of another temper farre,
And then thy Castle fitter for the warre,
Thou doost not safely in thy Castle rest,
Thy Castle should be safer in thy breast,
That keepes out foes, but doth thy friends inclose,
But thy breast keepes out both thy friends and foes;
That may be batter'd, or be vndermin'd,
Or by straight siege, for want of succour pin'd;
But thy heart is inuincible to all,
And more defensiue then thy Castle wall;
Of all the shapes, that euer *Ioue* did proue,
Wherwith he vs'd to entertaine his loue;
That likes me best, when in a golden shower,
He rain'd himselfe on *Danae* in her Tower,
Nor did I euer enuie his command,
In that he beares the thunder in his hand;
But in that showrie shape I cannot bee,
And as he came to her, I come to thee,
Thy Tower with foes, is not begirt about,
If thou within, they are besieg'd without,
One haire of thine, more vigor doth retaine
To binde thy foe, then with an yron chaine;
Who might be gyu'd in such a golden string,
Would not be captiue, though he were a King;
Hadst thou all India heap'd vp in thy Fort,
And thou thy selfe besieged in that sort.
Get thou but out, where they can thee espie,
They'le follow thee, and let the treasure lie.
I cannot thinke what force thy Tower should win,
If thou thy selfe doost guard the same within;

Thine

Thine eye retaines Artillery at will,
To kill who euer thou desir'st to kill;
For that alone more deepely wounds their hearts,
Then they can thee, though with a thousand darts;
For there entrenched little *Cupid* lies,
And from those Turrets all the world defies:
And when thou letst downe that transparent lid,
Of entrance, there an Armie doth forbid,
And as for Famine, thou need'st neuer feare,
Who thinks of want when thou art present there?
Thy onely sight giues spirit vnto the blood,
And comforts life, though neuer tasting food.
And as thy souldiers keepe their watch and ward,
So chastitie thy inward breast doth guard;
Thy modest pulse serues as a Larum bell,
Which watched by a wakefull Sentinell,
Is stirring still with euery little feare,
Warning, if any enemie be neare.
Thy vertuous thoughts, when all the others rest,
Like carefull Skowts passe vp and downe thy breast,
And still they round about that place doe keepe,
Whilst all the blessed garrison doe sleepe,
But yet I feare, if that the truth were told,
That thou hast robb'd, and fly'st vnto this hold:
I thought as much, and did't this Fort deuise,
That thou in safety here might'st tyrannize.
Yes, thou hast robb'd the heauen and earth of all,
And they against thy lawlesse theft doe call;
Thine eyes with mine, that wage continuall warres,
Borrow their brightnesse of the twinckling starres;
Thy breath, for which mine still in sighes consumes,

Hath rob'd ſweet flowers, rich odors, and perfumes,
Thy cheeke, for which mine all this penance proues,
Steales the pure whitenes both from Swans & Doues.
Thy lips from mine, that in thy maske be pent,
Haue filch'd the bluſhing from the Orient;
O mighty Loue! bring hither all thy power,
And fetch this heauenly theefe out of her Tower,
For if ſhe may be ſuffred in this ſort,
Heauens ſtore will ſoone be hoarded in this Fort.
When I arriu'd before that ſeate of loue,
And ſaw thee on the battalement aboue,
I thought there was no other heauen but there,
And thou an Angel didſt from thence appeare.
But when my reaſon did reproue mine eye,
That thou wert ſubiect to mortality,
I then excus'd what er'ſt the Scot had done,
No meruaile though he would the Fort haue wonne;
Perceiuing well thoſe enuious walls did hide,
More wealth then was in all the world beſide;
Againſt thy foe, I came to lend thee aide,
And thus to thee my ſelfe, my ſelfe betrai'd;
He is beſieg'd, the ſiege that came to raiſe,
Ther's no aſſault that not my breaſt aſſaies,
Loue growne extreame, doth finde vnlawfull ſhifts,
The Gods take ſhapes, and do allure with gifts,
Commanding *Ioue*, that by great *Styx* doth ſweare,
Forſworne in loue, with louers oathes doth beare,
Loue cauſeleſſe ſtill, doth aggrauate his cauſe,
It is his law to violate all lawes;
His reaſon is in onely wanting reaſon,
And were vntrue, not deepely touch'd with treaſon;

Th'va-

Th'vnlawfull meanes, doth make his lawfull gaine,
He ſpeakes moſt true, when he the moſt doth faine;
Pardon the faults that haue eſcap'd by mee,
Againſt faire vertue, chaſtity, and thee;
If Gods can their owne excellence excell,
Is it in pardoning mortalls that rebell?
When all thy trialls are enroul'd by fame,
And all thy ſexe made glorious by thy name,
Then I a captiue ſhall be brought hereby,
To adorne the triumph of thy chaſtity;
I ſue not now thy Paramour to bee,
But as a husband to be linck'd to thee.
Iam Englands heire, I thinke thou wilt confeſſe,
Wert thou a Prince, I hope I am no leſſe;
But that thy birth doth make thy ſtocke diuine,
Elſe durſt I boaſt, my bloud as good as thine;
Diſdaine me not, nor take my loue in ſcorne,
Whoſe brow a Crowne hereafter may adorne.
But what I am, I call mine owne no more,
Take what thou wilt, and what thou wilt, reſtore;
Onely I craue, what e're I did intend,
In faithfull loue, now happily may end.
Farewell ſweet Lady, ſo well maiſt thou fare,
To equall ioy with meaſure of my care;
Thy vertues more then mortall tongue can tell,
A thouſand, thouſand times, farewell, farewell.

¶ *Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.*

Receiue theſe papers from thy wofull Lord.

B*Andello*, by whom this hiſtory was made famous, being an Italian as it is the peoples cuſtome in that clime, rather to faile ſome-

sometime in the truth of circumstance, then to forgoe the grace of their conceit, in like manner as the Grecians, of whom the Satyrist.

Et quicquid Græcia mendax
Audet in historia.

Thinking it to be a greater triall, that a Countesse should be sude vnto by a King, then by the sonne of a King, and consequently, that the honor of her chastity should be the more, hath caused it to be generally taken so; but as by *Polidore*, *Fabian*, and *Froissard* appeares, the contrary is true. Yet may *Bandello* be very well excused, as being a stranger, whose errors in the truth of our history, are not so materiall, that they should neede an inuective, least his wit should be defrauded of any part of his due, which were not lesse, were euery part a fiction. Howbeit, lest a common error should preuaile against a truth, these Epistles are conceiued in those persons, who were indeed the actors: To wit, *Edward*, sirnamed the *Blacke Prince*, not so much of his complexion, as of the dismall battels which he fought in France, (in like sense as we may say, a black day for some tragicall euent, though the Sunne shine neuer so bright therein.) And *Alice*, the Countesse of Salisbury, who as it is certaine, was beloued of Prince *Edward*; so it is as certain, that many points now current in the receiued story, can neuer hold together with likelihood of such enforcement, had it not beene shaded vnder the title of a King.

And when thou let'st downe that transparent lid.

Not that the lid is transparent, for no part of the skin is transparent, but for that the gem which that closure is said to containe, is transparent, for otherwise how could the minde vnderstand by the eye, should not the images slide through the same, and replenish the stage of the phantasie? But this belongs to *Optickes*. The Latines call the eye lid *cilium*, (I will not say of *celando*) as the eye brow *supercilium*, and the haire on the eye lids *palpebræ*, perhaps *quod palpitet*, all which haue their distinct and necessarie vses.

Alice

Alice *Counteſſe of Salisbury, to the Blacke Prince.*

AS one would grant; yet gladly would deny,
T'wixt hope and feare, I doubtfully reply,
A womans weakneſſe, leſt I ſhould diſcouer,
Anſwering a Prince, and writing to a louer;
And ſome ſay, Loue with Reaſon doth diſpence,
And wreſts our plaine words to another ſenſe:
Thinke you not then, poore women had not neede,
Be well aduis'd to write, what men ſhould reade,
When being ſilent mouing but awry,
Giues cauſe of ſcandall and of obloquy;
Whilſt in our hearts, our ſecret thoughts abide,
Th'inuenom'd tongue of ſlander yet is tide;
But if once ſpoke, deliuered vp to Fame,
Hers the report, but ours returnes the ſhame.
About to write, yet newly entring in,
Me thinkes I end, ere I can well begin;
When I would end, then ſomething makes me ſtay,
And then me thinkes I ſhould haue more to ſay;
And ſome one thing remaineth in my breaſt,
For want of words that cannot be expreſt;
What I would ſay; as ſaid to thee, I faine,
Then in thy perſon I reply againe,
Then in thy cauſe, vrge all I can obiect.
Then what againe mine honour muſt reſpect.
O Lord! what ſundry paſſions doe I trie?
Striuing to hate, you forcing contrarie;

Being

Being a Prince, I blame you not to proue,
The greater reaſon to obtaine your loue.
That greatneſſe which doth challenge no deniall,
The onely Teſt that doth allow my triall:
Edward ſo great, the greater were his fall,
And my offence in this were capitall.
To men is graunted priuiledge to tempt,
But in that Charter women be exempt:
Men win vs not, except we giue conſent;
Againſt our ſelues, except our ſelues are bent.
Who doth impute it as a fault to you?
You proue not falſe, except we be vntrue;
It is your vertue, being men, to try,
And it is ours, by vertue to denie.
Your fault it ſelfe, ſerues for the faults excuſe,
And makes it ours, though yours be the abuſe.
Beauty a beggar, fie it is too bad,
When in it ſelfe ſufficiencie is had,
Not made a Lure t'entice the wandring eye,
But an attire t'adorne ſweete modeſtie,
If modeſtie and women once do ſeuer,
We may bid farewell to our fame for euer.
Let *Iohn* and *Henry*, *Edwards* inſtance be,
Matilda and faire *Roſamond* for me:
A like both woo'd, a like ſu'd to be wonne,
Th'one by the father, th'other by the ſonne;
Henry obtaining, did our weakneſſe wound,
And laies the fault on wanton *Roſamond*;
Matilda chaſte, in life and death all one,
By her deniall, layes the fault on *Iohn*;
By theſe we proue, men acceſſary ſtill,

But

But women onely principalls of ill.
What praiſe is ours, but what our vertues get?
If they be lent, ſo much we be in debt,
Whilſt our owne honours vertue doth défend,
All force too weake, what euer men pretend;
If all the world elſe, ſhould ſuborne our fame,
T'is we our ſelues that ouerthrow the ſame;
And how ſo e're although by force you win,
Yet on our weakneſſe ſtill returnes the ſin.
A vertuous Prince who doth not *Edward* call?
And ſhall I then be guilty of your fall?
Now God forbid; yet rather let me die,
Then ſuch a ſinne vpon my ſoule ſhould lie.
Where is great *Edward*? whither is he led?
At whoſe victorious name whole armies fled.
Is that braue ſpirit that conquer'd ſo in France,
Thus ouercome and vanquiſht with a glance?
Is that great heart that did aſpire ſo hie,
So ſoone tranſperſed with a womans eie?
He that a King at Poictiers battell tooke,
Himſelfe led captiue with a wanton looke?
Twice as a Bride to Church I haue beene led,
Twice haue two Lords enioy'd my Bridall bed;
How can that beauty yet be vndeſtroy'd,
That yeares haue waſted, and two men enioy'd,
Or ſhould be thought fit for a Princes ſtore,
Of which two ſubiects were poſſeſt before?
Let *Spaine*, let *France*, or *Scotland* ſo preferre
Their infant Queenes, for *Englands* dowager,
That bloud ſhould be much more than halfe diuine,
That ſhould be equall euery way with thine:]

Yet

Yet Princely *Edward*, though I thus reproue you,
As mine owne life, ſo deerely doe I loue you.
My noble husband, which ſo loued you,
That gentle Lord, that reuerend *Mountague*,
Ne're mothers voyce did pleaſe her babe ſo well,
As his did mine, of you to heare him tell;
I haue made ſhort the houres that time made long,
And chain'd mine eares vnto his pleaſing tong,
My lips haue waited on your praiſes worth,
And ſnatcht his words ere he could get them forth:
When he had ſpoke, and ſomething by the way,
Hath broke off that he was about to ſay;
I kept in minde where from his tale he fell,
Calling on him the reſidue to tell;
Oft he would ſay, how ſweet a Prince is he!
When I haue prais'd him but for praiſing thee,
And to proceede, I would intreat and wooe,
And yet to eaſe him, helpe to praiſe thee too:
Muſt ſhe be forc'd, t'exclaime th'iniurious wrong,
Offred by him, whom ſhe hath lou'd ſo long?
Nay, I will tell, and I durſt almoſt ſweare,
Edward will bluſh, when he his fault ſhall heare.
Iudge now that time doth youths deſire aſſwage,
And reaſon mildly quench the fire of rage.
By vpright iuſtice let my cauſe be tride,
And be thou Iudge if I not iuſtly chide,
That not my fathers graue and reuerend yeares,
When on his knee he begg'd me with his teares,
By no perſwaſions poſſibly could win,
To free himſelfe as guiltleſſe of my ſin.
The woe for me my mother did abide,

Whoſe ſute (but you) ther's none could haue deni'd.
Your luſtfull rage your tyranny could ſtay;
Mine honours ruine further to delay;
Haue I not lou'd you? let the truth be ſhowne,
That ſtill preſeru'd your honour with mine owne.
Had your fond will, your ſoule deſires preuail'd,
When you by them my chaſtity aſſail'd:
Though this no way could haue excus'd my fault,
True vertue neuer yeelded to aſſault:
Yet what a thing were this it ſhould be ſaid,
My parents ſin ſhould to your charge be laide:
And I haue gainde my liberty with ſhame,
To ſaue my life, made ſhipwracke of my name.
Did *Roxborough* once vaile her towring Fane,
To thy braue enſigne, on the Northerne plaine?
And to thy trumpet ſounding from thy tent,
Often replide (as to my ſuccour ſent)
And did receiue thee as my Soueraigne liege,
Comming to aide, thou ſhouldſt againe beſiege,
To raiſe a foe, but for my treaſure came
To plant a foe, to take my honeſt name;
Vnder pretence to haue remou'd the Scot,
And would'ſt haue won more then he could haue got;
That did ingirt me ready ſtill to flie,
But thou laid'ſt batt'ry to my chaſtitie:
O modeſtie, did'ſt thou me not reſtraine,
How could I chide you in this angry vaine!
A Princes name (heauen knowes) I doe not craue,
To haue thoſe honours *Edwards* ſpouſe ſhould haue,
Nor by ambitious lures will I be brought,
In my chaſte breaſt to harbour ſuch a thought,

As

As to be worthy to be made a Bride,
An Empreſſe place by mighty *Edwards* ſide,
Of all the moſt vnworthy of that grace,
To waite on her that ſhould enioy that place.
But if that loue, Prince *Edward* doth requite,
Equall his vertues and my chaſte deſire:
If it be ſuch as we may iuſtly vaunt,
A Prince may ſue for, and a Lady graunt:
If it be ſuch as may ſuppreſſe my wrong,
That from your vaine vnbrideled youth hath ſprong,
That faith I ſend, that I from you receaue,
The reſt vnto your Princely thoughts I leaue.

Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

Twice as a Bride I haue to Church beene led.

THe two husbands of which ſhe makes mention, obiecting bigamy againſt her ſelfe, as being therefore not meete to be maried with a batcheler-Prince, were ſir *Thomas Holland* Knight, and ſir *William Mountague*, afterward made Earle of Salisbury.

That not my fathers graue and reuerend yeares.

A thing incredible, that any Prince ſhould be ſo vniuſt to vſe the fathers meanes for the corruption of the daughters chaſtity, though ſo the hiſtorie importeth, her father being ſo honorable, and a man of ſo ſingular deſert, though *Polidore* would haue her thought to be *Iane*, the daughter to *Edmund* Earle of *Kent*, vncle to *Edward* the third, beheaded in the Protectorſhip of *Mortimer*, that dangerous aſpirer.

And I haue gain'd my libertie with ſhame.

Roxborough is a Caſtle in the North, miſ-termed by *Bandello* Salisbury caſtle, becauſe the King had giuen it to the Earle of Salisbury, in which, her Lord being abſent, the Counteſſe by the Scots was beſieged, who by the comming of the Engliſh Armie were remoued. Here firſt the Prince ſaw her, whoſe liberty had

him

bin gained by her ſhame, had ſhe bin drawneby diſhoneſt loue to ſatisfie his appetite, but by her moſt praiſe-worthy conſtancie ſhe conuerted that humor in him to an honorable purpoſe, and obtained the true reward of hor admired vertues.

The reſt vnto your Princely thoughts I leaue.

Leſt any thing be left out which were woorth the relation, it ſhall not be impertinent to annex the opinions that are vttered, concerning her, whoſe name is ſaid to haue bin *Aelips*, but that being reiected as a name vnknowne among vs, *Froiſard* is rather beleeued, who calleth her *Alice*. *Polydore* contrariwiſe as before is declared, names her *Iane*, who by Prince *Edward* had iſſue, *Edward* dying young, and *Richard* the ſecond King of England, though (as he ſaith) ſhe was diuorced afterwards, becauſe within the degrees of conſanguinitie prohibiting to marry: the truth whereof I omit to diſcuſſe. Her husband the Lord *Montague*, being ſent ouer into Flanders by King *Edward*, was taken priſoner by the French, and not returning, left his Counteſſe a widow, in whoſe bed ſucceeded Prince *Edward*, to whoſe laſt and lawfull requeſt, the reioycefull Lady ſends this louing anſwere.

FINIS.

To the right Honorable and my very good Lord, *Edward* Earle of Bedford.

THrice noble and my gratious Lord, the loue I haue euer borne to the illustrious house of Bedford, *and to the honourable family of the* Haringtons, *to the which by marriage your Lordship is happily vnited, hath long since denoted my true and zealous affection to your honorable seruice, and my Poems to the protection of my noble Lady, your Countesse; to whose seruice I was first bequeathed, by that learned and accomplisht Gentleman, Sir* Henry Goodere, *(not long since deceased,) whose I was whilst he wat, whose patience pleased to beare with the imperfections of my heedlesse and vnstayed youth. That excellent and matchlesse Gentleman, was the first cherisher of my Muse, which had beene by his death left a poore Orphan to the world, had hee not before bequeathed it to that Lady whom hee so deerely loued. Vouchsafe then, my deere Lord, to accept this Epistle, which I dedicate as zealously, as (I hope) you will patronize willingly, vntill some more acceptable seruice may be witnesse of my loue to your honour.*

Your Lordships euer
Michael Drayton.

Queene *Iſabell* to *Richard* the ſecond.

THE ARGVMENT.

Queene Iſabel *the daughter of* Charles *King of France*) *being the ſecond wife of* Richard *the ſecond, the ſonne of* Edward *the Blacke Prince, the eldeſt ſonne of King* Edward *the third*; *After the ſaide* Richard *her husband was depoſed from his Crowne and Kingly dignitie, by* Henry *Duke of Herford, the eldeſt ſonne of* Iohn *of* Gaunt *Duke of Lancaſter, the fourth ſonne of* Edward *the third, this Lady being then very young, was ſent backe againe into France, without dowre, at what time the depoſed King her husband was ſent from the Tower of London (as a priſoner) vnto Pomfret Caſtle. Whether this poore Lady bewailing her husbands misfortunes writeth this Epiſtle from France.*

AS dooth the yeerely *Augure* of the Spring
In depth of woe, thus I my ſorrow ſing;
Words tun'd with ſighes, teares falling oft among,
A dolefull burthen to a heauy ſong:
Words iſſue forth to finde my griefe ſome way,
Teares ouertake them, and doe bid them ſtay;
Thus whil'ſt one ſtriues to keepe the other backe,
Both once too forward, now are both too ſlacke,
If fatall *Pomfret* hath in former time.
Nurriſht the griefe of that vnnaturall clime.

Thither I ſend my ſorrowes to be fed,
Then where firſt borne, where fitter to be bred?
They vnto *France* be aliens and vnknowne,
England from her doth challenge theſe her owne.
They ſay all miſchiefe commeth from the North,
It is too true, my fall doth ſet it forth;
But why ſhould I thus limit Griefe a place,
When all the world is fill'd with our diſgrace?
And we in bonds thus ſtriuing to containe it,
The more reſiſts, the more we doe reſtraine it.
Oh how euen yet I hate theſe wretched eyes,
And in my glaſſe oft call them faithleſſe ſpies,
(Prepar'd for *Richard*) that vnwares did looke
Vpon that traytor *Henry Bullingbrock*,
But that exceſſe of ioy my ſenſe bereau'd
So much, my ſight had neuer beene deceau'd.
Oh how vnlike to my lou'd Lord was hee,
Whom raſhly I, ſweet *Richard*, tooke for thee,
I might haue ſeene the Courſers ſelfe did lacke,
That Princely rider ſhould beſtride his backe,
He that (ſince Nature her great worke began)
Shee onely made the mirrour of a man,
That when ſhe meant to forme ſome matchleſſe lim,
Still for a paterne, tooke ſome part of him,
And iealous of her cunning, brake the mould,
In his proportion done the beſt ſhe could.
Oh let that day be guilty of all ſinne,
That is to come, or heretofore hath bin,
Wherein great *Norfolkes* forward courſe was ſtaide,
To prooue the treaſons he to *Herford* laide,
When (with ſterne furie) both theſe Dukes enrag'd.

Their

Their warlike Gloues at Couentry engag'd,
When firſt thou didſt repeale thy former grant,
Seal'd to braue *Mowbray*, as thy Combatant,
From his vnnumbred houres let time deuide it,
Leſt in his minutes he ſhould hap to hide it;
Yet on his brow continually to beare it,
That when it comes, all other houres may feare it,
And all ill-boding Planets by conſent,
In it may hold their dreadfull Parlament,
Be it in heauens decrees enroled thus,
Blacke, diſmall, fatall, inauſpitious:
Proud *Herford* then, in height of all his pride,
Vnder great *Mowbraies* valiant hand had dide;
Nor ſhould not thus from baniſhment retire,
The fatall brand to ſet our Troy on fire.
O why did *Charles* relieue his needy ſtate?
A vagabond and ſtragling runagate;
And in his Court, with grace did entertaine
This vagrant Exile, this abiected *Caine*,
Who with a thouſand mothers curſes went,
Mark'd with the brand of ten yeares baniſhment.
When thou to Ireland took'ſt thy laſt farewell,
Millions of knees vpon the pauements fell,
And euery where th'applauding Ecchoes ring,
The ioyfull ſhowts that did ſalute a King;
Thy parting hence, what pompe did not adorne?
At thy returne, who laugh'd thee not to ſcorne?
Who to my Lord one looke vouchſaf'd to lend,
Then all too few on *Herford* to attend.
Princes (like Sunnes) be euermore in ſight,
All ſee the clowdes betwixt them and their light;

Yet they which lighten all downe from their skies,
See not the clowdes offending others eyes,
And deeme their none-tide is deſir'd of all,
When all expect cleare changes by their fall.
What colour ſeemes to ſhadow *Herfords* claime,
When law and right his fathers hopes doth maime?
Affirm'd by Church-men (which ſhould beare no hate)
That *Iohn* of *Gaunt* was illegitimate;
Whom his reputed mothers tongue did ſpot,
By a baſe Flemiſh Boore to be begot,
Whom *Edwards* Eaglets mortally did ſhun,
Daring with them to gaze againſt the Sun.
Where lawfull right and conqueſt doth allow,
A triple Crowne on *Richards* Princely brow,
Three Kingly Lions beares his bloudy field,
No baſtards marke doth blot his conquering ſhield,
Neuer durſt he attempt our hapleſſe ſhore,
Nor ſet his foote on fatall Rauenſpore;
Nor durſt his ſlugging Hulkes approach the ſtrand,
Nor ſtoope a Toppe as ſignall to the land,
Had not the *Percyes* promis'd aide to bring,
Againſt their oath vnto their lawfull King,
Againſt their faith vnto our Crownes true heire,
Their valiant kinſman, *Edmund Mortimer*;
When I to England came, a world of eyes
Like ſtarres attended on my faire ariſe,
At my decline, like angry Planets frowne,
And all are ſet before my going downe;
The ſmooth-fac'd ayre did on my comming ſmile,
But with rough ſtormes is driuen to exile;
But *Bullingbrook* deuis'd we thus ſhould part,

Fearing

Fearing two ſorrowes ſhould poſſeſſe one heart;
To make affliction ſtronger, doth denie,
That one poore comfort left our miſerie,
He had before diuorc'd thy Crowne and thee,
Which might ſuffice, and not to widdow mee,
But that to proue the vtmoſt of his hate,
To make our fall the greater by our ſtate.
Oh would *Aumerle* had ſunke when he betray'd
The complot, which that holy Abbot laid.
When he infring'd the oath which he firſt tooke,
For thy reuenge on periur'd *Bullingbrooke*.
And beene the ranſome of our friends deere blood
Vntimely loſt, and for the earth too good;
And we vntimely doe bewaile our ſtate,
They gone too ſoone, and we remaine too late.
And though with teares I from my Lord depart,
This curſe on *Herford* fall, to eaſe my heart:
If the foule breach of a chaſte nuptiall bed,
May bring a curſe, my curſe light on his head;
If murthers guilt with bloud may deepely ſtaine,
Greene, *Scroope*, and *Buſhie*, die his fault in graine;
If periurie may heauens pure gates debar,
Damn'd be the oath he made at *Doncaſter*;
If the depoſing of a lawfull King,
Thy curſe condemne him, if no other thing;
If theſe diſioyn'd, for vengeance cannot call,
Let them vnited ſtrongly curſe him all.
And for the *Percyes*, heauen may heare my prayer,
That *Bullingbrook* now plac'd in *Richards* chayre;
Such cauſe of woe vnto their wiues may be,
As thoſe rebellious Lords haue beene to me.

And that proud Dame, which now controlleth all,
And in her pompe triumpheth in my fall,
For her great Lord may water her ſad eyne,
With as ſalt teares as I haue done for mine,
And mourne for *Henry Hotſpur*, her deere ſonne,
As I for my ſweet *Mortimer* haue done;
And as I am, ſo ſuccourleſſe be ſent,
Laſtly, to taſte perpetuall baniſhment.
Then looſe thy care, where firſt thy Crowne was loſt,
Sell it ſo deerely, for it deerely coſt.
And ſith they did of liberty depriue thee,
Burying thy hope, let not thy care out-liue thee.
But hard (God knowes) with ſorrow doth it goe,
When woe becomes a Comforter to woe;
Yet much me thinkes of comfort I could ſay,
If from my heart ſome feares were rid away:
Something there is which tells me ſtill of woe,
But what it is, that heauen aboue doth know;
Griefe to it ſelfe, moſt dreadfull doth appeare,
And neuer yet was ſorrow voyde of feare;
But yet in death, doth ſorrow hope the beſt,
And with this farewell wiſh thee happy reſt.

Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

If fatall Pomfret hath in former time.

POmfret Caſtle, euer a fatall place to the Princes of England, and moſt ominous to the bloud of *Plantaginet*.

Oh how euen yet I hate theſe wretched eyes,
And in my glaſſe, &c.

When

When *Bullingbrook* returned to London from the West, bringing *Richard* a prisoner with him, the Queene, who little knew of her husbands hard successe, staid to behold his comming in, little thinking to haue seene her husband thus led in triumph by his foe, and now seeming to hate her eyes, that so much had graced her mortall enemie.

Wherein great Norfolkes *forward course was staid.*

She remembreth the meeting of the two Dukes of Herford and Norfolke at Couentry, vrging the iustnesse of *Mowbrayes* quarrell against the Duke of Herford, and the faithfull assurance of his victorie.

O why did Charles *relieue his needie state?*
A vagabond, &c.

Charles the French king her father, receiued the Duke of Herford in his Court, and relieued him in France, being so neerely allied, as Cosin german to King *Richard* his sonne in Law, which he did simply, little thinking that hee should after returne into England, and dispossesse King *Richard* of the Crowne.

When thou to Ireland took'st thy last farewell.

King *Richard* made a voyage with his Armie into Ireland, against *Onell* and *Mackenier*, which rebelled. at what time *Henry* entred here at home, and rob'd him of all Kingly dignity.

Affirm'd by Church-men (which should beare no hate)
That Iohn *of* Gaunt *was illegitimate.*

William Wickham, in the great quarrell betwixt *Iohn* of *Gaunt* and the Clergy, of meere spight and malice (as it should seeme) reported, that the Queene confessed to him on her death-bed, being then her Confessor, that *Iohn* of *Gaunt*, was the sonne of a Flemming, and that she was brought to bed of a woman childe at Gaunt, which was smothered in the cradle by mischance, and that she obtained this childe of a poore woman, making the King beleeue it was her owne, greatly fearing his displeasure. *Fox ex. Chron. Alban.*

No bastards marke doth blot our conquering shield.

Shewing the true and indubitate birth of *Richard*, his right vnto the crowne of England, as carrying the Armes without blot or difference.

Against their faith vnto the Crownes true heire.

That

Their noble kinſman, &c.

Edmund Mortimer, Earle of March, ſon of Earle *Roger Mortimer*, which was ſonne to Lady *Phillip*, daughter to *Lionell* Duke of Clarence, the third ſonne to King *Edward* the third, which *Edmund* (King *Richard* going into Ireland) was proclaimed heire apparent to the Crowne, whoſe Aunt called *Ellinor*, this Lord *Piercie* had married.

O would Aumerle *had ſunke when he betray'd*
The complot which that holy Abbot layd.

The Abbot of Weſtminſter had plotted the death of King *Henry*, to haue beene done at a Tilt at Oxford: of which confederacie there was *John Holland*, Duke of Exceſter, *Thomas Holland*, Duke of Surrey, the Duke of Aumerle, *Mountacute*, Earle of Salisbury, *Spenſer*, Earle of Gloſter, the Biſhop of Carlile, Sir *Thomas Blunt*, theſe all had bound themſelues one to another by indenture to performe it, but were all betrayed by the Duke of Aumerle.

Scroope, Greene, *and* Buſhie, *die his fault in graine.*

Henry going towards the Caſtle of Flint, where king *Richard* was, cauſed *Scroope*, *Greene*, and *Buſhie*, to be executed at Briſtow, as vile perſons, which had ſeduced this King to this laſciuious and wicked life.

Damn'd be the oath he made at Doncaſter.

After *Henries* exile, at his returne into England, he tooke his oath at Doncaſter vpõ the Sacrament, not to claime the crowne or Kingdome of England, but onely the Dukedome of Lancaſter, his owne proper right, and the right of his wife.

And mourne for Henry Hotſpur, *her deere ſonne,*
As I for my, &c.

This was the braue couragious *Henry Hotſpur*, that obtained ſo many victories againſt the Scots, which after falling out right with the curſe of Queene *Iſabell*, was ſlaine by *Henry*, at the battaile at Shrewsbury.

Richard

Richard *the ſecond to Queene Iſabell.*

WHat may my Queen, but hope for frō that hand,
Vnfit to write; vnskilfull to command?
A Kingdomes greatneſſe, hardly can he ſway,
That wholeſome counſaile neuer did obay;
Ill this rude hand did guide a Scepter then,
Worſe now (I feare me) gouerneth a pen;
How ſhall I call my ſelfe, or by what name,
To make thee know from whence theſe letters came?
Not from thy husband, for my hatefull life
Hath made thee widdow, being yet a wife;
Nor from a King, that title I haue loſt,
Now of that name proud *Bullingbrook* may boaſt:
What I haue beene, doth but this comfort bring,
That no woe is, to ſay, *I was a King.*
This lawleſſe life, which firſt procur'd my hate,
This tongue, which then denounc'd my regall ſtate,
This abiect minde, that did conſent vnto it,
This hand, that was the inſtrument to doe it;
All theſe be witneſſe, that I now denie
All paſſed hope, all former ſoueraignty.
Didſt thou for my ſake leaue thy fathers Court,
Thy famous Country and thy Princely port;
And vndertook'ſt to trauaile dangerous wayes,
Driuen by aukward windes and boiſtrous ſeas?

And

And left'ſt great *Burbon* for thy loue to mee,
Who ſu'd in marriage to be linck't to thee,
Offring for dower the Countries neighbouring nie,
Offruitfull Almaine, and rich Burgundie:
Didſt thou all this, that England ſhould receiue thee,
To miſerable baniſhment to leaue thee?
And in my downefall, and my fortunes wracke,
Forſaken thus, to France to ſend thee backe.
When quiet ſleepe (the heauie hearts reliefe)
Hath reſted ſorrow, ſomewhat leſs'ned griefe,
My paſſed greatneſſe vnto minde I call,
And thinke this while I dreamed of my fall:
With this conceit my ſorrowes I beguile,
That my faire Queene is but withdrawne a while,
And my attendants in ſome chamber by,
As in the height of my proſperity.
Calling aloud, and asking who is there,
The Eccho anſwering tels me, woe is there;
And when mine armes would gladly thee enfold,
I clip the pillow, and the place is cold,
Which when my waking eyes preciſely view,
T'is a true token, that it is too true.
As many minutes as in the howers there be,
So many howres each minute ſeemes to me,
Each howre a day, morne, noone-tide, and a ſet,
Each day a yeare, with miſeries complete.
A Winter, Spring-time, Sommer, and a Fall,
All ſeaſons varying, but vnſeaſoned all:
In endleſſe woe my thrid of life thus weares,
By minutes, howres, daies, mon'ths and lingring yeares,
They praiſe the Sommer, that enioy the South,

Pomfret

Pomfret is cloſed in the Norths cold mouth:
There pleaſant Sommer dwelleth all the yeere,
Froſt-ſtarued-Winter dooth inhabite heere;
A place wherein deſpaire may fitly dwell,
Sorrow beſt ſuting with a cloudy Cell:
When *Herford* had his iudgement of Exile,
Saw I the peoples murmuring the while;
Th'vncertaine Commons toucht with inward care,
As though his ſorrowes mutually they bare:
Fond women, and ſcarſe-ſpeaking children mourne,
Bewaile his parting, wiſhing his returne:
Then being forc'd t'abridge his baniſht yeares,
When they bedew'd his footſteps with their teares:
Yet by example could not learne to know
To what his greatneſſe by this loue might grow,
Whil'ſt *Henry* boaſts of our atchiuements done,
Bearing the Trophies our great fathers wonne;
And all the ſtorie of our famous warre
Muſt grace the Annals of great Lancaſter.
Seuen goodly Siens in their ſpring did flouriſh,
Which one ſelfe roote brought forth, one Stocke did
Edward the top-branch of that golden tree, (nouriſh:
Nature in him her vtmoſt power did ſee,
Who from the bud ſtill bloſſomed ſo faire,
As all might iudge what fruit it meant to beare:
But I his graft of eu'ry weed o're-growne,
And from the kind, as refuſe forth am throwne,
From our braue Grandſire, both in one degree,
Yet after *Edward*, *Iohn* the young'ſt of three.
Might Princely *Wales* beget an Impe ſo baſe,
(That to *Gaunts* iſſue ſhould giue Soueraigne place)

That

That leading Kings from France returned home,
As those great *Cæsars* brought their spoiles to Rome,
Whose name obtained by his fatall hand,
Was euer fearefull to that conquered land;
His fame increasing, purchas'd in those warres,
Can scarsely now be bounded with the starres,
With him is valour quite to heauen fled,
(Or else in me it is extinguished,)
Who for his vertue and his conquests sake
Posterity a Demy-god shall make,
And iudge this vile and abiect spirit of mine
Could not proceede from temper so diuine.
What earthly humor, or what vulgar eye
Can looke so lowe as on our miserie?
When *Bullinbrook* is mounted to our throne,
And makes that his, which we but call'd our owne:
Into our councels he himselfe intrudes,
And who but *Henry* with the multitudes,
His power disgrades, his dreadfull frowne disgraceth,
Hee throwes them downe, whom our aduauncement (placeth:
As my disable, and vnworthy hand,
Neuer had power belonging to command.
He treads our sacred tables in the dust,
And proues our acts of Parlament vniust;
As though he hated that it should be said,
That such a law by *Richard* once was made,
Whil'st I depress before his greatnesse, lie
Vnder the weight of hate and infamie.
My backe a foot-stoole *Bullingbrook* to raise,
My loosenesse mockt, and hatefull by his praise:
Out-liu'd mine honour, buried my estate,

And

And nothing left me but the peoples hate.
(Sweet Queene) ile take all counſell thou canſt giue,
So that thou bidſt me neither hope nor liue;
Succour that comes, when ill hath done his worſt,
But ſharpens griefe, to make vs more accurſt.
Comfort is now vnpleaſing to mine eare,
Paſt cure, paſt care, my Bed become my Beere.
Since now misfortune humbleth vs ſo long,
Till heauen be growne vnmindfull of our wrong.
Yet they forbid my wrongs ſhall euer die,
But ſtill remembred to poſteritie;
And let the Crowne be fatall that he weares,
And euer wet with woefull mothers teares.
Thy curſe on *Percie* angry heauens preuent,
Who haue not one curſe left, on him vnſpent,
To ſcourge the world, now borrowing of my ſtore,
As rich of woe, as I a King am poore.
Then ceaſe (deere Queene) my ſorrowes to bewaile,
My wounds too great for pitty now to heale,
Age ſtealeth on whil'ſt thou complaineſt thus,
My griefes be mortall and infectious;
Yet better fortunes thy faire youth may trie,
That follow thee, which ſtill from me doth flie.

Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

This tongue which firſt denounc'd my regall ſtate.

Richard the ſecond, at the reſignation of the Crowne to the Duke of Herford, in the Tower of London, deliuering the ſame with his owne hand, there confeſſed his diſability to gouerne, vtterly denouncing all Kingly authority.

And

And left ſt great Burbon *for thy loue to me.*

Before the Princeſſe *Isabell* was married to the King, *Lewis* Duke of Burbon ſued to haue had her in marriage, which was thought he had obtained, if this motion had not fallen out in the meane time; This Duke of Burbon ſued againe to haue receiued her at her comming into France, after the impriſonment of King *Richard*, but King *Charles* her father then croſt him as before, and gaue her to *Charles* ſonne to the Duke of Orleans.

When Herford *had his iudgement of Exile.*

When the combate ſhould haue beene at Couentrie, betwixt *Henry* Duke of Herford, and *Thomas* Duke of Norfolke; where Herford, was adiudged to baniſhment for ten yeares, the Commons exceedingly lamented, ſo greatly was he euer fauoured of the people.

Then being forc'd t'abridge his baniſht yeares.

When the Duke came to take his leaue of the King; being then at Eltham, the King to pleaſe the Commons, rather then for any loue he bare to Herford, repealed foure yeares of his baniſhment.

VVhileſt Henry *boaſts of our atchiuements done.*

Henry the eldeſt ſonne to *John* Duke of Lancaſter, at the firſt Earle of Darby, then created Duke of Herford, after the death of the Duke *Iohn* his father, was Duke of Lancaſter and Herford, Earle of Darby, Leiſter, and Lincolne; and after hee had obtained the Crowne, was called by the name of *Bullingbrook*, which is a Towne in Lincolneſhire, as vſually all the Kings of England bare the name of the places where they were borne.

Seuen goodly Stems in their ſpring did flouriſh.

Edward the third had ſeuen ſonnes, *Edward* Prince of Wales, after called the *Blacke-Prince*, *VVilliam* of Hatfield the ſecond, *Lionell* Duke of Clarence the third, *Iohn* of Gaunt Duke of Lancaſter the fourth, *Edmund* of Langley Duke of Yorke the fifth, *Thomas* of Woodſtocke Duke of Gloſter the ſixth, *VVilliam* of Windſore the ſeuenth.

Edward *the top-branch of that golden tree.*

Truly boaſting himſelfe to be the eldeſt ſonne of *Edward* the Blacke-Prince.

Ya

Yet after Edward, Iohn *the youngest of three.*

As disabling *Henry Bullingbrook*, being but the sonne of the fourth brother: *William* and *Lionell* being both before *Iohn* of *Gaunt*.

That leading Kings from France, returned home.

Edward the blacke Prince, taking *Iohn* King of France prisoner, at the battell of Poicters, brought him into England, where at the Sauoy he died.

Whose name atchieued by his fatall hand.

Called the Blacke Prince, not so much of his complexion, as of the famous battels hee fought, as is shewed before, in the glosse vpon the Epistle of *Edward* to the Counteſſe of Salisbury.

And proues our Actes of Parlament vniust.

In the next Parliament, after *Richards* resignation of the crowne, *Henry* caused to be annihilated all the lawes made in the Parliament, called the wicked Parliament, held in the twentie yeare of King *Richards* raigne.

FINIS.

To Sir *Iohn Swinerton* Knight, and one of the Aldermen of the Citie of London.

(***)

Worthy Sir, so much mistrust I my owne abilitie, to doe the least right to your vertues, that I could gladly wish any thing that is truly mine, were worthy to beare your name, so much (reuerend Sir) I esteeme you, and so ample interest haue you in my loue: To some honourable friends haue I dedicated these Poems; (with whom I ranke you: may I escape presumption.) Like not this Britaine *the worse, though after some former Impressions be be lastly to you consecrated; in this like an honest man that would partly approue his owne woorth, before hee would presume his friends Patronage, with whom you shall euer command my seruice, and haue my best wishes.*

That loue you truly

Michael Drayton.

Queene Katharine to Owen Tudor.

THE ARGVMENT.

After the death of that victorious Henry *the fift,* Queene Katharine, *the Dowager of England & France daughter to* Charles *the French King, holding her estate with* Henry *her sonne (then the sixt of that name) falleth in loue with* Owen Tudor *a Welchman, a braue and gallant Gentleman of the Wardrobe to the young King her sonne; yet greatly fearing if her loue should be discouered, the Nobilitie would crosse her purposed marriage; or fearing, that if her faire and Princely promises should not assure his good successe, this high and great attempt, might (perhaps) daunt the forwardnesse of his modest and shamefast youth; wherefore to breake thence to her intent, she writeth vnto him this Epistle following.*

I Vdge not a Princesse worth impeach'd hereby,
That loue thus triumphs ouer Maiestie;
Nor thinke lesse vertue in this royall hand,
Which now entreates that wonted to command:
For in this sort, though humbly now it wooe,
The day hath beene, thou wouldst haue kneel'd vnto:
Nor thinke that this submission of my state,
Proceeds from frailty, (rather iudge it Fate.)
Alcides ne're more fit for warres sterne shocke,
Then when with women spinning at the rocke;
Neuer lesse cloudes did *Phœbus* glory dim,
Then in a Clownes shape when he couered him;

Ioues great command was neuer more obey'd,
Then when a Satyres anticke parts he play'd.
He was thy King that ſued for loue to mee,
Shee is thy Queene that ſues for loue to thee.
When *Henry* was, what's *Tudors* now, was his;
Whilſt yet thou art, what's *Henries*, *Tudors* is;
My loue to *Owen*, him my *Henry* giueth,
My loue to *Henry*, in my *Owen* liueth;
Henry woo'd me whilſt warres did yet encreaſe,
I wooe my *Tudor*, in ſweet calmes of peace,
To force affection he did conqueſt proue,
I fight with gentle arguments of loue.
Incamp'd at *Melan*, in warres hote al'armes,
Firſt ſaw I *Henry* clad in Princely armes.
At pleaſant *Windſore* firſt theſe eies of mine,
My *Tudor* iudg'd for wit and ſhape diuine.
Henry abroad, with puiſſance and with force,
Tudor at home, with Courtſhip and diſcourſe,
He then, thou now, I hardly can iudge whether
Did like me beſt, *Plantaginet* or *Tether*.
A march, a meaſure, battell, or a daunce,
A courtly rapier, or a conquering launce.
His Princely bed hath ſtrengthned my renowne,
And on my temples ſet a double Crowne;
Which glorious wreathe, (as *Henries* lawfull heire)
Henry the ſixt vpon his brow doth beare.
At *Troy* in *Champaine* he did firſt enioy
My Bridall rites, to *England* brought from *Troy*
In *England* now that honour thou ſhalt haue,
Which once in *Champaine* famous *Henry* gaue,
I ſeeke not wealth, three Kingdomes in my power,

If

If theſe ſuffice not, where ſhall be my dower?
Sad diſcontent may euer follow her,
Which doth baſe pelfe before true loue prefer;
If titles ſtill could our affections tye,
What is ſo great but Maieſtie might buy?
As I ſeeke thee, ſo Kings doe me deſire,
To what they would, thou eas'ly mai'ſt aſpire.
That ſacred fire, once warm'd my heart before,
The fuell fit, the flame is now the more,
And meanes to quench it I in vaine doe proue,
We may hide treaſure, but not hide our loue;
And ſince it is thy fortune (thus) to gaine it,
It were too late, nor will I now reſtraine it.
Nor theſe great titles vainely will I bring,
Wife, daughter, mother, ſiſter to a King,
Of grandſire, father, husband, ſonne and brother,
More thou alone to me then all the other,
Nor feare, my *Tudor*, that this loue of mine,
Should wrong the Gaunt-born great Lancaſtrian line,
Nor ſtir the Engliſh bloud, the Sunne and Moone,
Trepine at *Lorvine*, *Burbon*, *Alanſoon*;
Nor doe I thinke there is ſuch different ods,
They ſhould alone be numbred with the Gods.
Of *Cadmus* earthly iſſue reckoning vs,
And they from *Ioue*, *Mars*, *Neptune*, *Eolus*,
Of great *Latonas* off-ſpring onely they,
And we the brats of wofull *Niobe*,
Our famous grandſires (as their owne) beſtrid
That horſe of fame, that God-begotten ſteede,
Whoſe bounding hoofe plow'd that Boetian ſpring,
Where thoſe ſweet maides of memory doe ſing,

Not onely *Henries* Queene, but boaſt as well,
To be the childe of *Charles* and *Iſabell.*
Nor do I know from whence their griefe ſhould grow,
They by this match ſhould be diſparag'd ſo;
When *Iohn* and *Longſhanges* iſſue both affied,
And to the Kings of Wales in wedlocke tied,
Shewing the greatneſſe of your bloud thereby,
Your race, and royall conſanguinity.
And Wales as well as haughty England boaſts,
Of *Camlot*, and all her Penticoſts;
A Nephewes roome in great *Pendragons* race,
At *Arthurs* Table to haue equall place,
If by the often conqueſt of your land,
They boaſt the ſpoiles of their victorious hand,
If theſe our ancient Chronicles be true,
They altogether are not free from you.
When bloudy *Rufus* ſought your vtter ſacke,
Twice entring Wales, yet twice was beaten backe;
When famous *Cambria* waſh'd her in the flood,
Made by th'effuſion of the Engliſh blood,
And oft return'd with glorious victorie,
From *Worceſter*, *Herford*, *Cheſter*, *Shrowesburie*,
Whoſe power in euery conqueſt ſo preuailes,
As once expuls'd the Engliſh out of Wales.
Although my beauty made my Countries peace,
And at my Bridall former broyles did ceaſe;
Yet more then power, had not his perſon beene,
I had not come to England as a Queene.
Nor tooke I *Henry* to ſupply my want,
Becauſe in France, that time my choiſe was ſcant
When it had rob'd all Chriſtendome of men,

And Englands flower remain'd amongſt vs then;
Gloſter, whoſe counſels (*Neſtor*-like) aſſiſt,
Couragious *Bedford*, that great Martialiſt,
Clarence, for vertue honoured of his foes,
And *Yorke*, whoſe fame yet daily greater growes,
Warwicke, the pride of *Neuels* haughty race,
Great *Salisbury*, ſo fear'd in euery place.
That valiant *Poole*, whom no atchiuement dares,
And *Vere*, ſo famous in the Iriſh warres,
Who though my ſelfe ſo great a Prince were borne,
The worſt of theſe my equall neede not ſcorne:
But *Henries* rare perfections and his parts,
As conquering Kingdomes, ſo he conquer'd hearts.
As chaſte was I to him, as Queene might bee,
But freed from him, my chaſte loue vow'd to thee;
Beauty doth fetch all fauour from thy face,
All perfect Courtſhip reſteth in thy grace:
If thou diſcourſe, thy lips ſuch accents breake,
As Loue a ſpirit forth of thee ſeem'd to ſpeake.
The Brittiſh language, which our vowels wants,
And iarres ſo much vpon harſh conſonants,
Comes with ſuch grace from thy mellifluous tongue,
As doe the ſweet notes of a well ſet ſong,
And runnes as ſmoothly from thoſe lips of thine,
As the pure *Tuskan* from the *Florentine*;
Leauing ſuch ſeaſoned ſweetneſſe in the eare,
As the ioyce paſt, yet ſtill the ſound is there:
In *Niſus* Tower, as when *Apollo* lay,
And on his golden Violl vs'd to play, (drownd,
Where ſenſeleſſe ſtones were with ſuch muſicke
As many yeares they did retaine the ſound,

Let not the beames that greatneſſe doth reflect,
Amaze thy hopes with timerous reſpect;
Aſſure thee *Tudor*, maieſtie can be
As kinde in loue, as can the mean'ſt degree;
And the imbraces of a Queene as true,
As theirs might iudge them, much aduanc'd by you,
When in our greatneſſe our affections craue,
Thoſe ſecret ioyes that other women haue:
So I (a Queene) be Soueraigne in my choice,
Let others fawne vpon the publique voyce;
Or what (by this) can euer hap to thee,
Light in reſpect to be belou'd of mee.
Let peeuiſh worldlings prate of right and wrong,
Leaue plaints and pleas, to whom they doe belong;
Let olde men ſpeake of chances and euents,
And Lawyers talke of titles and diſcents,
Leaue fond reports to ſuch as ſtories tell.
And couenants to thoſe that buy and ſell;
Loue my ſweet *Tudor*, that becomes thee beſt,
And to our good ſucceſſe referre the reſt.

Notes

Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

Incamp'd at Melans in warres hote alarmes,
Firſt, &c.

NEere vnto Melans, vpon the Riuer of Seyne, was the appointed place of parley, betweene the two kings of England and France, to which place, *Iſabell* the Queene of France, and the Duke of Burgoyne, brought the young Princeſſe *Katherine*, where King *Henry* firſt ſaw her.

And on my temples ſet a double Crowne.

Henry the fift and Queene *Katherine*, were taken as king and Queene of France, and during the life of *Charles* the French King, *Henry* was called King of England, and heire of France, and after the death of *Henry* the fift, *Henry* the ſixt his ſonne, then being very young, was crowned at Paris, as true & lawfull King of England and France.

At Troy in Champaine he did firſt enioy.

Troy in Champaine, was the place where that victorious King *Henry* the fift married the Princeſſe *Katherine*; in the preſence of the chiefe Nobility of the Realmes of England and France.

Nor theſe great titles vainely will I bring,
Wife, daughter, mother, &c.

Few Queenes of England or France, were euer more Princely alied then this Queene, as it hath beene noted by Hiſtoriographers.

Nor thinke ſo Tudor *that this loue of mine,*
Should wrong the Gaunt-borne, &c.

Noting the diſcent of *Henry* her husband, from *Iohn* Duke of Lancaſter, the fourth ſonne of *Edward* the third, which Duke *Iohn* was ſirnamed Gaunt, of the Citie of Gaunt in Flanders, where he was borne.

Nor ſtirre the Engliſh blood, the Sunne and Moone,
Trepine, &c.

Alluding the greatneſſe of the Engliſh line, to *Phœbus* and *Phœbe*, fained to be the children of *Latona*, whoſe heauenly kind might ſcorne to be ioyned with any earthly progenie: yet withall, boaſting the bloud of France, as not inferiour to theirs. And with

with this allusion followeth on the historie of the strife betwixt *Iuno* and the race of *Cadmus*, whose issue was afflicted by the wrath of heauen. The children of *Niobe* slaine, for which the wofull mother became a rock, gushing forth continually a fountaine of teares.

And Iohn *and* Longshanks *issue, both affied.*

Lhewellin or *Leolin ap Iorwith*, married *Ioane*, daughter to King *Iohn*, a most beautifull Lady. Some Authors affirme that shee was base borne, *Lhewelin ap Gryffith*, married *Ellinor*, daughter to *Simon Monfort*, Earle of Leister, and Cosin to *Edward Longshankes*, both which *Lhewellins* were Princes of Wales.

Of Camilot and all her Penticosts,

A Nephewes roome, &c.

Camilot, the antient Palace of King *Arthur*, to which place all the Knights of that famous order yeerely repaired at Penticost, according to the law of the Table, & most of the famous home-borne Knights were of that Country, as to this day is perceiued by their antient monuments.

VVhen bloudy Rufus *sought your vtter sacke.*

Noting the ill successe which that *William Rufus* had in two voyages he made into Wales: in which a number of his chiefe Nobility were slaine.

And oft return'd with glorious victorie.

Noting the diuers sundry incursions that the Welchmen made into England, in the time of *Rufus*, *Iohn*, *Henry* the second, and *Longshankes*.

Owen Tudor *to Queene Katharine.*

VVHen first mine eies beheld your Princely name,
And found from whence this friendly letter came,
As in excesse of ioy my selfe forgot,
Whether I saw it, or I saw it not;
My panting heart doth bid mine eyes proceede,

My

My dazeled eye, inuites my tongue to reade;
Mine eye ſhould guide my tongue, amazed miſt it,
My lips which now ſhould ſpeake, are dumbe, & kiſt it:
And leaues the paper in my trembling hand;
When all my ſenſes ſo amazed ſtand;
Euen as a mother comming to her childe,
Which from her preſence hath beene long exil'd,
With tender armes his gentle necke doth ſtraine,
Now kiſſing him, now clipping him againe;
And yet exceſſiue ioy deludes her ſo,
As ſtill ſhe doubts if this be hers or no:
At length awakned from this pleaſing dreame,
When paſſion ſomewhat leaues to be extreame,
My longing eyes, with their faire obiect meete,
Where euery letter's pleaſing, each word ſweete.
It was not *Henries* conqueſts nor his Court,
That had the power to win me by report,
Nor was his dreadfull terror-ſtriking name,
The cauſe that I from Wales to England came;
For Chriſtian *Rhodes*, and our religions truth,
To great atchiuement firſt had wonne my youth;
Before aduenture did my valour proue,
Before I yet knew what it was to loue:
Nor came I hither by ſome poore euent,
But by th'eternall Deſtinies conſent,
Whoſe vncompriſed wiſedomes did fore-ſee,
That you in marriage ſhould be linck'd to mee.
By our great *Merlin*, was it not fore-told,
(Amongſt his holy prophecies enrold)
When firſt he did of *Tudors* name diuine,
That Kings and Queenes ſhould follow in our line,

And

And that the Helme, (the *Tudors* ancient Creſt)
Should with the golden Flower-deluce be dreſt;
And that the Leeke, (our Countries chiefe renowne)
Should grow with Roſes in the Engliſh Crowne:
As *Charles* faire daughter, you the Lilly weare,
As *Henries* Queene the bluſhing Roſe you beare;
By France's conqueſt, and by Englands oth,
You are the true made Dowager of both;
Both in your Crowne, both in your cheeke together,
Ioyne *Tethers* loue to yours, and yours to *Tether*.
Then make no future doubts, nor feare no hate,
When it ſo long hath beene fore-told by Fate;
And by the all-diſpoſing doome of heauen,
Before our births vnto one bed were giuen.
No *Pallas* here, nor *Iuno* is at all,
When I to *Venus* giue the golden ball;
Nor when the Græcians wonder I enioy,
None in reuenge to kindle fire in Troy.
And haue not ſtrange euents diuin'd to vs,
That in our loue we ſhould be proſperous?
When in your preſence I was call'd to dance,
In lofty trickes whilſt I my ſelfe aduance;
And in my turne, my footing fail'd by hap,
Was't not my chance to light into your lap?
Who would not iudge it Fortunes greateſt grace,
Sith he muſt fall, to fall in ſuch a place?
His birth from heauen, your *Tudor* not deriues,
Nor ſtands on tip-toes in ſuperlatiues,
Although the enuious Engliſh doe deuiſe,
A thouſand ieſts of our Hyperbolies;
Nor doe I claime that plot by antient deedes,

Where

Where *Phœbus* paſtures his fire-breathing ſteedes;
Nor do I boaſt my God-made Grandſires ſcarres,
Nor Giants Trophies in the *Titans* warres;
Nor faine my birth (your Princely eares to pleaſe)
By three nights getting as was *Hercules*,
Nor doe I forge my long diſcent to runne
From aged *Neptune*, or the glorious Sunne,
And yet in *Wales*, with them moſt famous be,
Our learned *Bards* doe ſing my pedigree,
And boaſt my birth from great *Cadwallader*,
From olde *Cair-Septon*, in mount *Palador*,
And from *Eneons* line, the South-Wales King
By *Theodor* the *Tudors* name doe bring.
My royall mothers Princely ſtocke began,
From her great Grandam faire *Gwenellian*;
By true deſcent from *Leolin* the great,
As well from North-Wales as faire *Powſlands* ſeat;
Though for our Princely Genealogie,
I doe not ſtand to make Apologie;
Yet who with iudgements true vnpartiall eyes,
Shall looke from whence our name at firſt did riſe,
Shall finde that Fortune is to vs in debt;
And why not *Tudor* as *Plantaginet*?
Nor that terme *Croggen*, nick-name of diſgrace,
Vs'd as a by-word now in euery place,
Shall blot our bloud, or wrong a Welch-mans name,
Which was at firſt begot with Englands ſhame.
Our valiant ſwords our right did ſtill maintaine,
Againſt that cruell, proud, vſurping *Dane*;
And buckl'd in ſo many dangerous fights,
With *Norwayes*, *Swethens*, and with *Muſcouits*,

And

And kept our natiue language now thus long,
And to this day yet neuer chang'd our tong,
When they which now our Nation faine would tame,
Subdu'd, haue loſt their country, and their name:
Nor euer could the *Saxons* ſwords prouoke
Our Britaine neckes to beare their ſeruile yoke,
Where *Cambria's* pleaſant Countries bounded bee,
With ſwelling *Seuerne*, and the holy *Dee*,
And ſince great *Brutus* firſt arriu'd, haue ſtood,
The onely remnant of the *Troian* blood.
To euery man is not allotted chaunce,
To boaſt with *Henry* to haue conquer'd Fraunce;
Yet if my fortunes thus may raiſed be,
This may preſage a farther good to me.
And our Saint *Dauid*, in the *Brittaines* right,
May ioyne with *George*, the Sainted Engliſh Knight,
And olde *Caer-marden*, *Merlins* famous towne,
Not ſcorn'd by *London*, though of ſuch renowne.
Ah would to God, that houre, my hopes attend,
Were with my wiſh brought to deſired end,
Blame me not Madame, though I thus deſire,
When eies with enuie doe my hap admire;
Till now your beauty in nights boſome ſlept,
What eie durſt ſturre, where awfull *Henry* kept?
Who durſt attempt to ſaile but neere the bay,
Where that all-conquering great *Alcides* lay?
Thy beauty now is ſet a royall prize,
And Kings repaire to cheapen merchandize.
If thou but walke to take the breathing aire,
Orithia makes me that I *Boreas* feare;
If to the fire *Ioue* once in lightning came,

And

And faire *Egina* makes me feare the flame;
If in the ſunne, then ſad ſuſpition dreames
Phœbus ſhould ſpread *Lucothoe* in his beames;
If in a fountaine thou dooſt coole thy blood,
Neptune I feare, which once came in a flood;
If with thy maides, I dread *Apolloes* rape,
Who couſ'ned *Ibion* in an olde wiues ſhape;
If thou dooſt banquet, *Bacchus* makes me dread,
Who in a grape *Erigone* did feed;
And if my ſelfe your chamber doore ſhould keepe,
Yet feare I *Hermes* comming in a ſleepe.
Pardon (ſweet Queene) if I offend in this,
In theſe delayes loue moſt impatient is;
And youth wants pow'r his hote ſpleene to ſuppreſſe,
When Hope already banquets in exceſſe.
Though *Henries* fame in me you ſhall not finde,
Yet that which better ſhall content your minde;
But onely in the title of a King
Was his aduantage, in no other thing:
If in his loue more pleaſure you did take,
Neuer let Queene truſt Brittaine for my ſake.
Yet iudge me not from modeſtie exempt,
That I another *Phaetons* charge attempt;
My minde that thus your fauours dare aſpire,
Declare a temper of celeſtiall fire;
If loue a fault, the more is Beauties blame,
When ſhe her ſelfe is author of the ſame:
All men to ſome one quality incline,
Onely to loue is naturally mine.
Thou art by Beauty famous as by birth;
Ordain'd by heauen, to cheere the drouping earth,

Add

Add faithfull loue vnto your greater state,
And then alike in all things fortunate.
A King might promise more, I not deny,
But yet (by heauen) he lou'd not more then I.
And thus I leaue, till time my faith approue,
I cease to write, but neuer cease to loue.

¶ *Notes of the Chronicle Historie.*

And that the Helme, the Tudors *ancient Creſt.*

THe armes of *Tudor* was three helmets, wherof he ſpeaketh as a thing prophetically fore-told of *Merlin.*

VVhen in thy preſence I was call'd to daunce.

Owen Tudor, being a courtly and actiue Gentleman, commanded once to daunce before the Queene, in a turne (not being able to recouer himſelfe) fell into her lap, as ſhe ſate vpon a little ſtoole, with many of her Ladies about her.

And yet with them in VVales moſt famous be,
Our learned Bards, &c.

This Berdh, as they call it in the Brittiſh tongue, or as we more properly ſay Bard, or *Bardus*, be their Poets, which keepe the records of Pedigrees and diſcents, and ſing in Odes & meaſures to their Harps, after the old maner of the Lirick Poets.

And boaſt my bloud from great Cadwallader.

Cadwallader, the laſt King of the Britaines, deſcended of the noble and ancient race of the Troians, to whom an Angell appeared, commanding him to go to Rome to Pope *Sergius*, where he ended his life.

From olde Caer-Septon in mount Palador.

Caer-Septon, now called Shaftsburie, at whoſe building it was ſaid an Eagle propheeied (or rather one named *Aquila*) of the fame of that place, and of the recouery of the Ile by the Britaines, bringing back with them the bones of *Cadwallader* from Rome.

And

And from Eneons *line, the South-wales King,*
From Theodor, *&c.*

This *Eneon* was slaine by the Rebels of Gwentsland, he was a noble and worthy Gentleman, who in his life did many noble actes, and was father to *Theodor*, or *Tudor Maur*, of whom discended the Princes of South-wales

From her great Grandam faire Guenellian.

Guenellian, the daughter of *Rees ap Griffeth ap Theodor*, Prince of South-wales, married *Edniuet Vaghan* aunceſtor to *Owen Tudor*.

By true discent from Leolin *the great.*

This is the *Lewhelin*, called *Leolinus Magnus*, Prince of North-wales.

Nor that word Croggen, *nick-name of disgrace.*

In the voyage that *Henry* the second made againſt the Welchmen, as his Souldiers paſſed Offas ditch at Croggen Caſtle, they were ouerthrowne by the Welchmen: which word *Croggen*, hath ſince beene vſed to the Welchmens diſgrace, which was at firſt begun with their honour.

And olde Caer-Merdin, Merlins *famous towne.*

Caer-Merdin, or *Merlins* Towne, ſo called of *Merlins* being found there. This was *Ambroſe Merlin*, whoſe Prophecies wee haue. There was another of that name, called *Merlin Silueſtris*, borne in Scotland, ſirnamed *Caledonius*, of the Forreſt Calidon where he prophecied.

And kept our native language now thus long.

The Welchmen be thoſe antient Britaines, which when the Picts, Danes, and Saxons inuaded here, were firſt driuen into thoſe parts, where they haue kept their language euer ſince the firſt, without commixtion with any other language.

FINIS.

To my worthy and deerely esteemed friend, Master Iames Huish.

SIR your owne naturall inclination to vertue, and your loue to the Muses, assure mee of your kinde acceptance of my dedication. It is seated by custome (from which wee are now bold to assume authoritie) to beare the names of our friends vpon the fronts of our Bookes, as Gentlemen vse to set their Armes ouer their gates. Some say this vse began by the Heroes *and braue spirits of the olde world, which were desirous to be thought to patronize learning; and men in requitall honour the names of those braue Princes. But I thinke some after, put the names of great men in their bookes, for that men should say there was some thing good, onely because indeed their names stood there. But for mine owne part (not to dissemble) I finde no such vertue in any of their great titles to do so much for any thing of mine, and so let them passe. Take knowledge by this, I loue you, and in good faith, worthy of all loue I thinke you, which I pray you let supply the place of further complement.*

Yours euer

Michael Drayton.

Elinor Cobham to Duke Humfrey.

THE ARGVMENT.

Elinor Cobham, *daughter to the Lord* Cobham *of Sterborough, and wife to* Humfrey Plantaginet *Duke of Gloceſter, the ſonne of* Henry *the fourth King of England, ſirnamed* Bullingbrook. *This noble Duke for his great wiſedome and iuſtice called the Good, was by King* Henry *the fift (brother to this Duke) at his death appointed Protector of the land, during the nonage of* Henry *the ſixt; this* Elinor *Dutches of Gloceſter, a proud and ambitious woman, knowing that if yong* Henry *died without iſſue, the Duke her husband was the neereſt of the bloud, conſpired with one* Bullingbrook, *(otherwiſe called* Onely *a great Magitia,* Hun *a Prieſt, and* Iourdaine *Witch of Eye, by ſorcerie to make away the King, and by conſuration to know who ſhould ſucceed. Of this being iuſtly convicted, ſhee was adiudged to doe penance three ſeuerall times openly in London, and then to perpetuall baniſhment in the Ile of* Man, *from whence ſhe writeth this Epiſtle.*

ME thinks, not knowing who theſe lines ſhould
Thou ſtraight turn'ſt ouer to the later end, (ſend,
Where thou my name no ſooner haſt eſpi'd,
But in diſdaine my letters caſt'ſt aſide;
Why if thou wilt, I will my ſelfe denie,
Nay, I'le affirme and ſweare I am not I,

Or if in that thy ſhame thou dooſt perceiue,
Ile leaue that name, that name my ſelfe ſhall leaue;
And yet me thinkes amaz'd thou ſhould'ſt not ſtand,
Nor ſeeme ſo much appalled at my hand,
For my misfortunes haue inur'd thine eye,
(Long before this) to ſights of miſerie;
No, no, reade on, tis I, the very ſame,
All thou canſt reade, is but to reade my ſhame.
Be not diſmai'd, nor let my name affright,
The worſt it can, is but t'offend thy ſight;
It cannot wound, nor doe thee deadly harme,
It is no dreadfull ſpell, nor Magicke charme;
If ſhe that ſent it loue Duke *Humfrey* ſo,
Is't poſſible her name ſhould be his foe?
Yes, I am *El'nor*, I am very ſhee,
Who brought for dower a virgins bed to thee,
Though enuious *Beuford* ſlander'd me before,
To be Duke *Humfreies* wanton Paramore,
And though indeede I can it not denie,
To Magicke once I did my ſelfe apply,
I wonne thee not, as there be many thinke,
With poiſ'ning *Philters*, and bewitching drinke,
Nor on thy perſon did I euer proue
Thoſe wicked potions ſo procuring loue.
I cannot boaſt to be rich *Hollands* heire,
Nor of the bloud and greatneſſe of *Baueire*;
Yet *El'nor* brought no forraine Armies in,
To fetch her backe, as did thy *Iacomin*;
Nor clamorous husband followed me that fled,
Exclaiming *Humfrey* to defile his bed,
Nor waſt thou forc'd the ſlaunder to ſuppreſſe,

To

To ſend me backe as an adultereſſe;
Brabant not *Burgoyne*, claimed me by force,
Nor ſu'd to Rome to haſten my deuorce;
Nor Belgia's pompe defac'd with Belgia's fire,
The iuſt reward of her vniuſt deſire;
Nor *Bedfords* ſpouſe, your noble ſiſter *Anne*,
That Princely-iſſued great Burgonian,
Should ſtand with me, to moue a womans ſtrife,
To yeeld the place to the Protectors wife.
If *Cobhams* name my birth can dignifie,
Or *Sterborough* renowne my familie;
Where's *Greenwich* now, thy *Eleanors* Court of late,
Where ſhe with *Humfrey* held a Princely ſtate?
That pleaſant *Kent*, when I abroad ſhould ride,
That to my pleaſure laid forth all her pride;
The Thames by water when I tooke the ayre,
Danc'd with my Barge in lanching from the ſtaire;
The arch'ring ſhips that when I paſs'd the road,
Were wont to hang their chequer'd tops abroad;
How could it be thoſe that were wont to ſtand,
To ſee my pompe, ſo Goddeſſe-like to land,
Should after ſee me mayl'd vp in a ſheete,
Doe ſhamefull penance three times in the ſtreete?
Rung with a bell, a Taper in my hand,
Bare-foote to trudge before a Beadels wand;
That little Babes, not hauing vſe of tongue,
Stood pointing at me as I came along.
Where's *Humfreys* power, where was his great com-
Was't thou not Lord-Protector of the Land? (mand,
Or for thy iuſtice, who can thee deny,
The title of the good Duke *Humfrey*?

What blood extract from famous *Edwards* line,
Can boast it selfe to be so pure as thine?
Who else next *Henry* should the Realme prefer,
If it allow of famous *Lancaster*?
But *Rayners* daughter must from *France* be fet,
And with a vengeance on our throne be set;
Maunt, *Maine* and *Anion*, on that begger caste,
To bring her home to England in such haste,
And what for *Henry* tho u had'st laboured there,
To ioyne the King with *Armenacks* rich heire,
M ist all be dash'd, as no such thing had be ene,
Poole needes must haue his darling made a Queene;
How should he with our Princes else be plac'd,
To haue his Earleship with a Dukedome grac'd?
And raise the off-spring of his blood so hie,
As Lords of vs and our posteritie.
O that by Sea when he to *France* was sent,
The ship had suncke wherein the Traitor went;
Or that the sands had swallowed her before
She e're set foote vpon the English shore.
But all is well, nay we haue store to giue,
What neede we more, we by her lookes can liue:
All that great *Henry* by his conquests heapt,
And famous *Bedford* to his glory kept,
Be giuen backe to *Rayner* all in post,
And by this meanes, rich *Normandy* be lost;
Those which haue come as Mistresses of ours,
Haue into England brought their goodly dowers,
Which to our Coffers yeerely tribute brings,
The life of subiects and the strength of Kings;
The meanes whereby faire England euer might

Raise

Raiſe power in *France*, to backe our ancient right;
But ſhe brings ruine here to make aboad,
And cancels all our lawfull claime abroad,
And ſhe muſt recapitulate my ſhame,
And giue a thouſand by-words to my name,
And call me Beldam, Gib, Witch, Night-mare, Trot,
With all deſpight that may a woman ſpot:
O that I were a Witch but for her ſake!
Ifaith her Queeneſhip little reſt ſhould take;
I would ſcratch that face that may not feele the ayre,
And knit whole ropes of Witch-knots in her haire;
O I would hag her nightly in her bed,
And on her breaſt ſit like a lumpe of lead,
And like a Fayrie, pinch that dainty skin,
Her wanton blood is now ſo cocker'd in,
Or take me ſome ſuch knowne familiar ſhape,
As ſhe my vengeance neuer ſhould eſcape;
Were I a garment, none ſhould neede the more
To ſprincle me with *Neſſus* pois'ned gore,
It were enough if ſhe once put me on,
To teare both fleſh and ſinewes from the bone;
Were I a flower that might her ſmell delight,
Though I were not the pois'ning *Aconite*,
I would ſend ſuch a fume into her brow,
Should make her mad, as mad as I am now;
They ſay, the *Druides* once liu'd in this Ile,
This fatall *Man*, the place of my exile, (wrought,
Whoſe powerfull charmes, ſuch dreadfull wonders
Which in the Gotiſh Iſland tongue were taught;
O that their ſpels to me they had reſign'd,
Wherewith they rais'd and calm'd both ſea and winde,

And made the Moone pawſe in her paled ſpheare,
Whilſt her grim Dragons drew them through the aire,
Their helliſh power to kill the Plow-mans ſeede,
Or to fore-ſpeake the ſtockes as they did feede,
To nurſe a damned ſpirit with humane blood,
To carry them through earth, ayre, fire, and flood;
Had I this skill that time hath almoſt loſt,
How like a Goblin I would haunt her ghoſt.
O pardon, pardon my miſ-gouern'd tonge,
A womans ſtrength cannot endure my wrong.
Did not the heauens her comming in withſtand,
As though affrighted when ſhe came to land?
The earth did quake, her comming to abide,
The goodly Thames did twice keepe backe her tide;
Pauls ſhooke with tempeſts, and that mounting ſpire,
With lightning ſent from heauen was ſet on fire;
Our ſtately buildings to the ground were blowne,
Her pride by theſe prodigious ſignes were ſhowne;
More fearefull viſions on the Engliſh earth,
Then euer were at any death or birth.
Ah *Humfrey*, *Humfrey*, if I ſhould not ſpeake,
My breaſt would ſplit, my very heart would breake.
I that was wont ſo many to command,
Worſe now then with a clapdiſh in my hand;
A ſimple mantle couering me withall,
A very Leper of Cares Hoſpitall,
That from my ſtate a preſence held in awe,
Glad here to kennell in a Pad of ſtraw;
And like an Owle by night to goe abroad,
Rooſted all day within an Iuy tod,
Among the ſea-cliffes, in the dampy Caues,

In

In charnell houses, fit to dwell in graues;
Saw'st thou those eyes, in whose sweet cheerfull looke,
Duke *Humfrey* once such ioy and pleasure tooke;
Sorrow hath so dispoyl'd me of all grace,
Thou couldst not say, this was my *Elnors* face;
Like a foule Gorgon, whose disheuel'd haire,
With euery blast flies glaring in the ayre;
Some standing vp like hornes vpon my head,
Euen like those women that in *Coos* are bred:
My lanke breasts hang like bladders left vnblowne
My skin with lothsome Iaundize ouer-growne;
So pin'd away, that if thou long'st to see
Ruines true picture, onely looke on mee;
Sometime in thinking of what I haue had,
Euen in a suddaine extasie am mad;
Then like a Bedlam, forth thy *Elnor* runnes,
Like one of *Bacchus* raging frantick Nunnes,
Or like a Tartar, when in strange disguise,
Prepar'd vnto a dismall sacrifice.
That Prelate *Beuford*, a foule ill befall him,
Prelate said I! nay diuell I should call him,
Ah God forgiue me, if I thinke amisse,
His very name me thinks my poyson is;
Ah that vile *Iudas*, our professed foe,
My curse pursue him where so e're he goe;
That to my iudgement when I did appeare,
Laid to my charge those things that neuer were.
I should partake with *Bullingbrooks* intents,
The hallowing of his Magicke instruments;
That I procured *Southwell* to assist,
Which was by order consecrate a Priest,

That

That it was I ſhould couer all they did,
That but for him, had to this day beene hid.
Ah that vile baſtard, that himſelfe dare vaunt,
To be the ſonne of thy braue Grandſire *Gaunt*,
Whom he but fathered of meere charity,
To rid his mother of that infamy,
Who if report of elder times be true,
Vnto this day his father neuer knew.
He that by murthers blacke and odious crime,
To *Henries* throne attempted once to clime?
Hauing procur'd by hope of golden gaine,
A fatall hand his Soueraigne to haue ſlaine;
Whom to his chamber cloſely he conuai'd,
And for that purpoſe fitly there had laide,
Vpon whoſe ſword that famous Prince had dy'd,
If by a dogge he had not beene diſcri'd.
But now the Queene, her Minion *Poole* and he,
As it pleaſe them, ſo now muſt all things be;
England's no place for any one beſide,
All is too little to maintaine their pride:
What of a King hath *Henry* but the name,
And now ſcarſe that, ſo publike his defame?
And I pray God, I doe not liue the day,
To ſee thy ruine, and the Realmes decay;
And yet as ſure as *Humfrey* ſeemes to ſtand,
He be preſeru'd from that vile Traytors hand;
From *Gloſters* ſeate, I would thou wert eſtrang'd,
Or would to God that Dukedoms name were chang'd;
For it portends no goodneſſe vnto vs,
Ah *Humfrey*, *Humfrey*, it is ominous:
Yet rather then thy hap ſo hard ſhould be,

I would thou wert here baniſhed with me:
Humfrey adue, farewell true noble Lord,
My wiſh is all thy *Elinor* can afford.

Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

To Magicke once I did my ſelfe apply.

Elinor Cobham was accuſed by ſome that ſought to withſtand, and miſliked her marriage with Duke *Humfrey*, that ſhe practiſed to giue him Philters, and ſuch poiſoning potions, to make him loue her, as ſhe was ſlandered by Cardinall *Beuford*, to haue liued as the Dukes Lemman, againſt the which Cardinall ſhee exclaimeth in this Epiſtle in the verſe before.

Though enuious Beuford *ſlandered me before.*

Noting the extreame hate he euer bore her.

Nor Elnor *brought no forraine Armies in,*
To fetch her backe as did thy Iacomin.

This was the chiefe and onely thing that euer touched the reputation of this good Duke, that dotingly he married *Iacomin*, or as ſome call her, *Iaquet*, daughter and heire to *William Iauier* Duke of Holland before married, and lawfull wife to *Iohn* Duke of Brabant, then liuing; which after as it is ſhewed in this verſe following,

Brabant nor Burgoyne claimed me by force,
Nor ſu'd to Rome to haſten my deuorce.

Cauſed great warres, by reaſon that the Duke of Burgoyne tooke part with Brabant, againſt the Duke of Glocester, which being arbitrated by the Pope, the Lady was adiudged to be deliuered backe to her former husband.

Nor Bedfords *ſpouſe, your nob'e ſiſter* Anne,
That Princely iſſued great Burgonian.

Iohn Duke of Bedford, that ſcourge of France, and the glory of

of the Englishmen, married *Anne*, sister to the Duke of Burgundie, a vertuous and beautifull Lady; by which marriage, as also by his victories attained in France, he brought great strength to the English Nation.

Where's Greenwich now, thy Elnors Court of late?

That faire and goodly Pallace of Greenwich, was first builded by that famous Duke, whose rich and pleasant situation might remaine an assured monument of his wisedome, if there were no other memory of the same.

They say the Druides once liued in this Ile.

It should seeme that there were two Ilands, both of them called *Mona*, though now distinguished the one by the name of *Man*, the other by the name of *Anglesey*, both which were full of many infernall ceremonies, as may appeare by *Agricolaes* voyage, made into the hithermost *Man*, described by his sonne in law *Cornelius Tacitus*. And as superstition, the daughter of barbarisme and ignorance; so amongst those Northerly Nations, like as in *America*, Magicke was most esteemed. *Druide* were the publique Ministers of their Religion, as throughly taught in all rites thereof; their doctrine concerned the immortality of the soule, the contempt of death, and all other points which may conduce to resolution, fortitude, and magnanimitie: their aboad was in Groues and Woods, whereupon they haue their name; their power extended it selfe to master the soules of men deceased, and to conferre with ghosts and others spirits, about the successe of things. *Plutarch*, in his profound and learned discourse of the defect of Oracles, reporteth that the outmost Brittish Iles, were the prison of I wot not what Demi-gods; but it shall not neede to speake any farther of the *Druide*, then that which *Lucan* doth:

Et vos barbaricos ritus, moremq́; sinistrum
Sacrorum, Druidæ *positis repetistis ab armis.*

Did not the heauens her comming in withstand?

Noting the prodigious and fearefull signes that were seene in England, a little before her comming in: which *Elinor* expresseth in this Epistle, as foreshewing the dangers which should ensue vpon this vnlucky marriage.

The hallowing of the Magicke inſtruments.

The inſtruments which *Bullingbrook* vſed in his coniurations, according to the diueliſh ceremonies and cuſtomes of theſe vnlawfull Artes, were dedicated at a Maſſe in the Lodge in *Harneſey* Parke, by *Southwell* Prieſt of *VVeſtminſter*.

Hauing procur'd by hope of golden gaine.

This was one of the articles that Duke *Humfrey* vrged againſt the Cardinal *Beuford*, that he cõſpired the death of *Henry* the fift, by conuaying a villaine into his chamber, which in the night ſhould haue murthered him: but what ground of truth he had for the ſame, I leaue to diſpute.

Duke *Humfrey* to *Elinor Cobham*.

ME thinks thou ſhouldſt not doubt, I could forget
Her whom ſo many doe remember yet;
No, no, our ioyes away like ſhadowes ſlide,
But ſorrowes firme, in memory abide;
Nay I durſt anſwere, thou doo'ſt nothing leſſe,
But moou'd with paſſion, vrg'd by thy diſtreſſe;
No *El'nor* no, thy woes, thy griefe, thy wrong,
Haue in my breaſt beene reſident too long;
Oh when report in euery place had ſpred,
My *El'nor* was to Sanctuary fled,
With curſed *Onley*, and the Witch of Eye,
As guilty of their vile conſpiracie;
The dreadfull ſpirits when they did inuocate,

For

For the ſucceſſion, and the Realmes eſtate;
When *Henries* Image they in waxe had wrought,
By which he ſhould vnto his death be brought;
That as his picture did conſume away,
His perſon ſo by ſickneſſe ſhould decay;
Griefe that before could ne're my thoughts controule,
That inſtant tooke poſſeſſion of my ſoule.
Ah would to God I could forget thine ill,
As for mine owne, let that inflict me ſtill;
But that before hath taken too ſure hold,
Forget it ſaid I? would to God I could.
Of any woe, if thou haſt but one part,
I haue the whole remaining in my hart;
I haue no neede of others cares to borrow,
For all I haue is nothing elſe but ſorrow.
No my ſweet *Nell*, thou took'ſt not all away,
Though thou went'ſt hence, here ſtill thy woes do ſtay,
Though from thy husband thou wert forc'd to go,
Thoſe ſtill remaine, they will not leaue me ſo;
No eye bewailes my ill, moanes thy diſtreſſe,
Our griefe is more, but yet our debt the leſſe;
We owe no teares, no mourning dayes are kept;
For thoſe that yet for vs haue neuer wept;
We hold no Obijts, no ſad Exequies
Vpon the death-daies of vnweeping eies.
Alas good *Nell*, what ſhould thy patience moue,
T'vpbraid thy kind Lord with a forraine loue?
Thou might'ſt haue bid all former ills adue,
Forgot the olde, we haue ſuch ſtore of new.
Did I omit thy loue to entertaine
With mutuall griefe to anſwere griefe againe?

Or

Or think'ſt thou I vnkindly did forbeare,
To bandie woe for woe, and teare for teare?
Did I omit, or careleſly neglect
Thoſe ſhewes of loue that Ladies ſo reſpect?
In mournefull blacke was I not ſeene to goe?
By outward ſhewes to tell my inward woe:
Nor drerie words were waſted in lament,
Nor cloudy brow bewrai'd my diſcontent:
Is this the cauſe? if this be it, know then,
One griefe conceal'd more grieuous is then ten:
If in my breaſt thoſe ſorrowes ſometimes were,
And neuer vttered, ſtill they muſt be there,
And if thou know'ſt, they many were before,
By time increaſing they muſt needes be more;
England to me, can challenge nothing lent,
Let her caſt vp, what is receiu'd, what ſpent,
If I her owne, can ſhe from blame be free,
If ſhe but proue a ſtepdame vnto mee?
That if I ſhould with that proud baſtard ſtriue;
To plead my birth-right and prerogatiue;
If birth allow, I ſhould not neede to feare it,
For then my true Nobility ſhould beare it;
If counſell ayde, that *Fraunce* will tell (I know)
Whoſe Townes lie waſte before the Engliſh foe;
When thrice we gaue the conquer'd French the foile
At *Agincourt*, at *Cravant*, and *Vernoile*;
If faith auaile, theſe Armes did *Henry* hold,
To claime his Crowne, yet ſcarcely nine mon'ths old.
If Countries care haue leaue to ſpeake for me,
Gray haires in youth, my witneſſe then may be.
If peoples tongues giue ſplendor to my fame,

They

They add a title to Duke *Humfreyes* name;
If toyle at home, French treason, English hate,
Shall tell my skill in managing the state,
If forraine trauell my successe may try,
In *Flaunders*, *Almaine*, *Boheme*, *Burgundy*,
That robe of *Rome* proud *Beuford* now doth weare,
In euery place such sway should neuer beare:
The Crosier staffe in his Imperious hand,
To be the Scepter that controules the land;
That home to *England*, dispensations drawes,
Which are of power to abrogate our lawes,
And for those summes the wealthy church should pay,
Vpon the needy Commonalty to lay;
His ghostly counsels onely doe aduise,
The meanes how *Langlies* Progenie may rise,
Pathing young *Henries* vnaduised waies,
A Duke of *Yorke* from *Cambridge* house to raise,
Which after may our title vndermine,
Grafted since *Edward* in *Gaunts* famous line:
Vs of succession falsly to depriue,
Which they from *Clarence* fainedly deriue,
Knowing the will olde *Cambridge* euer bore,
To catch the wreathe that famous *Henry* wore:
With *Gray* and *Scroope*, when first he laid the plot,
From vs, and ours, the garland to haue got;
As from the *March*-borne *Mortimer* to raigne,
Whose title *Glendour* stoutly did maintaine,
When the proud *Percies*, haughty *March*, and hee,
Had shar'd the Land by eqnall parts in three.
His Priesthood now sterne *Mowbray* doth restore,
To stirre the fire that kindled was before;

Against

Againſt the Yorkiſts ſhall their claime aduance,
To ſteele the point of *Norfolks* ſturdie lance,
Vpon the breaſt of *Herfords* iſſue bent,
In iuſt reuenge of ancient baniſhment.
He doth aduiſe to let our priſ'ner goe,
And doth enlarge the faithleſſe Scottiſh foe,
Giuing our heires in marriage, that their dowres
May bring inuaſion vpon vs and ours.
Ambitious *Suffolke* ſo the helme doth guide,
With *Beufords* damned policies ſuppli'd;
He and the Queene in counſell ſtill conferre,
How to raiſe him who hath aduanced her.
But my deere heart, how vainely doe I dreame,
And flie from thee, whoſe ſorrowes are my theame?
My loue to thee, and England thus diuided,
Which the moſt part how hard to be decided?
Or thee, or that, to whether I am loath,
So neere are you, ſo deere vnto me both,
T'wixt that and thee, for equall loue I finde
England ingratefull, and my *Elnor* kinde.
But though my Country iuſtly I reproue,
For Countries ſake vnkinde vnto my loue,
Yet is thy *Humfrey* to his *Elnor*, now,
As when freſh beauty triumph'd on thy brow.
As when thy graces I admired moſt,
Or of thy fauours might the frankli'ſt boaſt,
Thoſe beauties were ſo infinite before,
That in abundance I was onely poore,
Of which, though time hath taken ſome againe,
I aske no more but what doth yet remaine.
Be patient gentle heart in thy diſtreſſe,

Thou art a Princeſſe, not a whit leſſe.
Whilſt in theſe breaſts we beare about this life,
I am thy husband, and thou art my wife;
Caſt not thine eye on ſuch as mounted be,
But looke on thoſe caſt downe as low as we;
For ſome of them which proudly pearch ſo hie,
Ere long ſhall come as low as thou or I.
They weepe for ioy, and let vs laugh in woe,
We ſhall exchange, when heauen will haue it ſo.
We mourne, and they in after time may mourne,
Woe paſt may once laugh preſent woe to ſcorne,
And worſe then hath beene we can neuer taſte,
Worſe cannot come then is already paſt.
In all extreames, the onely depth of ill,
Is that which comforts the afflicted ſtill;
Ah would to God thou could'ſt thy griefes denie,
And on my backe let all the burthen lie!
Or if thou canſt reſigne, make thine mine owne,
Both in one carriage to be vndergone,
Till we againe our former hopes recouer,
And proſp'rous times blow theſe misfortunes ouer,
For in the thought of thoſe fore-paſſed yeares,
Some new reſemblance of old ioy appeares.
Mutuall our care, ſo mutuall be our loue,
That our affliction neuer can remoue,
So reſt in peace, where peace hath hope to liue,
Wiſhing thee more then I my ſelfe can giue.

Note

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

At Agincourt, at Crauant, and Vernoyle.

THE three famous battels, fought by the Englishmen in France: *Agin-court* by *Henry* the fift, against the whole power of *France*, *Crauant* fought by *Montacute*, Earle of Salisburie, and the Duke of *Burgoyne*, against the Dolphine of France, and *William Stuart*, Constable of Scotland; *Vernoile*, fought by *Iohn* Duke of Bedford against the Duke of *Alanson*, and with him most of the Nobility of France, Duke *Humfrey* an especiall Counsellour in all these expeditions.

In Flaunders, Almane, Boheme, Burgundie.

Here remembring the antient amitie which in his ambassaes he concluded betwixt the King of England, and *Sigismund* Emperour of Almaine, drawing the Duke of Burgoyne into the same league, giuing himselfe as an hostage for the Duke of Saint *Omers*, while the Duke came to Calice to confirme the league. With his many other imployments to forraigne Kingdomes.

That Crosier staffe in his imperious hand.

Henry Beauford, Cardinall of Winchester, that proud and haughty Prelate, receiued his Cardinals Hat at Calice by the Popes Legate, which dignity, *Henry* the fift his Nephew, forbad him to take vpon him, knowing his haughty and malicious spirit vnfit for that robe and calling.

The meanes how Langley *is progenie may vise.*

As willing to shew the house of Cambridge to be descended of *Edmund Langley*, Duke of Yorke, a younger brother to *Iohn* of Gaunt his Grand-father (as much as in him lay) to smother the title that the Yorkists made to the crowne (from *Lionell* of Clarence, *Gaunts* elder brother) by the daughter of *Mortimer*.

His Priesthood now, sterne Mowbray *doth restore.*

Noting the ancient grudge betweene the house of Lancaster and Norfolke, euer since *Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke was banished for the accusation of *Henry* Duke of Herford, (after that King of England father to Duke *Humfrey,*) which accusation he came as a Combatant, to haue made good in the Lists at Couentry.

And giues our heires in marriage that their dowers

James Stuart King of Scots, hauing beene long prisoner in England, was released, and tooke to wife the daughter of *Iohn* Duke of Somerset, sister to *Iohn* Duke of Somerset, Neece to the Cardinall, and the Duke of *Excester*, and cousin germane remoued to the King, this King broke the oath he had taken, and became after a great enemie to England.

FINIS.

To

To my Honoured Miſtris, Miſtris *Elizabeth Tanfield*, the ſole daughter and heire of that famous and learned Lawyer, *Laurence Tanfield* Eſquire.

FAire and vertuous Miſtris, ſince firſt it was my good fortune to be a witneſſe of the many rare perfections wherewith nature and education haue adorned you, I haue beene forced ſince that time, to attribute more admiration to your ſexe, then euer Petrarch *could before perſwade me to by the praiſes of his* Laura. *Sweete is the French tongue, more ſweet the Italian; but moſt ſweet are they both, if ſpoken by your admired ſelfe. If Poeſie were praiſe-leſſe, your vertues alone were a ſubiect ſufficient to make it eſteemed, though among the barbarous Getes: by how much the more your tender yeeres giue ſcarcely warrant for your more then womanlike wiſdome, by ſo much is your iudgement and reading the more to be wondred at. The Graces ſhall haue one more ſiſter by your ſelfe, and England to her ſelfe ſhall add one Muſe more to the Muſes. I reſt the humble deuoted ſeruant, to my deere and modeſt Miſtreſſe, to whom I wiſh the happieſt fortunes I can deuiſe.*

Michaell Drayton.

William de-la-Pole Duke of Suffolke, to Queene *Margaret.*

(**)

THE ARGVMENT.

William de-la-Pole, *first Marques, and after created Duke of Suffolke, being sent into Fraunce by King* Henry *the sixt, concluded a marriage betweene the King his Master, and* Margaret, *daughter to* Rayner, *Duke of Anion, who onely had the title of the King of Cicily and Ierusalem. This marriage being made, contrary to the liking of the Lords and Counsell of the Realme (by reason of the yeelding vp of Anion and Maine into the Dukes hands; which shortly after proued the losse of all Aquitaine,) they euer after continually hated the Duke, and after, (by meanes of the Commons) banished him at the Parliament at Berry; where, after he had the iudgement of his Exile, being then ready to depart, he writeth backe to the Queene this Epistle.*

IN my disgrace (deere Queene) rest thy content,
And *Margarets* health from *Suffolkes* banishment,
Not one day seemes fiue yeares exile to mee,
But that so soone I must depart from thee;
Where thou not present, it is euer night,
All be exil'd that liue not in thy sight.
Those Sauages which worship the Sunnes rise,
Wou'd hate their God, if they beheld thine eyes;
The worlds great light, might'st thou be seene abroad
Would at our noone-stead euer make a bode;

And

And force the poore *Antipodes* to mourne,
Fearing leſt he would neuer more returne,
Wer't not for thee, it were my great'ſt exile,
To liue within this ſea-inuiron'd Ile.
Poles courage brookes not limiting in bands,
By that (great Queene) thy ſoueraignty commands:
Our Falcons kinde cannot the Cage endure,
Nor buzzard-like doth ſtoope to euery lure;
Their mounting brood in open ayre doth roue,
Nor will with Crowes be coop'd within a groue;
We all doe breath vpon this earthly ball,
Likewiſe one heauen encompaſſeth vs all,
No baniſhment can be to him aſſign'd,
Who doth retaine a true reſolued minde.
Man in himſelfe, a little world doth beare,
His ſoule the Monarch, euer ruling there,
Where euer then his body doth remaine,
He is a King that in himſelfe doth raigne,
And neuer feareth fortunes hot'ſt alarmes,
That beares againſt her *Patience* for his Armes.
This was the meane proud *Warwicke* did inuent,
To my diſgrace at *Leyſter* Parlement,
That onely I, by yeelding vp of *Maine*,
Should be the loſſe of fertile *Aquitaine*,
With the baſe vulgar ſort to win him fame,
To be the heire of good Duke *Humfreys* name:
And ſo by treaſon ſpotting my pure blood,
Make this a meane to raiſe the *Neuels* brood.
With *Salsbury* his vile ambitious Sire,
In *Yorkes* ſterne breaſt, kindling long hidden fire,
By *Clarence* title working to ſupplant

The Eagle ayrie of great *Iohn* of *Gaunt*.
And to this end did my Exile conclude,
Thereby to pleaſe the raſcall multitude;
Vrg'd by theſe enuious Lords to ſpend their breath,
Calling reuenge on the Protectors death,
That ſince the olde decrepit Duke is dead,
By me of force he muſt be murthered.
If they would know who rob'd him of his life,
Let him call home Dame *Elmor* his wife,
Who with a Taper walked in a ſheete,
To light her ſhame at noone through London ſtreete;
And let her bring her Necromantick booke,
That foule Hag *Iordane*, *Hun*, and *Bullingbrook*,
And let them call the ſpirits from hell againe,
To know how *Humfrey* died, and who ſhall raigne.
For twenty yeeres and haue I ſeru'd in France,
Againſt great *Charles* and baſtard *Orleance*?
And ſeene the ſlaughter of a World of men,
Victorious now, and conquered again;
And haue I ſeene *Vernylas* batfull fields,
Strew'd with ten thouſand helms, ten thouſand ſhields,
Where famous *Bedford* did our fortune try,
Or *France*, or *England* for the victory?
The ſad inueſting of ſo many Townes,
Scor'd on my breaſt in honourable wounds;
When *Mountacute* and *Talbot* of ſuch name,
Vnder my Enſigne both firſt won their fame,
In heate and cold all fortunes haue endur'd,
To rowze the French, within their walls immur'd;
Through all my life, theſe perils haue I paſt,
And now to feare a baniſhment at laſt?

Thou

Thou know'ſt how I (thy beauty to aduance)
For thee refus'd the infant Queene of *France*,
Brake the contract Duke *Humfrey* firſt did make
Twixt *Henry* and the Princeſſe *Armynack*;
Onely (ſweet Queene) thy preſence I might gaine,
I gaue Duke *Rayner*, *Anion*, *Maunſ* and *Maine*,
Thy peereleſſe beauty for a dower to bring,
Being of it ſelfe ſufficient for a King;
And from *Aumerle* withdrew my warlike powers,
And came my ſelfe in perſon firſt to *Towers*,
Th'Ambaſſadors for truce to entertaine,
From *Belgia*, *Denmarke*, *Hungary*, and *Spaine*,
And to the King relating of thy ſtory,
My tongue flow'd with ſuch plenteous Oratory,
As the report in ſpeaking did endite,
Begetting ſtill more rauiſhing delight.
And when my ſpeech did ceaſe (as telling all)
My lookes ſhew'd more that was Angelicall,
And when I breath'd againe and pawſed next,
I left mine eyes dilating on the text;
Then comming of thy modeſty to tell,
In Muſicks numbers my voyce roſe and fell:
And when I came to paint thy glorious ſtile,
My ſpeech in greater Cadences to file,
By true deſcent to weare the Diadem,
Of *Naples*, *Cicils*, and *Ieruſalem*,
And from the Gods thou didſt deriue thy birth,
If heauenly kinde could ioyne with brood of earth;
Gracing each title that I did recite,
With ſome mellifluous pleaſing Epethite;
Nor left him not, till he for loue was ſicke,

Behol-

Beholding thee in my ſweet Rhetoricke.
A fifteenes taxe in France I freely ſpent
In triumphs, at thy nuptiall tournament;
And ſolemniz'd thy marriage in a gowne,
Valu'd at more then was thy fathers Crowne;
And onely ſtriuing how to honour thee,
Gaue to my King, what thy loue gaue to mee.
Iudge if his kindneſſe haue not power to moue,
Who for his loues ſake gaue away his loue.
Had he, which once the prize to *Greece* did bring,
(Of whom old Poets long agoe did ſing)
Seene thee for England but imbarqu'd at *Deepe*,
Would ouer-board haue caſt his golden ſheepe,
As too vnworthy ballaſt to be thought,
To peſter roome, with ſuch perfection fraught.
The briny ſeas which ſaw the ſhip enfold thee,
Would vault vp to the Hatches to behold thee,
And falling backe, themſelues in thronging ſmother,
Breaking for griefe, enuying one another;
When the proud Barke, for ioy thy ſteps to feele,
Scorn'd the ſalt waues ſhould kiſſe her furrowing keele,
And trick'd in all her flags, her ſelfe ſhe braues,
Capring for ioy vpon the ſiluer waues;
When like a Bull from the Phenician ſtrand,
Ioue with *Europa*, tripping from the land,
Vpon the boſome of the maine doth ſcud,
And with his Swanniſh breaſt cleauing the floud,
Tow'rd the faire fields, vpon the other ſide,
Beareth *Agenors* ioy, *Phenicia's* pride.
All heauenly beauties ioyne themſelues in one,
To ſhew their glory in thine eye alone;

Which

Which when it turneth that celeſtiall ball,
A thouſand ſweet ſtarres riſe, a thouſand fall,
Who iuſtly ſaith, mine baniſhment to bee,
When onely France for my recourſe is free?
To view the Plaines where I haue ſeene ſo oft,
Englands victorious Engines rais'd aloft,
When this ſhall be a comfort in my way,
To ſee the place where I may boldly ſay,
Here mighty *Bedford* forth the vaward led,
Here *Talbot* charg'd, and here the Frenchmen fled,
Here with our Archers valiant *Scales* did lie,
Here ſtood the Tents of famous *Willoughbie*;
Here *Mountacute* rang'd his vnconquered band,
Here forth we march'd, and here we made a ſtand.
What ſhould we ſtand to mourne and grieue all day,
For that which time doth eaſily take away?
What fortune hurts, let patience onely heale,
No wiſedome with extreamities to deale.
To know our ſelues to come of humane birth,
Theſe ſad afflictions croſſe vs here on earth.
A taxe impos'd by heauens eternall law,
To keepe our rude rebellious will in awe.
In vaine we prize that at ſo deere a rate,
Whoſe beſt aſſurance is a fickle ſtate,
And we examine vainely our intent,
When not our care can heauens decree preuent;
When we our falles fore-ſeeing cannot ſhun,
That which before, with deſtinie doth run,
Henry hath power, and may my life depoſe,
Mine honour mine, that none hath power to loſe;
Then be as chearefull, (beauteous royall Queene)

As

As in the Court of *France* we erſt haue beene;
As when arriu'd in Porcheſters faire road,
(Where, for our comming *Henry* made aboad)
When in mine armes I brought thee ſafe to land,
And gaue my loue to *Henries* royall hand,
The happy howres we paſſed with the King,
At faire South-hampton, long in banquetting,
With ſuch content as lodg'd in *Henries* breaſt,
When he to London brought thee from the Weſt,
Through golden Cheape, when he in pompe did ride,
To Weſtminſter, to entertaine his Bride.

Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

Our Falcons kinde cannot the Cage endure.

HE alludes in theſe verſes to the Falcon, which was the ancient deuiſe of the *Poles*, comparing the greatneſſe and hawtineſſe of his ſpirit, to the nature of this bird.

This was the meane proud Warwicke *did inuent,*
To my diſgrace, &c.

The Cõmons at this Parliament through *VVarwicks* means, accuſed *Suffolke* of treaſon, and vrged the accuſation ſo vehemently, that the King was forced to exile him for fiue yeeres.

That onely I by yeelding vp of Maine,
Should be the loſſe of fertile Aquitaine.

The Duke of Suffolke being ſent into France to conclude a peace, choſe Duke *Rayners* daughter, the Lady *Margaret*, whom he eſpouſed for *Henry* the ſixt, deliuering for her to her father, the Countries of *Anion* and *Maine*, and the City of *Mans*, Whereupon the Earle of *Armiach* (whoſe daughter was before promiſed to the King) ſeeing himſelfe to be deluded, cauſed all the Engliſhmen to be expulſed *Aquitaine, Gaſcoyne*, and *Guyen*.

VVith

VVith the baſe vulgar ſort to win him fame,
To be the heire of good Duke Humfreyes *name.*

This *Richard* that was called the great Earle of *VVarwicke*, when Duke *Humfrey* was dead, grew into exceeding great favour with the Commons.

VVith Salisbury, *his vile ambitious Sire,*
In Yorks *ſterne breaſt, kindling long hidden fire,*
By Clarence *title, working to ſupplant,*
The Eagle Ayrie of great Iohn *of* Gaunt.

Richard Plantaginet, Duke of Yorke, in the time of *Henry* the ſixt, claimed the Crowne (being aſſiſted by this *Richard Nevell* Earle of Salisbury, and father to the great Earle of Warwicke, who favoured exceedingly the houſe of Yorke) in open Parliament, as heire to *Lionell* Duke of Clarence, the third ſonne of *Edward* the third, making his title by *Anne* his Mother, wife to *Richard* Earle of Cambridge, ſonne to *Edmund* of Langley, Duke of Yorke: which *Anne* was daughter to *Roger Mortimer* Earle of March, which *Roger* was ſonne and heire to *Edmund Mortimer*, that married the Lady *Phillip*, daughter and heire to *Lionell* Duke of Clarence, the third ſonne of King *Edward*, to whom the Crowne after King *Richard* the ſeconds death, lineally deſcended, he dying without iſſue. And not to the heires of the Duke of *Lancaſter*, that was younger brother to the Duke of Clarence. *Hall. cap. 1. Tit. Yor & Lanc.*

Vrg'd by theſe envious Lords to ſpend their breath,
Calling revenge on the Protectors death.

Humfrey Duke of Gloceſter, and Lord Protector in the fiue and twentith yeare of *Henry* the ſixt, by the meanes of the Queene, and the Duke of *Suffolke* was arreſted by the Lord *Beaumond*, at the Parliament holden at *Berrie*, and the ſame night after murthered in his bed.

If they would know who rob'd him, &c. To this verſe.
To know how Humfrey *died, and who ſhall raigne.*

In theſe verſes he ieſts at the Protectors wife, who (being accuſed & conuicted of treaſon, becauſe with *Iohn Hun* a Prieſt, *Roger Bullingbrook* a Necromancer, and *Margery Iordan*, called the Witch of *Eye*, ſhe had conſulted by ſorcerie to kill the King) was adiudged to perpetuall priſon in the Ile of *Man*, and to doe

penance

penance openly in three publique places in London.

For twenty yeeres and haue I seru'd in France.

In the sixt yeare of *Henry* the sixt, the Duke of Bedford being deceased, then Lieuetenant general, and Regent of France, this Duke of Suffolke, was promoted to that dignity, hauing the Lord *Talbot*, Lord *Scales*, and the Lord *Mountacute* to assist him.

Against great Charles, *and bastard* Orleance?

This was *Charles* the seuenth, and after the death of *Henry* the fifth, obtained the crowne of France, and recouered againe much of that his father had lost. Bastard *Orleance*, was sonne to the Duke of Orleance, begotten of the Lord *Cawsies* wife, preferred highly to many notable offices, because he being a most valiant Captaine, was continuall enemie to the Englishmen, dayly infesting them with diuers incursions.

And haue I seene Vernoyla's *batfull fields.*

Vernoyle is that noted place in France, where the great battell was fought in the beginning of *Henry* the sixt his raigne, where the most of the French Chiualrie were ouercome by the Duke of Bedford.

And from Aumerle withdrew my warlike powers.

Aumerle is that strong defenced towne in Fraunce, which the Duke of Suffolke got after 24 great assaults giuen vnto it.

And came my selfe in person first to Towers.
Th' Embassadours for truce to entertaine,
From Belgia, Denmarke, Hungary and Spaine.

Towers is a Citie in France, built by *Brutus* as hee came into Britaine, where, in the twenty and one yeare of the raigne of *Henry* the sixt, was appointed a great Diet to be kept, whither came the Embassadours of the Empire, *Spaine*, *Hungary*, and *Denmarke*, to entreate for a perpetuall peace, to bee made betweene the two Kings of England and France.

By true discent to weare the Diadem,
Of Naples, Cicily, and Ierusalem.

Rayner Duke of *Anion*, father to Queene *Margaret*, called himselfe King of *Naples*, *Cicily*, and *Ierusalem*, hauing the title also of King of those Countries.

A fifteene taxe in France I freely ſpent.

The Duke of Suffolke, after the marriage concluded twixt King *Henry* and *Margaret*, daughter to Duke *Rayner*, asked in open Parliament a whole fifteenth to fetch her into England.

Seene thee ſir England but imbarqu'd at Deepe.

Deepe is a Towne in France, bordering vpon the Sea, where the Duke of Suffolke with Queene *Margaret*, tooke ſhippe for England.

As when arriu'd in Porcheſter faire Roade.

Porcheſter, a hauen towne in the South-weſt part of England, where the King tarried, expecting the Queenes arriuall, whom from thence he conuayed to *South-hampton*.

Queene *Margaret* to *William de-la-Pole* Duke of *Suffolke*.

WHat newes (ſweete *Poole*) look'ſt thou my lines (ſhould tell,
But like the tolling of the dolefull Bell?
Bidding the deaths-man to prepare the graue,
Expect from me no other newes to haue;
My breſt, which once was mirths imperiall throne,
A vaſt and deſert wilderneſſe is growne:
Like that cold Region, from the world remote,

On

On whose breeme Seas the Icie mountaines flote
Where those poore creatures banish'd from the light,
Doe liue impris'ned in continuall night.
No obiect greetes my soules internall eyes,
But diuination of sad Tragedies,
And Care takes vp her solitarie Inne,
Where youth and ioy their Court did once beginne.
As in September when our yeere resignes,
The glorious Sunne vnto the watry signes,
Which through the clouds looks on the earth in scorn,
The little bird, yet to salute the morne,
Vpon the naked branches sets her foote,
The leaues now lying on the mossie roote;
And there a silly chiripping doth keepe,
As though she faine would sing, yet fain would weepe,
Praising faire Sommer that too soone is gone,
Or sad for Winter too fast comming on,
In this strange plight I mourne for thy depart,
Because that weeping cannot ease my hart.
Now to our aide, who stirs the neighbouring Kings?
Or who from *France* a puissant Armie brings?
Who moues the *Norman* to abet our warre?
Or stirs vp *Burgoyne* to aide *Lancaster*?
Who in the North our lawfull claime commends,
To win vs credite with our valiant friends?
To whom shall I my secret griefes impart?
Whose breast I made the closet of my heart.
The ancient *Heroes* fame thou didst reuiue,
And didst from them thy memorie deriue,
Nature by thee, both gaue and taketh all,
Alone in *Poole* she was too prodigall;

Of ſo diuine and rich a temper wrought.
As heauen for him perfections deep'th had ſought;
Well knew King *Henry* what he pleaded for,
When he choſe thee to be his Orator;
Whoſe Angell-eye by powerfull influence,
Doth vtter more than humane eloquence,
That when *Ioue* would his youthfull ſports haue tri'd,
But in thy ſhape himſelfe would neuer hide;
Which in his loue had beene of greater power,
Then was his Nimph, his flame, his ſwan, his ſhower:
To that allegeance *Yorke* was bound by oath,
To *Henries* heires and ſafety of vs both,
No longer now he meanes record ſhall beare it,
He will diſpence with heauen, and will vnſweare it,
He that's in all the worlds black ſinnes forlorne,
Is careleſſe now how oft he be forſworne;
And now of late his title hath ſet downe,
By which he makes his claime vnto the Crowne.
And now I heare his hatefull Dutches chats,
And rips vp their diſcent vnto her brats,
And bleſſeth them as Englands lawfull heires,
And tells them that our Diademe is theirs.
And if ſuch hap her goddeſſe Fortune bring,
If three ſonnes faile, ſhee'le make the fourth a King.
He that's ſo like his dam, her youngeſt *Dicke*,
That foule il-fauor'd, crook-back'd ſtigmaticke,
That like a carcaſſe ſtolne out of a tombe,
Came the wrong way out of his mothers wombe;
With teeth in's head, his paſſage to haue torne,
As though begot an age e're he was borne.
Who now will curbe proud *Yorke* when he ſhall riſe?

Or armes our right against his enterprize,
To crop that bastard weed which daily growes,
To ouer-shadow our vermilian Rose?
Or who will muzzell that vnruly Beare,
Whose presence strikes our peoples hearts with feare?
Whilst on his knees this wretched King is downe,
To saue them labour, reaching at his Crowne,
Where like a mounting Cedar he should beare,
His plumed top aloft into the aire;
And let these shrubs sit vnderneath his shrowds,
Whilst in his armes he doth embrace the clowds;
O that he should his fathers right inherit,
Yet be an alien to that mighty spirit.
How were those powers dispers'd, or whither gone,
Should sympathize in generation,
Or what opposed influence had force,
So much t'abuse and alter natures course?
All other creatures follow after kinde,
But man alone doth not beget the minde.
My Daisie-flower, which erst perfum'd the aire,
Which for my fauours Princes once did weare,
Now in the dust lies troden on the ground,
And with *Yorkes* garlands euery one is crown'd.
When now his rising waits on our decline,
And in our setting he beginnes to shine,
Now in the skies that dreadfull Comet waues,
And who be starres but *Warwicks* bearded staues?
And all those knees which bended once so low,
Grow stiffe as though they had forgot to bow;
And none like them pursue me with despite,
Which most haue cri'd, God saue Queene *Margarite*.

When

When fame ſhall brute thy baniſhment abroad,
The Yorkiſh faction then will lay on load;
And when it comes once to our Weſterne coaſt,
O how that hag Dame *Elinor* will boaſt,
And labour ſtraight by all the meanes ſhe can,
To be call'd home out of the Ile of Man,
To which I know great *Warwicke* will conſent,
To haue it done by act of Parlament,
That to my teeth my birth ſhe may defie,
Slaundering Duke *Rayner* with baſe beggerie;
The onely way ſhe could deuiſe to grieue me,
Wanting ſweet *Suffolk*, which ſhouldſt moſt relieue me,
And from that ſtock doth ſprowt another bloome,
A Kentiſh rebell, a baſe vpſtart groome;
And this is he the white Roſe muſt preferre,
By *Clarence* daughter, match'd with *Mortimer*;
Thus by *Yorkes* meanes, this raſcall Peſant *Cade*,
Muſt in all haſte *Plantagenet* be made;
Thus that ambitious Duke ſets all on worke,
To ſound what friends affect the claime of *Yorke*,
Whilſt he abroad doth practiſe to command,
And makes vs weake by ſtrengthning *Ireland*;
More his owne power ſtill ſeeking to encreaſe,
Then for King *Henries* good, or Englands peace.
Great *Wincheſter* vntimely is deceas'd,
That more and more my woes ſhould be increas'd.
Bedford, whoſe ſhoulders proudly bare vp all
The Churches prop, that famous Cardinall.
The Commons (bent to miſchiefe) neuer let,
With Fraunce t'vpbraid that valiant *Sommerſet*,
Raylings in tumults on his Souldiers loſſe,

Thus all goes backward, croſſe comes after croſſe,
And now of late Duke *Humfreyes* olde allies,
With baniſh'd *Elnors* baſe accomplicies,
Attending their reuenge, grow wondrous crouſe,
And threaten death and vengeance to our houſe;
And I alone the wofull remnant am,
T'endure theſe ſtormes with wofull *Buckingham*.
I pray thee *Poole*, haue care how thou doſt paſſe.
Neuer the Sea yet halfe ſo dangerous was;
And one foretold by *Water* thou ſhould'ſt die,
(Ah! foule befall that foule tongues prophecie)
And I by night am troubled in my dreames,
That I doe ſee thee toſt in dangerous ſtreames;
And oft-times ſhipwrack'd, caſt vpon the land,
And lying breathleſſe on the queachy ſand;
And oft in viſions ſee thee in the night,
Where thou at Sea maintain'ſt a dangerous fight;
And with thy proued target and thy ſword,
Beat'ſt backe the Pyrate which would come aboord.
Yet be not angry that I warne thee thus,
The trueſt loue is moſt ſuſpitious,
Sorrow doth vtter what vs ſtill doth grieue,
But hope forbids vs ſorrow to believe;
And in my counſell yet this comfort is,
It cannot hurt, although I thinke amiſſe:
Then liue in hope in triumph to returne,
When clearer dayes ſhall leaue in clouds to mourne;
But ſo hath ſorrow girt my ſoule about,
That that word *Hope* (me thinks) comes ſlowly out;
The reaſon is, I know it here would reſt,
Where it would ſtill behold thee in my breaſt.

Fare-

Farewell ſweet *Pole*, faine more I would indite,
But that my teares doe blot as I doe write.

Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

Or brings in Burgoyne to aide Lancaſter.

Philip Duke of Burgoyne and his ſonne, were alwayes great fauorites of the houſe of Lancaſter, howbeit they often diſſembled both with Lancaſter and Yorke.

VVho in the North our lawfull claime commends,
To win vs credit with our valiant friends.

The chiefe Lords of the North parts, in the time of *Henry* the ſixt, withſtood the Duke of Yorke at his riſing, giuing him two great ouerthrowes.

To that allegeance Yorke was bound by oath
To Henries *heires, and ſafety of vs both,*
No longer now he meanes Records *ſhall beare it,*
He will diſpence with heauen, and will vnſweare it.

The Duke of Yorke at the death of *Henry* the fift, and at this Kings coronation, tooke his oath to be true ſubiect to him and his heires for euer: but afterward diſpenſing therewith, claimed the crowne as his rightfull and proper inheritance.

If three ſonnes faile, ſhee'le make the fourth a King.

The Duke of York had foure ſonnes, *Edward* Earle of March, that afterward was Duke of Yorke, and King of England, when he had depoſed *Henry* the ſixt, and *Edmund* Earle of *Rutland*, ſlaine by the Lord *Clifford* at the battel at *VVakefield:* and *George* Duke of *Clarence*, that was murthered in the Tower: and *Richard* Duke of *Gloſter*, who was (after he had murthered his brothers ſonnes) King by the name of *Richard* the third.

He that's ſo like his Dam, her youngeſt Dicke,
That foule ill-fauored crooke-back'd Stigmaticke, &c.
Till this verſe, *As though begot an age, &c.*

This *Richard* (whom ironically ſhee here calls *Dicke*) that by

treaſon after his Nephewes murthered, obtained the Crowne: was a man low of ſtature, crooke-back'd, the left ſhoulder much higher then the right, and of a very crabbed and ſower countenance: his mother could not be deliuered of him, he was borne toothd, & with his feet forward, contrary to the courſe of nature.

To ouer ſhadow our vermilian Roſe.

The red Roſe was the badge of the houſe of *Lancaſter*, and the white Roſe of *Yorke*, which by the marriage of *Henry* the ſeuenth, with *Elizabeth* indubitate heire of the houſe of York, was happily vnited.

Or who will muzzell that vnruly Beare?

The Earle of Warwicke, the ſetter vp and puller downe of Kings, gaue for his Armes the white Beare rampant, and the ragged ſtaffe.

My Daiſie flower which erſt perfum'd the aire,
Which for my fauour Princes once did weare, &c.

The Daiſie in French is called *Margaret*, which was Queene *Margarets* badge, wherewithall the Nobility and chiualrie of the Land, at her firſt arriuall were ſo delighted, that they wore it in their Hats in token of honour.

And who be ſtarres but Warwicks *bearded ſtaues.*

The ragged or bearded ſtaffe, was a part of the Armes belonging to the Earledome of Warwicke.

Slandering Duke Rayner *with baſe beggery.*

Rayner Duke of Aniou, called himſelfe King of Naples, Cicile, and Ieruſalem, hauing neither inheritance nor tribute from thoſe parts, and was not able at the marriage of the Queene, of his owne charges, to ſend her into England, though he gaue no dower with her: which by the Dutcheſſe of *Gloceſter*, was often in diſgrace caſt in her teeth.

A Kentiſh rebell, a baſe vpſtart groome.

This was *Iacke Cade*, which cauſed the Kentiſh men to rebell in the 28. yeare of King *Henry* the ſixth.

And this is he the white Roſe muſt prefer,
By Clarence *daughter match'd to* Mortimer.

This *Iacke Cade* inſtructed by the Duke of Yorke, pretended to be deſcended from *Mortimer*, which married Lady *Philip* daughter to the Duke of Clarence.

An

And makes vs weake by ſtrengthning Ireland.

The Duke of Yorke being made Deputy of Ireland, firſt there began to practiſe his long pretended purpoſe, ſtrengthening himſelfe by all meanes poſſible, that he might at his returne into England by open war, claime that which ſo long he had priuily gone about to obtaine.

Great Wincheſter *vntimely is deceas'd.*

Henry Beuford, Biſhop and Cardinall of Wincheſter, ſonne to *Iohn of Gaunt*, begot in his age, was a proud and ambitious Prelate, fauouring mightily the Queene and the Duke of *Suffolke*, continually heaping vp innumerable treaſure, in hope to haue beene Pope, as himſelfe on his death-bed confeſſed.

VVith France t'vpbraide the valiant Somerſet.

Edmund Duke of Somerſet, in the 24. of *Henry* the ſixth, was made Regent of France, and ſent into Normandy to defend the Engliſh territories againſt the French inuaſions, but in ſhort time he loſt all that King *Henry* the fifth won, for which cauſe the Nobles and Commons euer after hated him.

T'endure theſe ſtormes with wofull Buckingham.

Humfrey Duke of Buckingham, was a great fauourite of the Queenes faction, in the time of *Henry* the ſixt.

And one fore-told by VVater thou ſhouldſt die.

The Witch of Eye, receiued anſwere from her ſpirit, that the Duke of Suffolke ſhould take heed of water: which the Queene forewarnes him of, as remembring the Witches Prophecy, which afterwards came to paſſe.

To the Right Worſhipfull Sir Thomas Munſon *Knight.*

SIR, amongſt many which moſt deſeruedly loue you, though I the leaſt, yet am loath to be the laſt, whoſe endeuours may make knowne, how highly they eſteeme of your noble and kinde diſpoſition. Let this Epiſtle Sir (I beſeech you) which vnworthily weares the badge of your worthy name, acknowledge my zeale with the reſt, (though much leſſe deſeruing) which for your ſake, doe honour the houſe of the Munſons. *I know true generoſitie acceepteth what is zealouſly offered, though not euer deſeruingly excellent; yet for loue of the Arte, from whence it receiueth reſemblance. The light Phrygian harmony ſtirreth delight, as well as the melancholy Doricke moueth paſſion; both haue their motion in the ſpirit, as the liking of the ſoule mooueth the affection. Your kinde acceptance of my labour, ſhall giue ſome life to my Muſe, which yet houers in the vncertainty of the generall cenſure.*

Michael Drayton.

Edward the fourth to *Shores* wife.

THE ARGVMENT.

This Miſtris Shore, *King* Edward *the fourths beauteous Paramour, was ſo called of her husband a Gold-ſmith, dwelling in Lombard-ſtreete.* Edward *the fourth, ſonne to* Richard *Duke of Yorke, after hee had obtained the crowne by depoſing* Henry *the ſixth, (which* Henry *was after murthered in the Tower by* Richard Crookback) *and after the battell fought at Barnet, where the famous Earle of* Warwicke *was ſlaine, and that King* Edward *quietly poſſeſſed the Crowne, hearing (by report of many) the rare and wonderfull beauty of the aforeſaid* Shores *wife, commeth himſelfe diſguiſed to London to ſee her; where after he had once beheld her, he was ſo ſurpriſed with her admirable beauty, as not long after he robbed her husband of his deareſt iewell; but firſt by this Epiſtle he writeth vnto her.*

VNto the fair'ſt that euer breath'd this aire,
From Engliſh *Edward* to that faireſt faire.
Ah would to God thy title were no more,
That no remembrance might remaine of *Shore*,
To countermand a Monarchs high deſire,
And bar mine eyes of what they moſt admire.
O why ſhould Fortune make the City prowd,
To giue that more then is the Court allow'd?

Where

Where they like (wretches) hourd it vp to ſpare,
And doe engroſſe it, as they doe their ware.
When fame firſt blaz'd thy beauty here in Court,
Mine eares repuls'd it as a light report:
But when mine eyes ſaw what mine eare had heard,
They thought report too niggardly had ſpar'd;
And ſtrucken dumbe with wonder, did but mutter,
Conceauing more then ſhe had words to vtter.
Then think, of what thy husband is poſſeſt,
When I enuie that *Shore* ſhould be ſo bleſt;
When much abundance makes the needy mad,
And hauing all, yet knowes not what is had.
Into fooles boſomes this good fortune creepes,
And wealth comes in whilſt the baſe miſer ſleepes.
If now thy beauty be of ſuch eſteeme,
Which all of ſo rare excellencie deeme,
What would it be, and prized at what rate,
Were it adorned with a Kingly ſtate?
Which being now but in ſo meane a bed,
Is like an vncut Diamond in Lead,
E're it be ſet in ſome high-prized ring,
Or garniſhed with rich enamiling;
We ſee the beauty of the ſtone is ſpilt,
Wanting the gracious ornament of guilt.
When firſt attracted by thy heauenly eyes,
I came to ſee thee, in a ſtrange diſguiſe,
Paſſing thy ſhop, thy husband call'd me backe,
Demanding what rare iewell I did lacke:
I want (thought I) one that I dare not craue,
And (one I feare) thou wilt not let me haue;
He calls for Caskets forth, and ſhewes me ſtore,

But yet I knew he had one iewell more;
And deadly curſt him that he did denie it,
That I might not for loue or money buy it,
O might I come a Diamond to buy,
That had but ſuch a luſtre as thine eye.
Would not my treaſure ſerue, my Crowne ſhould go,
If any iewell could be prized ſo;
An Agat, branched with thy bluſhing ſtraines,
A Saphire, but ſo azur'd as thy veines;
My Kingly Scepter onely ſhould redeeme it,
At ſuch a price if iudgement could eſteeme it.
How fond and ſenſeleſſe be thoſe ſtrangers then,
Who bring in toyes to pleaſe the Engliſhmen?
I ſmile to thinke how fond th'*Italians* are,
To iudge their artificiall gardens rare,
When London in thy cheekes can ſhew them heere,
Roſes and Lillies growing all the yeere:
The *Portugall*, that onely hopes to win,
By bringing ſtones from fartheſt *India* in,
When happy *Shore* can bring them forth a girle,
Whoſe lips be Rubies, and her teeth be Pearle.
How ſilly is the *Polander* and *Dane*,
To bring vs Cryſtall from the frozen maine?
When thy cleare skins tranſparance doth ſurpaſſe,
Their Cryſtall, as the Diamond doth glaſſe.
The fooliſh French which bring in traſh and toyes,
To turne our women, men, our girles to boyes,
When with what tire thou dooſt thy ſelfe adorne,
That for a faſhion onely ſhall be worne;
Which though it were a garment but of haire,
More rich then robe that euer Empreſſe ware.

Me

Me thinks thy husband takes his marke awry,
To ſet his plate to ſale when thou art by;
When they which doe thy Angel-locks behold,
Like baſeſt droſſe doe but reſpect his gold,
And wiſh one haire before that maſſie heape,
And but one locke before the wealth of Cheape;
And for no cauſe elſe, hold we gold ſo deare,
But that it is ſo like vnto thy haire:
And ſure I thinke *Shore* cannot chuſe but flout,
Such as would finde the great Elixar out,
And laugh to ſee the Alchymiſts that choke
Themſelues with fumes, & waſte their wealth in ſmoke
When if thy hand but touch the groſſeſt mold,
It is conuerted to refined gold,
When theirs is chaffred at an eaſie rate,
Well knowne to all to be adulterate;
And is no more when it by thine is ſet,
Then paltry Beugle, or light-prized Ieat.
Let others weare perfumes, for thee vnmeete,
If there were none, thou could'ſt make all things ſweet,
Thou comfort'ſt ſenſe, and yet all ſenſe doſt waſte,
To heare, to ſee, to ſmell, to feele, to taſte;
Like a rich ſhip, whoſe very refuſe ware,
Aromaticks, and pretious odors are,
If thou but pleaſe to walke into the Pawne,
To buy thee Cambrick, Callico, or Lawne,
If thou the whiteneſſe of the ſame would'ſt proue,
From thy more whiter hand pluck off thy gloue;
And thoſe which buy, as the beholders ſtand,
Will take thy hand for Lawne, Lawne for thy hand;
A thouſand eyes, clos'd vp by enuious night,

Doe

Doe wiſh for day, but to enioy thy ſight;
And when they once haue bleſt their eyes with thee,
Scorne euery obiect elſe, what ere they ſee,
So like a Goddeſſe beauty ſtill controules,
And hath ſuch powerfull working in our ſoules.
The Merchant which in traffique ſpends his life,
Yet loues at home to haue a dainty wife,
The blunt-ſpoke Cynicke poring on his booke,
Sometimes (aſide) at beauty loues to looke;
The Church-man, by whoſe teaching we are led,
Allowes what keepes loue in the marriage bed;
The bloudy Souldier ſpent in armes and broiles,
With beauty yet content to ſhare his ſpoiles;
The buſie Lawyer wrangling in his pleas;
Findeth that Beauty giues his labour eaſe;
The toyling Trades-man, and the ſweating Clowne,
Would haue his Wench faire, though his bread be browne,
So much is Beauty pleaſing vnto all,
That Prince and Peaſant equally doth call;
Nor neuer yet did any man deſpiſe it,
Except too deere, and that he could not prize it,
Vnlearn'd is learning, artleſſe be all Arts,
If not imploy'd to praiſe thy ſeuerall parts;
Poore plodding Schoole-men they are farre too lowe,
Which by probations, rules, and axiomes goe;
He muſt be ſtill familiar with the skies,
Which notes the reuolutions of thine eies:
And by that skill which meaſures ſea and land,
See beauties *All*, thy waſte, thy foote, thy hand,
Where he may finde, the more that he doth view,
Such rare delights as are both ſtrange and new;

And

And other worlds of beauty more and more,
Which neuer were discouered before;
And to thy rare proportion to apply,
The lines and circles in Geometry,
Vsing alone Arithmeticks strong ground,
Numbring the vertues that in thee are found.
And when these all haue done what they can doo,
For thy perfections all too little too.
When from the East the dawne hath broken out,
And gone to seeke thee all the world about,
Within thy chamber hath she fixt her light,
Where but that place the world hath all beene night;
Then is it fit that euery vulgar eye,
Should see Loue banquet in her Maiestie?
We deeme those things our sight doth most frequent,
To be but meane, although most excellent;
For strangers still the streetes are swept and strowd,
Few looke on such as daily come abroad; (them,
Thinges much restrain'd, doe make vs much desire
And beauties seldome seene, make vs admire them.
Nor is it fit a Citie shop should hide,
The worlds delight and natures onely pride,
But in a Princes sumptuous gallery,
Hung all with tissue, floor'd with tapestry,
Where thou shalt sit, and from thy state shalt see,
The tiltes and triumphs that are done for thee.
Then know the difference (if thou list to proue)
Betwixt a vulgar, and a Kingly loue;
And when thou find'st, as now thou doubt'st the troth,
Be thou thy selfe vnpartiall Iudge of both.
Where hearts be knit, what helps if not enioy?

Delayes

Delayes breed doubts, no cunning to be coy,
Whilſt lazie Time his turne by tariance ſerues,
Loue ſtill growes ſickly, and hope daily ſterues;
Meane while receiue that warrant by theſe lines,
Which Princely rule and ſoueraigntie reſignes:
Till when theſe papers by their Lords command,
By me ſhall kiſſe thy ſweet and dainty hand.

Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

THis Epiſtle of *Edward* to *Shores* wife, and of hers to him, being of vnlawfull affection, miniſtreth ſmall occaſion of hiſtorical notes, for had he mentioned the many battels betwixt the Lancaſtrian faction and him, or other warlike dangers, it had beene more like to *Plautus* boaſting Souldier then a Kingly Courtier. Notwithſtanding, it ſhall not be amiſſe to annex a line or two.

From Engliſh Edward *to the faireſt faire.*

Edward the fourth was by nature very thiualrous, and very amorous, applying his ſweete and amiable aſpect to attaine his wanton appetite the rather, which was ſo well knowne to *Lewes* the French King, who at their interuiew inuited him to Paris, that as *Comineus* reports, being taken at his word, hee notwithſtanding brake off the matter, fearing the Pariſian Dames with their witty conuerſation, would detaine him longer then ſhould be for his benefit, by which meanes *Edward* was diſappointed of his iourney: and albeit Princes whilſt they liue, haue nothing in them but what is admirable; yet wee neede not miſtruſt the flatterie of the Court in thoſe times: for certaine it is, that his ſhape was excellent, his haire drew neere to a black, making his faces fauour to ſeeme more delectable. Though the ſmalneſſe of his eies full of a ſhining moiſture, as it took away ſom comlines; ſo it argued much ſharpnes of vnderſtãding, & cruelty mingled together. And indeed *George Buchanan* (that imperious Scot) chargeth

chargeth him and other Princes of those times, with affectation of tyrannie, as *Richard* the third manifestly did.

When first attracted by thy heauenly eyes.

Edwards intemperate desires, with which he was wholly ouercome, how tragically they in his off-spring were punished, is vniuersally knowne. A mirrour representing their ouer-sight, that rather leaue their children what to possesse, then what to imitate.

How silly is the Polander and Dane,
To bring vs Chrystall from the frozen maine?

Alluding to their opinions, who imagine Crystall to be a kind of Ice, and therefore it is likely, they who come from the frozen parts, should bring great store of that transparent stone, which is thought to be congealed with extreame cold. Whether Crystall be Ice, or some other liquor, I omit to dispute, yet by the examples of Amber and Corall, there may be such an induration; for *Solinus* out of *Plinie* mentioneth, that in the Northern Region, a yellow ielly is taken vp out of the sea at lowe tides, which he calls *Succinum*, we Amber; so likewise, out of the Ligustick deep, a part of the Mediterranean Sea, a greenish stalk is gathered, which hardned in the ayre comes to be Corall, either white, or red. Amber notwithstanding is thought to drop out of trees, as appeares by *Martials* Epigram.

Et latet, & lucet Phaetontide *condita gutta,*
Vt videatur apis nectare clausa suo.
Dignum tantorum pretium tulit ille laborum;
Credible est ipsam sic voluisse mori.

To behold a Bee enclosed in *Electrum*, is not so rare as that boyes throat should be cut with the fall of an Ice-sicle, the which Epigram is excellent, the 18 li. 4. He cals it *Phaetontis Gutta*, because of that fable which *Ouid* rehearseth, concerning the *Heliades* or *Phaetons* sisters, metamorphosed into those trees, whose Gum is Amber, where flies alighting, are often times transcently imprisoned.

The Epistle of Shores *wife to king* Edward *the fourth.*

AS the weake childe, that from the mothers wing,
Is taught the Lutes delicious fingering,
At euery strings soft touch, is mou'd with feare,
Noting his Masters curious listning eare;
Whose trembling hand, at euery straine bewraies,
In what doubt he his new set lesson plaies:
As this poore childe, so sit I to indite,
At euery word still quaking as I write.
Would I had led an humble shepheards life,
Nor knowne the name of *Shores* admired wife,
And liu'd with them in Countryfields that range,
Nor seene the golden Cheape, nor glittering Change,
To stand a Comet gaz'd at in the skies,
Subiect to all tongues, obiect to all eyes;
Oft haue I heard my beauty prais'd of many,
But neuer yet so much admir'd of any;
A Princes Eagle eye to finde out that,
Which vulgar sights doe seldome wonder at,
Makes me to thinke affection flatters sight,
Or in the obiect some thing exquisite.
To housed beauty seldome stoop's report,
Fame must attend on that which liues in Court.
What Swan of great *Apollo's* brood doth sing,

To vulgar loue, in courtly Sonetting?
Or what immortall Poets sugred pen,
Attends the glory of a Citizen?
Oft haue I wondred what should blinde your eye,
Or what so far seduced Maiestie,
That hauing choise of beauties so diuine,
Amongst the most to chuse this least of mine?
More glorious Sunnes adorne faire Londons pride,
Then all rich Englands continent beside;
That who t'account their multitudes would wish,
Might number *Rumneys* flowers, or *Isis* fish;
Who doth frequent our Temples, walkes, and streetes,
Noting the sundry beauties that he meetes,
Thinks not that nature left the wide world poore,
And made this place the Chequer of her store:
As heauen and earth were lately fallne at iarres,
And growne to vying wonders, dropping starres.
That if but some one beauty should incite,
Some sacred Muse, some rauish'd spirit to write,
Here might he fetch that true *Promethian* fire,
As after ages should his lines admire;
Gathering the hony from the choisest flowers,
Scorning the wither'd weedes in Country bowers.
Here in this garden (onely) springs the Rose,
In euery common hedge the Bramble growes:
Nor are we so turn'd *Neapolitan*,
That might incite some foule-mouth *Mantuan*,
To all the world to lay out our defects,
And haue iust cause to raile vpon our sex;
To prancke olde wrinckles vp in new attire,
To alter Natures course, proue Time a lier,

A

Abusing

Abusing Fate, and heauens iust doome reuerse,
On beauties graue to set a crimson hearse,
With a deceitfull foile to lay a ground,
To make a glasse to seeme a Diamond:
Nor cannot without hazard of our name,
In fashion follow the Venetian Dame,
Nor the fantastick French to imitate,
Attir'd halfe Spanish, halfe Italionate;
Nor wast, nor curle, body, nor brow adorne,
That is in *Florence*, or in *Genoa* borne.
But with vaine boasts how witlesse fond am I,
Thus to draw on mine owne indignity?
And what though married when I was but yong,
Before I knew what did to loue belong,
Yet he which now's possessed of the roome,
Crop'd beauties flower when it was in the bloome,
And goes away enriched with the store,
Whilst others gleane, where he hath reap'd before;
And he dares sweare that I am true and iust,
And shall I then deceiue his honest trust?
Or what strange hope should make you to assaile,
Where strongest battery neuer could preuaile?
Belike you thinke that I repuls'd the rest,
To leaue a King the conquest of my breast,
Or haue thus long preseru'd my selfe from all,
A Monarch now should glory in my fall.
Yet rather let me die the vildest death,
Then liue to draw that sinne-polluted breath;
But our kinde hearts mens teares cannot abide,
And we least angry oft, when most we chide;
Too well know men what our creation made vs,

And nature too well taught them to inuade vs.
They know but too well, how; what, when, & where,
To write, to ſpeake, to ſue, and to forbeare
By ſignes, by ſighs, by motions, and by teares, (praiers,
When vowes ſhould ſerue, whē oaths, whē ſmiles, whē
What one delight our humours moſt doth moue,
Onely in that you make vs nouriſh loue.
If any naturall blemiſh blot our face,
You doe proteſt it giues our beauty grace,
And what attire we moſt are vs'd to weare,
That of all other excellent'ſt you ſweare.
And if we walke, or ſit, or ſtand, or lie,
It muſt reſemble ſome one Deitie,
And what you know we take delight to heare,
That are you euer ſounding in our eare;
And yet ſo ſhameleſſe when you tempt vs thus,
To lay the fault on beauty, and on vs.
Romes wanton *Ouid* did thoſe rules impart,
O that your nature ſhould be help'd with Art.
Who would haue thought, a King that cares to raigne,
Inforc'd by loue, ſo Poet-like ſhould faine?
To ſay that Beauty, Times ſterne rage to ſhunne,
In my cheekes (Lillies) hid her from the Sunne;
And when ſhe meant to triumph in her May,
Made that her Eaſt, and here ſhe broke her day,
And ſweare that Sommer ſtill is in my ſight,
And but where I am, all the world is night;
As though the fair'ſt, ere ſince the world began,
To me a Sunne-burnt baſe *Ægyptian*;
But yet I know more then I meane to tell.
(O would to God you knew it not too well.)

That

That women oft their moſt admirers raiſe,
Though publiquely not flattering their owne praiſe.
Our churliſh husbands which our youth enioy'd,
Who with our dainties haue their ſtomacks cloy'd,
Do loathe our ſmooth hands with their lips to feele,
Tenrich our fauours, by our beds to kneele;
At our command to waite, to ſend, to goe,
As euery houre our amorous ſeruants doe;
Which makes a ſtolne kiſſe often we beſtow,
In earneſt of a greater good we owe;
When he all day torments vs with a frowne,
Yet ſports with *Venus* in a bed of downe;
Whoſe rude embracement, but too ill beſeemes
Her ſpan-broad waſte, her white and dainty limmes,
And yet ſtill preaching abſtinence of meate,
When he himſelfe of euery diſh will eate.
Blame you our husbands then, if they denie
Our publique walking, our looſe libertie;
If with exception ſtill they vs debar,
The circuite of the publique Theater;
To heare the Poet in a comick ſtraine,
Able t'infect with his laſciuious Scene.
And the young wanton wits, when they applaud
The ſlie perſwaſions of ſome ſubtile Bawd,
Or paſſionate Tragedian in his rage,
Acting a loue-ſicke paſſion on the ſtage:
When though abroad reſtraining vs to rome,
They very hardly keepe vs ſafe at home,
And oft are touch'd with feare and inward griefe,
Knowing rich prizes ſooneſt tempt a thiefe.
What ſports haue we whereon our mindes to ſet?

Our dogge, our Parrat, or our Marmuzet;
Or once a weeke to walke into the field,
Small is the pleasure that those toyes doe yeeld,
But to this griefe, a medicine you apply.
To cure restraint with that sweete liberty;
And soueraignty, (O that bewitching thing)
Yet made more great, by promise of a King;
And more, that honour which doth most intice
The holi'st Nunne, and she that's ne're so nice.
Thus still we striue, yet ouercome at length,
For men want mercy, and poore women strength:
Yet grant, that we could meaner men resist,
When Kings once come, they conquer as they list.
Thou art the cause *Shore* pleaseth not my sight,
That his imbraces giue me no delight;
Thou art the cause I to my selfe am strange,
Thy comming is my full, thy set my change.
Long Winter nights be minutes, if thou heere,
Short minutes if thou absent be a yeere.
And thus by strength thou art become my Fate,
And mak'st me loue euen in the midst of hate.

Notes of the Chroniele Historie.

I Would I had led an humble Shepheards life,
Nor knowne the name of Shores *admired wife.*

TWo or three Poems written by sundry mẽ, hauing magnified this womans beauty; whom, that ornament of England and Londons more particular glory, Sir *Thomas Moore* very highly hath praised for her beauty, she being aliue in his time, though being poore and aged. Her stature was meane, her haire of a darke yellow, her face round and full, her eye gray, delicate harmony

harmony being betwixt each parts proportion, and each proportions colour, her body fat, white, and smooth, her countenance cheerefull and like to her condition. That picture which I haue seene of hers, was such as she rose out of her bed in the morning, hauing nothing on but a rich Mantle cast vnder one arme ouer hir shoulder, and sitting in a chaire on which her naked arme did lie. What her fathers name was, or where she was borne, is not certainly knowne; but *Shore* a young man of right good person, wealth and behauiour, abandoned her bed after the King had made her his Concubine. *Richard* the third causing her to doe open penance in Pauls Church-yard, commanded that no man should relieue her, which the tyrant did not so much for his hatred to sinne, but that by making his brothers life odious, he might couer his horrible treason the more cunningly.

May number Rumneys *flowers, or* Isis *fish.*

Rumney is that famous Marsh in Kent, at whose side *Rie* a Hauen towne doth stand. Hereof the excellent English Antiquarie Master *Camden*, and Master *Lambert* in his preambulation do make mention. And Marishes are commonly called those low grounds, which abut vpon the sea, and from the Latine word are so denominated. *Isis* is here vsed for *Thamesis* by a Syncedochicall kinde of speech, or by a Poeticall liberty, in vsing one for another: for it is said that *Thamesis* is compounded of *Tame* and *Isis*, making when they are met, that renowned water running by London, a Citie much more renowned then that water; which beeing plentifull of fish, is the cause also why all things else are plentifull therein. Moreouer, I am perswaded, that there is no riuer in the worlde beholdes more stately buildings on either side cleane through, then the Thames. Much is reported of the Graund Canale in Venice, for that the fronts on either side are so gorgeous.

That might intice some foule-mouth'd Mantuan.

Mantuan a pastoral Poet, in one of his Eglogs bitterly inueyeth against woman-kind, some of the which by way of an Appendix, might be here inserted, seeing the fantasticke and insolent humours of many of that sexe, deserue much sharper physick, were it not that they are growne wiser then to amend, for

such an idle Poets speech as *Mantuan*, yea or for *Euripides* himselfe, or *Seneca's* inflexible *Hippolitus*.

The circute of the publique Theater.

Ouid, a most fit Author for so dissolute a Sectary, calles that place Chastities shipwracke, for though *Shores* wife wantonly plead for liberty, which is the true humour of a Curtizan, yet much more is the praise of modesty, then of such liberty. Howbeit the Vestall Nunnes had seats assigned them in the Romane Theater, whereby it should appeare, it was counted no impeachment to modestie; though they offending therein, were buried quicke: a sharpe law for them, who may say as *Shores* wife doth.

When though abroad restraining vs to come,
They very hardly keepe vs safe at home.

FINIS.

To

To the Right VVorshipfull Sir *Henry Goodere* of Powlsworth Knight.

SIR, this Poeme of mine, which I imparted to you, at my being with you at your lodging at London in May last, brought at length to perfection, (emboldened by your wonted favours) I aduenture to make you Patron of. Thus Sir, you see I haue aduentured to the world, with what like or dislike, knowe not: if it please, (which I much doubt of) I pray you then be partaker of that which I shall esteeme not my least good, if dislike, it shall lessen some part of my griefe, if it please you to allow but of my loue: howsoeuer, I pray you accept it as kindly as I offer it, which though without many protestations, yet (I assure you) with much desire of your honour. Thus vntill such time as I may in some more larger measure, make knowne my loue to the happy and generous family of the Gooderes, (to which I confesse my selfe to be beholding, for the most part of my education) I wish you all happinesse.

Michael Drayton.

Mary the French Queene, to *Charles Brandon*, Duke of Suffolke.

The Argvment.

Mary, *the daughter of that renowned Prince, King* Henry *the seuenth, being very young at her fathers death, after by her brother King* Henry *the eight, was giuen in marriage to* Lewes *King of France, being a man olde and decrepit: This faire and beautifull Lady, long afore had placed her affection on* Charles Brandon, *Duke of Suffolke, a braue and courageous young Gentleman, and an especiall fauorite to the King her brother, and a man raised vp by him. King* Lewes, *the husband of this beautifull Queene, lined not long after he was married, and* Charles Brandon *hauing commission from the King to bring her backe into England, but being delayd by some sinister meanes, the French Queene writeth this Epistle, to hasten the Duke forward on his intended voyage to France.*

SVch health from heauen my selfe may wish to mee,
Such health frō France, Queene *Mary* sends to thee
Brandon how long mak'st thou excuse to stay,
And know'st thou ill we women brooke delay?
If one poore channell thus can part vs two,
Tell me (vnkinde) what would an Ocean do?

Leander

Leander had an *Hellespont* to swim,
Yet this from *Hero* could not hinder him;
His barke (poore soule) his breast, his armes, his oares
But thou a ship, to land thee on our shores;
And opposite to famous Kent doth lie,
The pleasant fields of flowrie *Picardie*,
Whereon our faire *Calice*, walled in her sands,
In kenning of the cliffie *Doner* stands.
Here is no Beldame Nurse to powt or lower,
When wantoning, we reuell in my Tower;
Nor needs I top my Turret with a light,
To guide thee to me, as thou swim'st by night;
Compar'd with me, wert thou but halfe so kinde,
Thy sighs should stuffe thy sailes, though wanting wind:
But thy breast is becalm'd, thy sighes be slacke,
And mine too stiffe, and blow thy bread sailes backe.
But thou wilt say, that I should blame the flood,
Because the winde so full against thee stood,
Nay, blame it not it did so roughly blow,
For it did chide thee, for thou wast so slow;
For it came not to keepe thee in the Bay,
But came from me to bid thee come away.
But that thou vainely lest occasion slide,
Thou might'st haue wafted hither with the tide.
If when thou com'st, I knit mine angry brow,
Blame me not *Brandon*, thou hast broke thy vow;
Yet if I meant to frowne, I might be dombe,
For this may make thee stand in doubt to come:
Nay come sweet *Charles*, haue care thy ship to guide,
Come my sweet heart, in faith I will not chide.
When as my brother and his louely Queene

In

In ſad attire for my depart were ſeene,
The vtmoſt date expired of my ſtay,
When I from *Douer* did depart away,
Thou know'ſt what woe I ſuff'red for thy ſake,
How oft I fain'd of thee my leaue to take;
God and thou know'ſt with what a heauie hart,
I tooke my farewell when I ſhould depart;
And being ſhip'd, gaue ſignall with my hand,
Vp to the Cliffe, where I did ſee thee ſtand,
Nor could refraine in all the peoples view,
But cried to thee, ſweet *Charles* adiew, adiew.
Looke how a little Infant that hath loſt,
The thing wherewith it was delighted moſt,
Weary with ſeeking, to ſome corner creepes,
And there (poore ſoule) it ſits it downe and weepes;
And when the Nurſe would faine content the mind,
Yet ſtill it mournes for that it cannot find:
Thus in my carefull Cabin did I lie,
When as the ſhip out of the road did flie.
Think'ſt thou my loue was faithfull vnto thee,
When yong *Caſtile* to England ſu'd for mee?
Be iudge thy ſelfe, if it were not of power,
When I refus'd an Empire for my dower.
To Englands Court, when once report did bring,
How thou in France didſt reuell with the King,
When he in triumph of his victory,
Vnder a rich imbrodered Canopy,
Entred proud *Tournay*, which did trembling ſtand,
To beg for mercy at his conquering hand;
To heare of his enderements, how I ioy'd?
But ſee, this calme was ſuddenly deſtroy'd,

When

When *Charles* of *Castile* there to banquet came,
With him his sister that ambitious dame,
Sawges proud Dutches, knowing how long she,
By her loue sought to win my loue from me;
Fearing my absence might thy vowes acquite,
To change thy *Mary* for a *Margarite*,
When in King *Henries* tent of cloath of gold,
She often did thee in her armes enfold;
Where you were feasted more deliciously,
Then *Cleopatra* did *Marke Anthonie*,
Where sports all day did entertaine your sight,
And then in Maskes you pass'd away the night.
But thou wilt say, t'is proper vnto vs,
That we by nature all are iealous:
I must confesse tis oft found in our sex,
But who not loue, not any thing suspects:
True loue doth looke with pale suspitious eye,
Take away loue, if you take iealousie.
Turwin and *Turney* when King *Henry* tooke,
For this great change who then did euer looke?
When *Maximilian* to those warres addrest,
Ware Englands Crosse on his Imperiall breast,
And in our armie let his Eagle flie,
That view'd our Ensignes with a wondring eye.
Little thought I when *Bullen* first was won,
Wedlock should end, what angry warre begun.
From which I vow, I yet am free in thought,
But this alone by *Wolseis* wit was wrought.
To his aduice the King gaue free consent;
That will I, nill I, I must be content.
My virgins right, thy state could not aduance,

But

But now enriched with the dower of France;
Then, but poore *Suffolkes* Dutchesse had I beene,
Now, the great Dowager, the most Christian Queene.
But I perceiue where all thy griefe doth lie,
Lewes of France had my virginitie;
He had indeede, but shall I tell thee what,
Beleeue me *Brandon* he had scarsely that;
Good feeble King, he could not doe much harme,
But age must needes haue something that is warme;
Small drops (God knowes) doe quench that heatlesse (fire,
When all the strength is onely in desire.
And I could tell (if modesty might tell)
There's somewhat else that pleaseth Louers well,
To rest his cheeke, vpon my softer cheeke,
Was all he had, and more he did not seeke.
So might the little Baby clip the nurse,
And it content, she neuer a whit the worse;
Then thinke this *Brandon*, if that makes thee frowne,
For maydenhead, he on my head set a Crowne,
Who would exchange a Kingdome for a kisse?
Hard were the heart that would not yeeld him this;
And time yet halfe so swiftly doth not passe,
Not full fiue months yet elder then I was.
When thou to France conducted wast by fame,
With many Knights which from all Countries came,
Insta led at Saint *Dennis* in my throne;
Where *Lewes* held my coronation;
Where the proud Dolphin, for thy valour sake,
Chose thee at tilt his Princely part to take;
When as the staues vpon thy caske did light,
Grieued therewith, I turn'd away my sight;

And ſpake alowd, when I my ſelfe forgot,
T'is my ſweet *Charles* my *Brandon* hurt him not:
But when I fear'd the King perceiued this,
Good ſeely man, I pleas'd him with a kiſſe;
And to extoll his valiant ſonne began,
That *Europe* neuer bred a brauer man;
And when (poore King) he ſimply praiſed thee,
Of all the reſt I ask'd which thou ſhouldſt bee?
Thus I with him diſſembled for thy ſake,
Open confeſſion now amends muſt make:
Whilſt this old King vpon a pallet lies,
And onely holds a combat with mine eyes;
Mine eyes from his, by thy ſight ſtolne away,
Which might too well their Miſtres thoughts bewray.
But when I ſaw thy proud vnconquered Launce,
To beare the prize from all the flower of Fraunce,
To ſee what pleaſure did my ſoule embrace,
Might eaſily be diſcerned in my face.
Looke as the dewe vpon a damaske Roſe,
How through that liquid pearle his bluſhing ſhowes,
And when the ſoft aire breathes vpon his top,
From the ſweet leaues falls eaſily drop by drop;
Thus by my cheeke, diſtilling from mine eyes,
One teare for ioy, another roome ſupplies.
Before mine eie (like touch) thy ſhape did proue,
My eye condemn'd my too too partiall loue;
But ſince by others I the ſame doe trie,
My loue condemnes my too too partiall eie.
The pretious ſtone moſt beautifull and rare,
When with it ſelfe we onely doe compare,
We deeme all other of that kinde to be,

As

As excellent as that we onely see;
But when we iudge of that with others by,
Too credulous we doe condemne our eye,
Which then appeares more orient and more bright,
As from their dimnesse borrowing greater light.
Alanſoon, a fine timbered man, and tall,
Yet wants the ſhape thou art adorn'd withall;
Vandon good cariage, and a pleaſing eye,
Yet hath not *Suffolkes* Princely Maieſtie;
Couragious *Burbon* a ſweet manly face,
But yet he wants my *Brandons* courtly grace.
Proud *Longauile*, our Court iudg'd had no Peere,
A mã ſcarce made (was thought) whilſt thou waſt her,
Conwy Saint *Paul*, brau'ſt man at armes in *Fraunce*,
Would yeeld himſelfe a Squire to beare thy launce;
Galleas and *Bonnearme*, matchleſſe for their might,
Vnder thy towring blade haue cowch'd in fight.
If with our loue, my brother angry be,
I'le ſay to pleaſe him, I firſt fancied thee,
And but to frame my liking to his minde,
Neuer to thee had I beene halfe ſo kinde.
Worthy my loue the vulgar iudge no man,
Except a Yorkiſt, or Lancaſtrian:
Nor thinke that my affection ſhould be ſet,
But in the line of great *Plantaginet*.
I paſſe not what the idle Commons ſay,
I pray thee *Charles* make haſte and come away.
To thee what's England, if I be not there?
Or what to me is *France*, if thou not here?
Thy abſence makes me angry for a while,
But at thy preſence I muſt needſly ſmile,

When laſt of me his leaue my *Brandon* tooke,
He ſware an oath, (and made my lips the booke)
He would make haſt, which now thou doo'ſt denie:
Thou art forſworne, O wilfull periurie.
Sooner would I with greater ſinnes diſpence,
Then by intreaty pardon this offence.
But yet I thinke, if I ſhould come to ſhriue thee;
Great were the fault that I ſhould not forgiue thee;
Yet wert thou heere, I ſhould reuenged be,
But it ſhould be with too much louing thee.
I, that is all that thou ſhalt feare to taſt,
I pray thee *Brandon* come, ſweet *Charles* make haſt.

Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

The vtmoſt date expired of my ſtay,
When I for Douer did depart away.

KIng *Henry* the eight with the Queene and Nobles, in the ſixt yeare of his raigne, in the moneth of September, brought this Lady to Douer, where ſhe tooke ſhipping for France.

Thinke'ſt thou my loue was faithfull vnto thee,
When yong Caſtile *to England ſu'd for mee.*

It was agreed and concluded betwixt *Henry* the ſeuenth, and *Philip* King of Caſtile, ſonne to *Maximillian* the Emperour, that *Charles* eldeſt ſonne of the ſaide *Philip*, ſhould marrie the Ladie *Mary*, daughter to King *Henry*, when they came to age: which agreement was afterward in the eight yeare of *Henry* the eight annihilated.

When he in triumph of his victory,
Vnder a rich embroydered Canopie,
Entred proud Turnay which did trembling ſtand, &c.

Henry the 8. after the long siege of *Turnay*, which was deliuered to him vpon composition, entred the Citie in triumph, vnder a Canopie of cloth of gold, borne by foure of the chiefe and most noble Citizens; the King himselfe mounted vpon a gallant courser barbed with the Armes of England, France, and Ireland.

VVhen Charles *of Castile there to banquet came,*
VVith him his sister, that ambitious Dame.
Sauoys *proud* Dutches,

The King being at *Turney*, there came to him the Prince of *Castile*, and the Lady *Margaret* Dutches of *Sauoy* his sister, to whom King *Henry* gaue great entertainment.

Sauoys *proud Dutches, knowing how long shee*
By her loue sought to win my loue from mee.

At this time there was speech of a marriage to bee concluded, betweene *Charles Brandon* then Lord *Lisle*, and the Dutches of Sauoy, the Lord *Lisle* being highly fauored, and exceedingly beloued of the Dutches.

VVhen in King Henries *Tent of cloath of gold.*

The King caused a rich Tent of cloath of golde to be erected, where he feasted the Prince of Castile, and the Dutches, and entertained them with sumptuous maskes & banquets during their abode.

VVhen Maximillian *to those wars addrest,*
VVore Englands Crosse on his imperiall brest.

Maximillian the Emperour with all his Souldiers, which serued vnder King *Henry*, wore the Crosse of S. *George* with the Rose on their breasts.

And in our Armie let his Eagle flie.

The blacke Eagle is the badge imperiall, which here is vsed for the displaying of his ensigne or standard.

And had his pay from Henries *treasurie.*

Henry the eight, at his warres in Fraunce, retained the Emperour and all his Souldiers, in wages, which serued vnder him during those warres.

But this alone by Wolseys *wit was wrought.*

Thomas VVolsey, the Kings Almoner, then Bishop of Lincolne, a man of great authority with the King, and afterward Cardinall, was the chiefe cause that this Lady *Mary* vvas married to the olde French

French King, with whom the French had dealt vnder-hand to befriend him in that match.

When the proud Dolphin for thy valour sake,
Chose thee at tilt his Princely part to take.

Francis Duke of Valoyes, and Dolphin of France, at the mariage of the Lady *Mary*, in honour therof proclaimed a Iusts, where he chose the Duke of Suffolke, and the Marques *Dorset* for his aides, at all martiall exercises.

Galeas *and* Bounarme, *matchlesse for their might.*

This Countie *Galeas* at the Iusts ranne a course with a speare, which was at the head fiue inches square on euery side, and at the But nine inches square, whereby hee shewed his wondrous force and strength. This *Bounarme* a Gentleman of France, at the same time came into the field armed at all points with tenne Speares about him: in each stirrop three, vnder each thigh one, one vnder his left arme, & one in his hand, and putting his horse to the Careere, neuer stopped him till he had broken euery staffe. *Hall.*

Charles Brandon, *Duke of Suffolke, to* Mary *the French Queene.*

BVt that thy faith commands me to forbeare,
The fault thine owne, if I impatient were;
Were my dispatch such as should be my speede,
I should want time thy louing lines to reade,
Here in the Court, Camelion-like I fare,
And as that creature, onely feede on ayre,
All day I waite, and all the night I watch,
And starue mine eares to heare of my dispatch;
If *Douer* were th' *Abydos* of my rest,

Or pleasant *Callice* were my *Maries Ceft*,
Thou shouldʼst not need, faire Queene to blame me so,
Did not the distance to desire say no:
No tedious night from trauell should be free,
Till through the waues, with swimming vnto thee,
A snowy path I made vnto thy Bay,
So bright as is that Nectar-stained way.
The restlesse Sunne by trauelling doth weare,
Passing his course to finish vp the yeare.
But Paris lockes my loue within the maine,
And London yet thy *Brandon* doth detaine,
Of thy firme loue thou putʼst me still in minde,
But of my faith, not one word can I finde.
When *Longauile* to *Mary* was affied,
And thou by him was made King *Lewes* bride,
How oft I wishʼd that thou a prize mightʼst bee,
That I in armes might combate him for thee,
And in the madnesse of my loue distraught,
A thousand times his murther haue fore-thought;
But that thʼall-seeing powers which sit aboue,
Regard not mad mens oaths, nor faults in loue,
And haue confirmʼd it by the graunt of heauen,
That louers sinnes on earth should be forgiuen;
For neuer man is halfe so much distressʼd,
As he that loues to see his loue possessʼd
Comming to *Richmond* after thy depart,
(*Richmond* where firstl thou stolʼst away my heart)
Me thought it lookʼd not as it did of late,
But wanting thee, forlorne and desolate,
In whose faire walkes thou often hast beene seene,
To sport with *Katharine*, *Henries* beauteous Queene,

Asto-

Aſtoniſhing ſad Winter with thy ſight,
As for thy ſake, the day hath put backe night;
That the ſmall birds, as in the pleaſant ſpring,
Forgot themſelues, and haue begun to ſing:
So oft I goe by *Thames*, ſo oft returne,
Me thinks for thee the riuer yet doth mourne,
Whom I haue ſeene to let his ſtreame at large,
Which like a hand-maid waited on thy Barge;
And if thou hap'ſt againſt the flood to row,
Which way it eb'd, it preſently would flow,
Weeping in drops vpon thy labouring oares,
For ioy that it had got thee from the ſhoares.
The Swans with muſicke that the Roothers make,
Ruffing their plumes come gliding on the lake,
As the fleete Dolphins by *Arions* ſtrings,
Were brought to land with their ſweet rauiſhings;
The flocks and heards that paſture neere the flood,
To gaze vpon thee, haue forborne their food,
And ſate downe ſadly mourning by the brim,
That they by nature were not made to ſwim,
When as the Poſt to Englands royall Court,
Of thy hard paſſage brought the true report,
How in a ſtorme thy well rig'd ſhips were toſt,
And thou thy ſelfe in danger to be loſt,
I knew twas *Venus* loath'd that aged bed,
Where beauty ſo ſhould be diſhonoured;
Or fear'd the Sea-Nymphs haunting of the lake,
If thou but ſeene, their Goddeſſe ſhould forſake.
And whirling round her Doue-drawne Coach about,
To view the Nauy now in lanching out,
Her ayrie mantle looſely doth vnbinde,

Which fanning forth a rougher gale of winde,
Wafted thy sailes with speede vnto the land,
And runnes thy ship on *Bullins* harboring strand.
How should I ioy of thy arriue to heare?
But as a poore sea-faring passenger,
After long trauaile, tempest-torne and wrack'd,
By some vnpitying Pirat that is sack'd;
Heares the false robber that hath stolne his wealth,
Landed in some safe harbour, and in health,
Inrich'd with the inualuable store,
For which he long hath trauailed before.
When thou to *Abuile* held'st th'appointed day,
We heard how *Lewes* met thee on the way;
Where thou in glittering Tissue strangely dight,
Appear'dst vnto him like the Queene of light,
In cloth of siluer all thy virgin traine,
In beauty sumptuous as the Northerne waine;
And thou alone the formost glorious star,
Which lead'st the teame of that great *Wagoner*.
What could thy thought be, but as I doe thinke,
When thine eyes tasted what mine eares did drinke?
A cripple King laid bed-rid long before,
Yet at thy comming crep'd out of the doore,
T'was well he rid, he had no legs to goe,
But this thy beauty forc'd his body to;
For whom a cullice had more fitter beene,
Then in a golden bed a gallant Queene.
To vse thy beauty as the miser gold,
Which hoards it vp but onely to behold,
Still looking on it with a iealous eye,
Fearing to lend, yet louing vsurie;

O Sacriledge (if beauty be diuine)
The prophane hand should touch the hallowed shrine.
To surfet sicknesse on the sound mans diet,
To rob content, yet still to liue vnquiet;
And hauing all, to be of all beguil'd,
And yet still longing like a little child.
When Marques *Dorset* and the valiant *Graies*,
To purchase fame first cros'd the narrow Seas,
With all the Knights that my associates went,
In honour of thy nuptiall turnament;
Think'st thou I ioy'd not in thy beauties pride,
When thou in triumph did'st through Paris ride?
Where all the streetes as thou did'st pace along,
With Arras, Bisse, and Tapestry were hung;
Ten thousand gallant Citizens prepar'd,
In rich attire thy Princely selfe to guard;
Next them, three thousand choise religious men,
In golden vestments followed on agen;
And in procession as they came along,
With *Hymeneus* sang thy marriage song.
Then fiue great Dukes as did their places fall,
To each of these, a Princely Cardinall,
Then thou on thy imperiall Chariot set,
Crown'd with a rich imperled Coronet,
Whil'st the Parisian dames, as thy traine past,
Their pretious Incense in abundance cast.
As *Cinthia* from the waue-embattel'd shrowds,
Opening the West, comes streaming through the clowds,
With shining troupes of siluer-tressed stars,
Attending on her as her torch-bearers,
And all the lesser lights about her throne,

With admiration ſtaud as lookers on;
Whil'ſt ſhe alone in height of all her pride,
The Queene of light, along her ſpheare doth glide,
When on the tilt my horſe like thunder came,
No other ſignall had I but thy name;
Thy voyce my trumpet, and my guide thine eyes,
And but thy beauty, I eſteem'd no prize.
That large-lim'd *Almaine* of the Giants race,
Which bare ſtrength on his breaſt, feare in his face,
Whoſe ſinewed armes, with his ſteele-temper'd blade,
Through plate and male ſuch open paſſage made,
Vpon whoſe might the French-mens glory lay,
And all the hope of that victorious day;
Thou ſaw'ſt thy *Brandon* beat him on his knee,
Offring his ſhield a conquered ſpoile to thee.
But thou wilt ſay perhaps I vainely boaſt,
And tell thee that which thou already know'ſt.
No, ſacred Queene my valour I denie,
It was thy beauty, not my chiualrie;
One of thy treſſed curles which falling downe,
As loath to be impriſoned in thy crowne,
I ſaw the ſoft ayre ſportiuely to take it,
To diuers ſhapes and ſundry formes to make it,
Now parting it to foure, to three, to twaine,
Now twiſting it, and then vntwiſt againe;
Then make the threds to dally with thine eye,
A ſunnie candle for a golden flie.
At length from thence one little teare it got,
Which falling downe as though a ſtarre had ſhot,
My vp-turn'd eye purſues it with my ſight,
The which againe redoubleth all my might.

'Tis but in vaine of my descent to boast,
When heauens lampe shines, all other lights be lost,
Faulcons gaze not, the Eagle sitting by,
Whose brood suruaies the Sunne with open eye;
Else might my blood finde issue from his force,
In Bosworth plaine beate *Richard* from his horse,
Whose puissant armes, great *Richmond* chose to weild,
His glorious colours in that conquering field;
And with his sword in his deere Soueraignes fight,
To his last breath, stood fast in *Henries* right;
Then beauteous Empresse, thinke this safe delay,
Shall be the Euen to a ioyfull day;
Fore-sight doth still on all aduantage lie,
Wise-men must giue place to necessitie;
To put backe ill, our good we must forbeare,
Better first feare, then after still to feare.
Twere ouer-sight in that at which we aime,
To put the hazard on an after-game;
With patience then let vs our hopes attend,
And till I come, receiue these lines I send.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

When Longauile *to* Mary *was affi'd.*

THe Duke of Longauile, which was prisoner in England vpon the peace to be concluded betweene England and Fraunce, was deliuered, and married the Princesse *Mary*, for *Lewes* the French King his Master.

How in a storme thy well rigg'd ships were tost,
And thou, &c.

As the Queene sailed for France, a mighty storme arose at sea, so that the Nauy was in great danger, and was seuered, some driuen vpon the coast of Flanders, some one Britaine: the shippe wherein

wherein the Queene was, was driuen into the Hauen at Bullen with very great danger.

VVhen thou to Abuile, held'st th' appointed day.

King *Lewes* met her by *Abuile*, [neere to the Forrest of *Ardan*, and brought her into *Abuile* with great solemnity.

Appear'dst vnto him like the Queene of light.

Expressing the sumptuous attire of the Queene & her train, attended by the chiefe of the Nobility of England, with 36. Ladies, all in cloath of siluer, their horse trapped with crimson veluet.

A cripple King laid bed-rid long before.

King *Lewes* was a man of great yeeres, troubled much with the gowt, so that he had long time before little vse of his legs.

VVhen Marques Dorset, *and the valiant* Graies.

The Duke of Suffolke when the proclamation came into England, of Iusts to be holden in France at Paris, he for the Queenes sake his Mistris, obtained of the King to goe thither: with whom went the Marques *Dorset* and his foure brothers, the Lord *Clinton*, Sir *Edward Neuell*, Sir *Giles Capell*, *Thomas Cheyney*, which went all ouer with the Duke as his assistants.

VVhen thou in triumph did'st through Paris ride.

A true description of the Queenes entring into Paris, after her coronation performed at S. *Dennis*.

Then fiue great Dukes as did their places fall.

The Dukes of Alanson, Burbon, Vandome, Longauile, Suffolke, with fiue Cardinals.

That large-lim'd Almaine of the Giants race.

Francis Valoys, the Dolphin of France, enuying the glory that the Englishmen had obtained at the Tilt, brought in an Almaine secretly, a man thought almost of incomparable strength, which encountred *Charles Brandon* at the Barriers, but the Duke grapling with him, so beate him about the head with the pummell of his sword, that the blood came out of the sight of his Caske.

Else might my blood finde issue from his force,
In Bosworth, &c.

Sir *VVilliam Brandon* Standard-bearer to the Earle of Richmond, (after *Henry* the 7.) at Bosworth field, a braue and gallant Gentleman, who was slaine by *Richard* there; this was father to this *Charles Brandon* Duke of Suffolke.

FINIS.

To my moſt deere friend Maſter *Henry Lucas*, ſonne to *Edward Lucas* Eſquire.

SIR, to none haue I beene more beholding, then to your kinde Parents, farre (I muſt truly confeſſe) aboue the meaſure of my deſerts. Many there be in England, of whom for ſome particularity I might iuſtly chalenge greater merit, had I not beene borne in ſo euill an houre, as to be poiſoned with that gall of ingratitude: to your ſelfe am I ingaged for many more courteſies then I imagined could euer haue beene found in one of your few yeares: nothing doe I more deſire, then that thoſe hopes of your toward and vertuous youth, may proue ſo ripe in the fruit, as they are faire in the bloome. Long may you liue to their comfort that loue you moſt, and may I euer wiſh you the encreaſe of all good fortunes.

Yours euer,

Michael Drayton.

Henry Howard Earle of Surrey to *Geraldine.*

The Argvment.

Henry Howard, *that true noble Earle of* Surrey, *and excellent Poet, falling in loue with* Geraldine, *descended of the noble family of the* Fitzgeralds *of Ireland, a faire and modest Lady, and one of the honourable maides to Queene* Katharine Dowager: *eternizeth her praises in many excellent Poems, of rare and sundry inuention: and after some fewe yeares being determined to see that famous* Italy, *the source &* Helicon *of all excellent Arts; first visiteth that renowned* Florence, *from Whence the* Geraldi *challenge their descent from the antient family of the* Geraldi; *there in honour of his Mistresse hee aduanceth her picture, and challengeth to maintaine her beauty by deedes of Armes, against all that durst appeare in the lists; where after the proofe of his braue and incomparable valour, whose arme crowned her beauty with eternall memory, he writeth this Epistle to his dearest Mistresse.*

FRom learned *Florence* (long time rich in fame)
From whence thy race, thy noble Grandsires came,
To famous England, that kinde Nurse of mine,
Thy *Surrey* sends to heauenly *Geraldine*;
Yet let not *Thuscan* thinke I doe her wrong,

That

That I from thence write in my natiue tongue,
That in these harsh-tun'd cadences I sing,
Sitting so neare the Muses sacred spring;
But rather thinke her selfe adorn'd thereby,
That England reades the praise of Italy.
Though to the *Thuscans*, I the smoothnesse grant,
Our dialect no Maiestie doth want,
To set thy praises in as high a key,
As *France*, or *Spaine*, or *Germanie*, or they.
That day I quit the Fore-land of faire Kent,
And that my ship her course for Flanders bent,
Yet thinke I with how many a heaue looke,
My leaue of England and of thee I tooke,
And did intreat the tide (if it might be)
But to conuey me one sigh backe to thee,
Vp to the decke a billow lightly skips,
Taking my sigh, and downe againe it slips;
Into the gulfe it selfe, it headlong throwes,
And as a Post to England-ward it goes.
As I sit wondring how the rough seas stird,
I might farre off perceiue a little bird,
Which as she faine from shore to shore would flie,
Had lost her selfe in the broad vastie skie,
Her feeble wing beginning to deceiue her,
The seas of life still gaping to bereaue her;
Vnto the ship she makes which she discouers,
And there (poore foole) a while for refuge houers,
And when at length her flagging pinion failes
Panting she hangs vpon the ratling sailes,
And being forc'd to loose her hold with paine
Yet beaten off, she straight lights on againe,

And

And tos'd with flawes, with stormes, with winde, with
Yet stil departing thence, stil turneth thether: (weathe
Now with the poope, now with the prow doth beare
Now on this side, now that, now here, now there,
Me thinks these stormes should be my sad depart,
The silly helpless bird is my poore hart,
The ship, to which for succour it repaires,
That is your selfe regardless of my cares.
Of euery surge doth fall, or waue doth rise,
To some one thing I sit and moralize.
When for thy loue I left the *Belgick* shore,
Diuine *Erasmus*, and our famous *Moore*,
Whose happy presence gaue me such delight,
As made a minute of a Winters night;
With whom a while I staid at *Roterdame*,
Now so renowned by *Erasmus* name.
Yet euery houre did seeme a world of time,
Till I had scene that soule-reuiuing clime,
And thought the foggy *Netherlands* vnfit,
A watry soyle to clogge a fiery wit;
And as that wealthy *Germany* I past,
Comming vnto the Emperours Court at last,
Great learn'd *Agrippa*, so profound in Art,
Who the infernall secrets doth impart,
When of thy health I did desire to know,
Me in a glasse my *Geraldine* did shew,
Sicke in thy bed, and for thou could'st not sleepe,
By a waxe Taper set thy light to keepe;
I doe remember thou did'st reade that Ode,
Sent backe whil'st I in *Thanet* made abode,
Where as thou cam'st vnto the word of loue,

Euen in thine eies I saw how passion stroue;
That snowy lawne which couered thy bed,
Me thought look'd white, to see thy cheeke so red,
Thy rosie cheeke oft changing in my sight,
Yet still was red, to see the lawne so white;
The little Taper which should giue thee light,
Me thought wax'd dim, to see thy eie so bright;
Thine eie againe supplies the Tapers turne,
And with his beames more brightly makes it burne,
The shrugging ayre about thy Temples hurles,
And wraps thy breath in little clowded curles,
And as it doth ascend, it strait doth ceaze it,
And as it sinkes, it presently doth raise it;
Canst thou by sickneſſe banish beauty so?
Which if put from thee knowes not where to goe,
To make her shift, and for her succour seeke,
To euery riuel'd face, each bankrupt cheeke,
If health preseru'd, thou beauty still doo'st cherish,
If that neglected, beauty soone doth perish.
Care drawes on care, woe comforts woe againe,
Sorrow breeds sorrow, one griefe brings forth twaine,
If liue or die, as thou doo'st, so doe I,
If liue, I liue, and if thou die, I die,
One heart, one loue, one ioy, one griefe, one troth,
One good, one ill, one life, one death to both.
If *Howards* blood, thou hold'st as but too vile,
Or not esteem'st of *Norfolkes* Princely stile,
If *Scotlands* coate no marke of fame can lend,
That Lion plac'd in our bright siluer bend,
Which as a Trophy beautifies our shield,
Since Scottish bloud discoloured *Floden* field;

When

When the proud *Cheuiot* our braue Enſigne bare,
As a rich iewell in a Ladies haire,
And did faire *Bramſtons* neighbouring vallies choke;
With clouds of Canons, fire-diſgorged ſmoke,
Or *Surreys* Earledome inſufficient be,
And not a dower ſo well contenting thee;
Yet am I one of great *Apollos* heires,
The ſacred Muſes challenge me for theirs.
By Princes, my immortall lines are ſong,
My flowing verſes grac'd with euery tong;
The little children when they learne to go,
By painfull mothers daded to and fro,
Are taught my ſugred numbers to rehearſe,
And haue their ſweet lips ſeaſon'd with my verſe:
When heauen would ſtriue to doe the beſt it can,
And put an Angels ſpirit into a man,
The vtmoſt power in that great worke doth ſpend,
When to the world a Poet it doth intend,
That little diffrence twixt the Gods and vs,
(By them confirm'd) diſtinguiſh'd onely thus;
Whom they in birth, ordaine to happy dayes,
The Gods commit their glory to our praiſe,
To eternall life when they diſſolue their breath,
We likewiſe ſhare a ſecond power by death:
When time ſhall turne thoſe Amber lockes to gray,
My verſe againe ſhall guild and make them gay,
And tricke them vp in knotted curles anew,
And in the Autumne giue a Summers hew;
That ſacred power, that in my Inke remaines,
Shall put freſh bloud into thy wither'd vaines,
And on thy red decay'd, thy whiteneſſe dead,

Shall set a white, more white, a red, more red;
When thy dim sight thy glasse cannot descry,
Thy crazed mirrour nor discerne thine eye;
My verse to tell th'one what the other was,
Shall represent them both, thine eye and glasse,
Where both thy mirrour and thine eye shall see,
What once thou saw'st in that, that saw in thee,
And to them both shall tell the simple truth,
What that in pureneſſe was, what thou in youth.
If *Florence* once should lose her olde renowne,
As famous *Athens*, now a fither towne,
My lines for thee a *Florence* shall erect,
Which great *Apollo* euer shall protect,
And with the numbers from my pen that falls,
Bring Marble mines to re-erect those walls;
Nor beauteous *Stanhope*, whom all tongues report,
To be the glory of the English Court,
Shall by our Nation be so much admir'd,
If euer *Surrey* truly were inspir'd.
And famous *Wyat*, who in numbers sings,
To that enchanting *Thracian* harpers strings,
To whom *Phœbus* (the Poets God) did drinke,
A bowle of Nectar fill'd vnto the brinke;
And sweet-tongu'd *Bryan*, (whom the Muses kept,
And in his cradle rockt him whilst he slept,)
In sacred verses (so diuinely pend)
Vpon thy praises euer shall attend.
What time I came vnto this famous towne,
And made the cause of my arriuall knowne,
Great *Medices* a list (for triumphs) built,
Within the which, vpon a tree of guilt,

(With thouſand ſundry rare deuiſes ſet,)
I did erect thy louely counterfet,
To anſwere thoſe Italian dames deſire,
Which daily came thy beauty to admire.
By which my Lion in his gaping iawes,
Holdeth my launce, and in his dreadfull pawes,
Reacheth my gauntlet vnto him that dare
A beauty with my *Geraldines* compare.
Which when each manly valiant arme aſſaies,
After ſo many braue triumphant daies,
The glorious prize vpon my launce I bare,
By Heralds voyce proclaim'd to be thy ſhare;
The ſhiuered ſtaues here for thy beauty broke,
With fierce encounters paſt at euery ſhocke,
When ſtormy courſes anſwered cuffe for cuffe,
Denting proud Beuers with the counter-buffe,
Vpon an Altar burnt with holy flame,
And ſacrific'd as Incenſe to thy fame.
Where, as the *Phœnix* from her ſpiced fume,
Renues her ſelfe in that ſhe doth conſume;
So from theſe ſacred aſhes liue we both,
Euen as that one *Arabian* wonder doth.
When to my chamber I my ſelfe retire,
Burnt with the ſparks that kindled all this fire,
Thinking of England which my hope containes,
The happy Ile where *Geraldine* remaines,
Of *Hunſdon*, where thoſe ſweet celeſtiall eyne,
At firſt did pierce this tender breaſt of mine;
Of *Hampton* Court, and *Windſor*, where abound
All pleaſures that in Paradiſe were found;
Neere that faire Caſtle is a little Groue,

With hanging rockes all couered from aboue,
Which on the banke of louely *Thames* doth ſtand,
Clipt by the water from the other land,
Whoſe buſhy top doth bid the Sun forbeare,
And checks thoſe proud beams that would enter there,
Whoſe leaues ſtill muttering as the ayre doth breath,
With the ſweet bubling of the ſtreame beneath,
Doth rocke the ſenſes (whilſt the ſmall birds ſing,)
Lulled aſleepe with gentle murmuring;
Where light-foote Fairies ſport at priſon baſe,
No doubt there is ſome power frequents the place;
There the ſoft Poplar and ſmooth Beech do beare,
Our names together carued euery where,
And Gordian knots do curiouſly entwine
The names of *Henry* and of *Geraldine*.
O let this Groue in happy times to come,
Be call'd, *The Louers bleſs'd Elizium*,
Whither my Miſtris wonted to reſort,
In Sommers heate in pleaſant ſhades to ſport,
A thouſand ſundry names I haue it giuen,
And call'd it wonder-hider, Couer-heauen,
The roofe where beauty her rich Court doth keepe,
Vnder whoſe compaſſe all the Starres doe ſleepe.
There is one tree which now I call to minde,
Doth beare theſe verſes carued in his rinde:
When Geraldine *ſhall ſit in thy faire ſhade,*
Fanne her ſweet treſſes with perfumed aire,
Let thy large boughs a Canopie be made,
To keepe the Sunne from gazing on my faire,
And when thy ſpredding branched armes be ſuncke,
And thou no ſap nor pith ſhalt more retaine,

Eu'n from the duſt of thy vnweldy Truncke,
I will renue thee Phœnix-like againe,
And from thy dry decayed roote will bring,
A new-borne Stem, another Æſons ſpring.
I finde no cauſe, nor iudge I reaſon why
My Country ſhould giue place to *Lombardie*,
As goodly flowers on *Thameſis* doe growe,
As beautifie the bankes of wanton *Po*;
As many Nymphs as haunt rich *Arnus* ſtrand,
By ſiluer *Sabrine* tripping hand in hand;
Our ſhades as ſweet, though not to vs ſo deere,
Becauſe the Sunne hath greater power heere.
This diſtant place doth giue me greater woe,
Farre off, my ſighes the farther haue to goe,
Ah abſence! why thus ſhouldſt thou ſeeme ſo long?
Or wherefore ſhould'ſt thou offer Time ſuch wrong?
Sommer ſo ſoone, ſhould ſteale on Winters colde,
Or Winters blaſts, ſo ſoone make Sommer olde?
Loue did vs both with one ſelfe arrow ſtrike,
Our wounds both one, our cure ſhould be the like,
Except thou haſt found out ſome meane by Art,
Some powerfull med'cine to withdraw the dart;
But mine is fixt, and abſents phyſicke proued,
It ſtickes too faſt, it cannot be remoued.
Adiew, adiew, from *Florence* when I goe,
By my next letters *Geraldine* ſhall know,
Which if good fortune ſhall my courſe direct,
From *Venice* by ſome meſſenger expect,
Till when, I leaue thee to thy hearts deſire,
By him that liues thy vertues to admire.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

From learned Florence, *long time rich in fame.*

Florence a Citie of *Thuscan*, standing vpon the Riuer *Arnus*, (celebrated by *Dante*, *Petrarch*, and other the most noble wits of Italy) was the originall of the family, out of which this *Geraldine* did spring, as Ireland the place of her birth, which is intimated by these verses of the Earle of Surrey.

From Thuscan *came my Ladies worthy race,*
Faire Florence *was sometime her ancient seate,*
The VVesterne Ile, whose pleasant shore doth face
VVilde Cambers cliffes, did giue her liuely heate.
Great learn'd Agrippa, *so profound in Art.*

Cornelius Agrippa, a man in his time so famous for Magicke (which the Books published by him, concerning that argument, so partly proue) as in this place needs no further remembrance. Howbeit, as those abstruse and gloomy Arts are but illusions: so is the honour of so rare a Gentleman as this Earle, (and therewithall so noble a Poet) (a quality, by which his other titles receaue their greatest lustre) inuention may make somwhat more bold with *Agrippa* aboue the barren truth.

That Lion set in our bright siluer bend.

The blazon of the *Howards* honorable armour, was *Gules* betweene six crosselets *Fitchy a bend Argent*, to which afterwards was added by atchieuement, *In the Canton point of the bend an escutcheon*, or *within the Scottish tresure, a Demi-lion-rampant Gules*, &c. as Master *Camden* now *Clerenceaux* from authority noteth. Neuer shall time nor bitter enuie be able to obscure the brightnesse of so great a victory as that, for which this addition was obtained. The Historian of Scotland *George Buchanan* reporteth, that the Earle of Surrey gaue for his badge a *Siluer Lion*, (which from antiquity belonged to that name) tearing in pieces *A Lion prostrate vnder*; and withall, that this which he termes insolence, was published in him and his posterity, as if it were fatall to the Con-

querour, to doe his Soueraigne such loyall seruice as a thousand such seuere censurers were neuer able to performe.

Since Scottish blood discoloured Floden field.

The battell was fought at *Bramston* neere *Floden* hill, being a part of the *Cheuiot*, a mountaine that exceedeth all the mountaines in the North of England for bigneſſe, in which the wilfull periurie of *Iames* the fifth was punished from heauen by the Earle of *Surrey*, being left by king *Henry* the eight (then in *France* before *Turwin*) for the defence of his Realme.

Nor beauteous Stanhope, *whom all tongues report*
To be the glory, &c.

Of the beauty of that Lady, he himselfe testifies in an Elegie which he writ of her, refusing to daunce with him, which he seemeth to allegorize vnder a Lion and a Wolfe. And of himselfe he saith:

A Lion saw I late, as white as any snow.

And of her:

I might perceiue a VVolfe as white as VVhales bone,
A fairer beast, of fresher hue, beheld I neuer none,
But that her lookes were coy, and froward was her grace.
And famous Wyat *who in numbers sings.*

Sir *Thomas VVyat* the elder, a most excellent Poet, as his Poems extant doe witnesse, besides certaine Encomions written by the Earle of Surrey, vpon some of *Dauids* Psalmes, by him translated.

VVhat holy graue, what worthy Sepulchre,
To Wyats *Psalmes shall Christians purchase then.*

And afterward vpon his death the said Earle writeth thus:

VVhat vertues rare were tempered in thy breast?
Honour that England such a iewell bred,
And kisse the ground whereas thy corpes did rest.
At Hunsdon, *where those sweet celestiall eyne.*

It is manifest by a Sonnet written by this noble Earle, that the first time he beheld his Lady was at *Hunsdon*.

Hunsdon *did first present her to mine eyne.*

Which Sonnet being altogether a description of his loue, doe alleadge in diuers places of this gloſſe, as proofes of what I write.

Of Hampton *Court, and* Windsor, *where abound*
All pleasures, &c.

That he enioyed the presence of his faire and vertuous Mistris, in those two places, by reason of Queene *Katharines* vsuall aboad there, (on whom this Lady *Geraldine* was attending) I proue by these verses of his:

Hampton *me taught to wish her first for mine,*
Windsor *alas doth chase me from her sight.*

And in another Sonnet following:

When Windsor *walls sustain'd my wearied arme,*
My hand, my chin, to ease my restlesse head.

And that his delight might draw him to compare *Windsor* to Paradise, an Elegy may proue, where he remembreth his passed pleasures in that place.

With a Kings sonne my childish yeares I past'd,
In greater feasts then Priams *sonne of Troy.*

And againe in the same Elegie:

Those large greene Courts where we were wont to roue,
With eyes cast vp vnto the maidens Tower,
With easie sighs, such as men draw in loue.

And againe in the same:

The stately seates, the Ladies bright of hue,
The dances short, long tales, of sweet delight.

And for the pleasantnes of the place, these verses of his may testifie in the same Elegie before recited.

The secret Groues which we haue made resound,
With siluer drops the Meads yet spread for ruth.

As goodly flowers from Thamesis *do grow, &c.*

I had thought in this place not to haue spoken of Thames, being so oft remembred by me before, in sundry other places on this occasion: but thinking of that excellent Epigram, which as I iudge, either to be done by the said Earle, or Sir *Francis Brian:* for the worthinesse thereof I will here insert, which, as it seemes to me, was compyled at the Authors being in *Spaine.*

Tagus *farewell, which VVestward with thy streames,*
Turn'st vp the graines of gold already tride,
For I with spur and saile goe seeke the Thames,
Against the Sunne that shewes his wealthy pride;
And to the towne that Brutus *sought by dreames,*
Like bended Moone that leaues his lusty side,
To seeke my Country now, for whom I liue,
O mighty Ioue, *for this the windes me giue.*

FINIS.

Geraldine to *Henry Howard* *Earle of Surrey.*

SVch greeting as the Noble *Surrey* sends,
The same to thee thy *Geraldine* commends;
A maydens thoughts do check my trembling hand,
On other termes, or complements to stand,
Which (might my speech be as my heart affords)
Should come attired in far richer words;
But all is one, my faith as firme shall proue,
As hers that makes the greatest shew of loue.
In *Cupids* Schoole I neuer read those bookes,
Whose lectures oft we practise in our lookes,
Nor euer did suspitions riuall eye,
Yet lie in waite my fauours to espie,
My virgine thoughts are innocent and meeke,
As the chaste blushes sitting on my cheeke:

As in a feauer I doe ſhiuer yet,
Since firſt my pen was to the paper ſet.
If I doe erre, you know my ſexe is weake,
Feare proues a fault, where maids are forc'd to ſpeake;
Doe I not ill? ah ſooth me not herein,
O, if I doe, reproue me of my ſin,
Chide me in faith, or if my fault you hide,
My tongue will teach my ſelfe, my ſelfe to chide.
Nay Noble *Surrey*, blot it if thou wilt,
Then too much boldneſſe ſhould returne my guilt;
For that ſhould be euen from our ſelues conceal'd,
Which is diſclos'd, if to our thoughts reueal'd,
For the leaſt motion, more the ſmalleſt breath,
That may impeach our modeſtie, is death;
The Page that brought thy letters to my hand,
(Me thinks) ſhould meruaile at my ſtrange demand,
For till he bluſh'd, I did not yet eſpie,
The nakednеſſe of my immodeſtie,
Which in my face he greater might haue ſeene,
But that my fanne I quickly put betweene;
Yet ſcarcely that my inward guilt could hide,
Feare ſeeing all, feares it of all eſpi'd.
Like to a taper lately burning bright,
Now wanting matter to maintaine his light.
The blaze aſcending forced by the ſmoke,
Liuing by that which ſeekes the ſame to choke;
The flame ſtill hanging in the ayre, doth burne,
Vntill drawne downe, it backe againe returne.
Then cleare, then dim, then ſpreadeth, & then cloſeth,
Now getteth ſtrength, and now his brightneſſe loſeth,
As well the beſt diſcerning eye may doubt,

Whether

Whether it yet be in, or whether out:
Thus in my cheeke my ſundry paſſions ſhew'd,
Now aſhy pale, and now againe it glow'd;
If in your verſe there be a power to moue,
It's you alone, who are the cauſe I loue,
It's you bewitch my boſome by mine eare,
Vnto that end I did not place you there.
Ayres to aſſwage the blody Souldiers minde,
Poore women, we are naturally kinde.
Perhaps you'le thinke that I theſe termes enforce,
For that in Court this kindneſſe is of courſe,
Or that it is that hony-ſteeped gall,
We oft are ſaid to bait our loues with all,
That in one eye we carry ſtrong deſire,
The other drops, which quickly quench that fire;
Ah, what ſo falſe can Enuie ſpeake of vs,
But ſhall finde ſome too vainely credulous?
I doe not ſo, and to adde proofe thereto,
I loue in faith, in faith ſweet Lord I do;
Nor let the enuie of enuenom'd tongues,
Which ſtill is grounded on poore Ladies wrongs,
Thy noble breaſt diſaſterly poſſeſſe,
By any doubt to make my loue the leſſe:
My houſe from *Florence* I doe not pretend,
Nor from *Giraldi* claime I to deſcend,
Nor hold thoſe honours inſufficient are,
That I receaue from *Deſmond* or *Kildare*;
Nor adde I greater worth vnto my blood,
Then Iriſh milke to giue me infant food,
Nor better ayre will euer boaſt to breath,
Then that of *Lenſter*, *Munſter*, or of *Meath*,

Nor

Nor craue I other forraine farre allies,
Then *Windſor* or *Fitz-geralds* families.
It is enough to leaue vnto my heires,
If they but pleaſe t'acknowledge me for theirs.
To what place euer did the Court remoue,
But that the houſe giues matter to my loue?
At *Windſor* ſtill I ſee thee ſit and walke,
There mount thy Courſer, there deuiſe, there talke:
The robes, the Garter, and the ſtate of Kings,
Into my thoughts thy hoped greatneſſe brings;
None-ſuch, the name imports (me thinks) ſo much,
None ſuch as it, nor as my Lord, none ſuch,
In *Hamptons* great magnificence I finde,
The liuely image of thy Princely minde;
Faire *Richmonds* Towers like goodly pillars ſtand,
Rear'd by the power of thy victorious hand;
White-halls triumphing galleries are yet
Adorn'd with rich deuiſes of thy wit,
In *Greenewich* yet as in a glaſſe I view,
Where laſt thou badſt thy *Geraldine* adiew:
With euery little gentle breath that blowes,
How are my thoughts confus'd with ioyes and woes,
As through a gate, ſo through my longing eares,
Paſſe to my heart whole multitudes of feares;
O in a map that I might ſee thee ſhow,
The place where now in danger thou dooſt goe!
Whilſt we diſcourſe to trauaile with our eye,
Romania, *Tuſcaine*, and faire *Lumbardy*,
Or with thy pen exactly to ſet downe,
The modell of that Temple, or that Towne,
And to relate at large where thou haſt beene,

And there, and there, and what thou there hast seene,
Or to describe by figure of thy hand,
There *Naples* lies, and there doth *Florence* stand;
Or as the Grecians finger dip'd in wine,
Drawing a Riuer in a little line,
And with a drop, a gulfe to figure out,
To modell *Venice* moted round about;
Then adding more, to counterfet a Sea,
And draw the front of stately *Genoa*.
These from thy lips were like harmonious tones,
Which now do sound like *Mandrakes* dreadfull grones.
Some trauell hence t'enrich their mindes with skill,
Leaue here their good, and bring home others ill:
Which seeme to like all Countries but their owne,
Affecting most where they the least are knowne.
Their leg, their thigh, their back, their neck, their head,
As they had beene in seuerall Countries bred;
In their attire, their gesture, and their gate,
Fond in each one, in all Italionate.
So well in all deformity in fashion,
Borrowing a limbe of euery seuerall Nation,
And nothing more then England hold in scorne,
So liue as strangers whereas they were borne.
But thy returne in this I doe not reade,
Thou art a perfect Gentleman indeede;
O God forbid that *Howards* Noble line,
From ancient vertue should so farre decline,
The Muses traine (whereof your selfe are chiefe)
Onely with me participate their griefe:
To sooth their humors, I doe lend them eares,
He giues a Poet, that his verses heares,

Till

Till thy returne, by hope they onely liue;
Yet had they all, they all away would giue:
The world and they, ſo ill according be,
That wealth and Poets neuer can agree.
Few liue in Court that of their good haue care,
The Muſes friends are euery where ſo rare;
Some praiſe thy worth (that it did neuer know,)
Onely becauſe the better ſort doe ſo,
Whoſe iudgement neuer further doth extend,
Then it doth pleaſe the greateſt to commend;
So great an ill vpon deſert doth chance,
When it doth paſſe by beaſtly ignorance.
Why art thou ſlacke, whilſt no man puts his hand
To raiſe the mount where *Surreys* towers muſt ſtand?
Or who the ground-ſill of that worke doth lay
Whilſt like a wandrer thou abroad dooſt ſtray?
Clip'd in the armes of ſome laſciuious dame,
When thou ſhouldſt reare an *Ilion* to thy name.
When ſhall the Muſes by faire *Norwich* dwell,
To be the Citie of the learned Well?
Or *Phœbus* Altars there with Incenſe heap'd,
As once in *Cyrrha*, or in *Thebe* kept?
Or when ſhall that faire hoofe-plowd ſpring diſtill
From great mount *Surrey*, out of *Leonards* hill?
Till thou returne, the Court I will exchange
For ſome poore Cottage, or ſome Country Grange,
Where to our Diſtaues as we ſit and ſpin,
My maide and I will tell of things haue bin,
Our Lutes vnſtrung ſhall hang vpon the wall,
Our leſſons ſerue to wrap our Towe withall,
And paſſe the night, whiles Winter tales we tell,

Of

Of many things that long agoe befell;
Or tune such homely Carrols as were sung
In Country sports when we our selues were yong.
In pretty Riddles to bewray our loues,
In questions, purpose, or in drawing Gloues.
The noblest spirits to vertue most inclin'd,
These here in Court thy greatest want doe find.
Other there be, on which we feede our eye,
Like Arras worke, or such like Imagerie;
Many of vs desire Queene *Katherines* state,
But very few her vertues imitate;
Then, as *Vlysses* wife write I to thee,
Make no reply, but come thy selfe to mee.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

Then Windsor, *or* Fitz-geralds *families.*

THE cost of many Kings, which from time to time haue adorned the Castle at Windsor with their Princely magnificence, hath made it more noble, then that it need to be spoken of now, as though obscure; and I hold it more meete to referre you to our vulgar monuments for the founders and finishers thereof, then to meddle with matter nothing neere the purpose. As for the family of the *Fitz-geralds*, of whence this excellent Lady was lineally descended, the originall was English, though the branches did spread themselues into distant places, and names nothing consonant, as in former times it was vsuall to denominate themselues of their Manours or Fore-names: as may partly appeare in that which ensueth, the light whereof proceeded from my learned and very worthy friend, Maister *Francis Thinne*. *Walter* of Windsor the sonne of *Otenus*, had to issue *William*, of whom *Henry* now Lord Windsor is descended, and *Robert* of Windsor,

Windſor, of whom *Robert* the now Earle of Eſſex, and *Gerald* of Windſor his third ſonne, who married the daughter of *Rees* the great Prince of Wales, of whom came *Neſta*, paramour to *Henry* the firſt. Which *Gerald* had iſſue *Maurice Fitz-gerald*, auncestor to *Thomas Fitz maurice*, Iuſtice of Ireland buried at *Tray'y*; leauing iſſue *Iohn* his eldeſt ſonne, firſt Earle of Kildare, auncestor to *Geraldine*, & *Maurice* his ſecond ſonne, firſt Earle of *Deſmond*.

To raiſe the Mount where Surreys *Towers muſt ſtand.*

Alluding to the ſumptuous houſe which was afterward buil-ded by him vpon Leonards hill right againſt Norwich, which in the rebellion of Norfolk vnder *Ket*, in King *Edward* the 6. time, was much defaced by that impure rabble. Betwixt the hill and the Citie, as *Alexander Neuell* deſcribes it, the riuer of Yarmouth runnes, hauing Weſt and South thereof a Wood, and a little Village called *Thorpe*, and on the North, the paſtures of *Mouſhold*, which containes about ſixe miles in length and breadth. So that beſides the ſtately greatnes of *Mount-Surrey*, which was the houſes name, the proſpect and ſite thereof was paſſing plea-ſant and commodious; and no where elſe did that encreaſing euill of the Norfolke fury enkenell it ſelfe then but there, as it were for a manifeſt token of their intent, to debaſe all high things, and to prophane all holy.

Like Arras worke, or other imagerie.

Such was he whom *Iuuenal* taxeth in this manner:

——*truncoque ſimillimus Hermæ*
Nullo quippe alio vincis diſcrimine, quam quod
Illi marmoreum caput eſt, tua viua imago.

Being to be borne for nothing elſe but apparell, and the out-ward appearance, intituled Complement, with whom the ridi-culous fable of the Ape in *Eſope* ſorteth fitly, who comming into a Caruers houſe, and viewing many Marble works, tooke vp the head of a man very cunningly wrought, who greatly in prayſing did ſeeme to pitie it, that hauing ſo comely an outſide it had no-thing within; like empty figures walke and talke in euery place, at whom the noble *Geraldine* modeſtly glanceth.

FINIS.

To

To the vertuous Lady, the Lady *Francis Goodere*, wife to Sir *Henry Goodere*, Knight.

MY very gracious and good Mistris, the loue and duety I bare vnto your father whilst he liued, now after his decease is to you hereditarie; to whom by the blessing of your birth he left his vertues. Who bequeathed you those which were his, gaue you whatsoeuer good is mine, as denoted to his, he being gone, whom I honoured so much whilest he liued; which you may iustly chalenge by all lawes of thankefulnesse. My selfe hauing beene a witnesse of your excellent education, and milde disposition (as I may say) euer from your Cradle, dedicate this Epistle of this vertuous and godly Lady to your selfe; so like her in all perfection, both of wisedome and learning, which I pray you accept, till time shall enable me to leaue you some greater monument of my loue.

Michael Drayton.

The Lady Jane Gray to the Lord Gilford Dudley.

THE ARGVMENT.

After the death of that vertuous young Prince King Edward *the sixt, the sonne of that famous King* Henry *the eight,* Iane *the daughter of* Henry Gray, *Duke of Suffolke, by the consent of* Iohn Dudley *Duke of Northumberland, was proclaimed Queene of England, beeing married to* Gilford Dudley, *the fourth sonne of the foresaid Duke of Northumberland; which match was concluded by their ambitious fathers, who went about by this meanes, to bring the Crowne vnto their children, and to dispossesse the Princesse* Mary, *eldest daughter to King* Henry *the eight, heere to King* Edward *her brother. Queene* Mary *rising in Armes to claime her rightfull Crowne, taketh the saide* Iane Gray *and the Lord* Gilford *her husband, beeing lodged in the Tower for their more safety, which place being lastly their Palace, by this meanes became their prison, where being severed in sundry prisons, they write these Epistles one to another.*

MIne own deere Lord, sith thou art lock'd frō mee,
In this disguise my loue must steale to thee,
Since to renue all loues, all kindnesse past,
This refuge scarsely left, yet this the last.

My Keeper comming, I of thee enquire,
Who with thy greeting anſweres my deſire,
Which my tongue willing to returne againe,
Griefe ſtops my words, and I but ſtriue in vaine;
Wherewith amaz'd, away in haſt he goes,
When through my lips my heart thruſts forth my woes;
But then the dores that make a dolefull ſound,
Driue back my words that in the noyſe are drown'd,
Which ſomewhat huſh'd, the Eccho doth record,
And twice or thrice reiterates my word;
When like an aduerſe winde in *Iſis* courſe,
Againſt the tide bending his boiſtrous force;
But when the floud hath wrought it ſelfe about,
He following on, doth head-long thruſt it out;
Thus ſtriue my ſighes with teares e're they begin,
And breaking out, againe ſighes driue them in.
A thouſand formes preſent my troubled thought,
Yet proue abortiue e're they forth are brought,
The depth of woe with words we hardly ſound,
Sorrow is ſo inſenſibly profound:
As teares doe fall and riſe, ſighes come and goe,
So doe theſe numbers ebbe, ſo doe they flow.
Theſe briny teares doe make my incke looke pale,
My incke clothes teares in this ſad mourning vale,
The letters mourners, weepe with my dim eye,
The paper pale, grieu'd at my miſerie.
Yet miſerable our ſelues why ſhould we deeme,
Sith none are ſo, but in their owne eſteeme?
Who in diſtreſſe from reſolution flies,
Is rightly ſaid, to yeeld to miſeries;
They which begot vs, did beget this ſin,

They first begun, what did our griefe begin,
We tasted not, t'was they which did rebell,
(Not our offence) but in their fall we fell;
They which a crowne would to my Lord haue linck'd
All hope of life and liberty extinct;
A subiect borne, a Soueraigne to haue beene,
Hath made me now, nor subiect, nor a Queene.
Ah vile ambition, how doost thou deceiue vs,
Which shew'st vs heau'n, and yet in hell dost leaue vs?
Seldome vntouch'd doth innocence escape,
When errour commeth in good counsailes shape,
A lawfull title counterchecks proud might,
The weakest things become strong props to right.
Then my deere Lord, although affliction grieue vs,
Yet let our spotlesse innocence relieue vs,
Death but an acted passion doth appeare,
Where truth giues courage, and the conscience cleare;
And let thy comfort thus consist in mine,
That I beare part of whatsoe're is thine;
As when we liu'd vntouch'd with these disgraces,
When as our kingdome was our deere embraces;
At *Durham* Palace, where sweet *Hymen* sang,
Whose buildings with our nuptiall musicke rang:
When *Prothalamions* prais'd that happy day,
Wherein great *Dudley* match'd with noble *Gray*,
When they deuis'd to lincke by wedlocks band,
The house of *Suffolke* to *Northumberland*;
Our fatall Dukedome to your Dukedome bound,
To frame this building on so weake a ground.
For what auailes a lawlesse vsurpation,
Which giues a Scepter, but not rules a Nation?

Onely the ſurfet of a vaine opinion,
What giues content, giues what exceedes dominion.
When firſt mine eares were pierced with the fame
Of *Iane* proclaimed by a Princeſſe name,
A ſuddaine fright my trembling heart appals,
The feare of conſcience entreth iron wals.
Thrice happy for our fathers had it beene,
If what we fear'd they wiſely had fore-ſeene,
And kept a meane gate in an humble path,
To haue eſcap'd the heauens impetuous wrath:
The true-bred Eagle ſtrongly beares the winde,
And not each bird that's nere vnto their kinde,
And like a King, doth from the clouds command,
The fearefull fowle that moue but neere the land.
Though *Mary* be from mighty Kings deſcended,
My bloud not from *Plantaginet* pretended;
My Grandſire *Brandon* did our houſe aduance,
By Princely *Mary*, Dowager of France;
The fruit of that faire ſtock which did combine,
And Yorks ſweet branch with Lancaſters entwine;
And in one ſtalke did happily vnite,
The pure vermilion Roſe, and purer white;
I the vntimely ſlip of that rich ſtem,
Whoſe golden bud brings forth a Diadem.
But oh forgiue me Lord, it is not I,
Nor doe I boaſt of this, but learne to die.
Whilſt we were as our ſelues conioyned then,
Nature to nature, now an alien.
The pureſt blood, polluted is in blood,
Neereneſſe contemn'd, if Soueraignty withſtood;
A Diadem once dazeling the eye,

The day too darke to see affinitie;
And where the arme is stretch'd to reach a Crowne,
Friendship is broke, the deerest thing throwne downe;
For what great *Henry* most stroue to auoide,
The heauens haue built, where earth would haue de-
And seating *Edward* on his regall throne (stroide,
He giues to *Mary*, all that was his owne,
By death assuring what by life is theirs,
The lawfull claime of *Henries* lawfull heires.
By mortall lawes the bond may be diuorc'd,
But heauens decree by no meanes can be forc'd:
That rules the case, when men haue all decreed,
Who tooke him hence foresaw who should succeed,
For we in vaine rely on humane lawes,
When heauen stands forth to plead the righteous cause,
Thus rule the heauens in their continuall course,
That yeelds to Fate, that doth not yeeld to force.
Mans wit doth build for time but to deuoure,
But vertue's free from time and fortunes powre.
Then my kinde Lord, sweet *Gilford* be not grieu'd,
The soule is heauenly, and from heauen relieu'd;
And as we once haue plighted troth together,
Now let vs make exchange of mindes to either;
To thy faire breast take my resolued minde,
Arm'd against blacke despaire, and all her kinde,
And to my bosome breathe that soule of thine,
There to be made as perfect as is mine;
So shall our faith as firmely be approued,
As I of thee, or thou of me beloued.
This life no life, wert thou not deere to mee,
Nor this no death, were I not woe for thee.

Thou my deere husband, and my Lord before,
But truly learne to die, thou ſhalt be more.
Now liue by prayer, on heauen fixe all thy thought,
And ſurely finde, what e're by zeale is ſought;
For each good motion that the ſoule awakes,
A heauenly figure ſees, from whence it takes
That ſweet reſemblance, which by power of kinde,
Formes (like it ſelfe) an image in the minde,
And in our faith the operations bee,
Of that diuineneſſe which through that we ſee;
Which neuer erres, but accidentally,
By our fraile fleſhes imbecillity;
By each temptation ouer-apt to ſlide,
Except our ſpirit becomes our bodies guide;
For as theſe Towers our bodies doe encloſe,
Their priſons, ſo vnto our ſoules ſuppoſe,
Our bodies, ſtopping that celeſtiall light,
As theſe doe hinder our exterior ſight;
Whereon death ſeaſing, doth diſcharge the debt,
And vs at bleſſed liberty doth ſet.
Then draw thy forces all vnto thy heart,
The ſtrongeſt fortreſſe of this earthly part,
And on theſe three let thy aſſurance lie,
On faith, repentance, and humilitie;
By which to heauen aſcending by degrees,
Perſiſt in prayer vpon your bended knees;
Whereon if you aſſuredly be ſtai'd,
You neede in perill not to be diſmai'd,
Which ſtill ſhall keepe you that you ſhall not fall,
For any perill that you can appall;
The key of heauen thus with you, you ſhall beare,

And

And grace you guiding, get you entrance there,
And you of thoſe celeſtiall ioyes poſſeſſe,
Which mortall tongue's vnable to expreſſe.
Then thanke the heauen, preparing vs this roome,
Crowning our heads with glorious martyrdome,
Before the black and diſmall daies beginne,
The daies of all idolatry and ſinne,
Not ſuffering vs to ſee that wicked age,
When perſecution vehemently ſhall rage,
When tyrannie new tortures ſhall inuent,
Inflicting vengeance on the innocent.
Yet heauen forbids, that *Maries* wombe ſhall bring
Englands faire Scepter to a forraigne King;
But vnto faire *Elizabeth* ſhall leaue it,
Which broken, hurt, and wounded ſhall receiue it;
And on her temples hauing plac'd the Crowne,
Roote out the dregs Idolatry hath ſowne;
And *Sions* glory ſhall againe reſtore,
Laid ruine, waſte, and deſolate before;
And from black ſinders, and rude heapes of ſtones,
Shall gather vp the Martyrs ſacred bones,
And ſhall extirpe the power of Rome againe,
And caſt aſide the heauie yoke of Spaine.
Farewell ſweet *Gilford*, know our end is neere,
Heauen is our home, we are but ſtrangers heere.
Let vs make haſte to goe vnto the bleſt,
Which from theſe weary worldly labours reſt:
And with theſe lines my deareſt Lord I greete thee,
Vntill in heauen thy *Iane* againe ſhall meete thee.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

They which begot vs did beget this fame.

SHewing the ambition of the two Dukes their Fathers, whose pride was the cause of the vtter ouerthrow of their children.

At Durham *Pallace where sweet* Hymen *sang,*
The buildings, &c.

The Lord *Gilford Dudley*, fourth sonne to *Iohn Dudley* Duke of Northumberland, married the Lady *Iane Gray*, daughter to the Duke of Suffolke at Durham house in the Strand.

When first mine eares were pierced w th the fame,
Of Iane *proclaimed by a Princesse name.*

Presently vpon the death of King *Edward*, the Lady *Iane* was taken as Queene, conuayed by water to the Tower of London for her safety, & after proclaimed in diuers parts of the realme, as so ordained by King *Edwards* Letters patents, and his will.

My Grandsire Brandon *did our house aduance,*
By Princely Mary, *Dowager of France.*

Henry Gray, Duke of Suffolke, married *Francis* the eldest daughter of *Charles Brandon* Duke of Suffolke, by the French Queene, by which *Francis* hee had this Lady *Iane*: this *Mary* the French Queene, was daughter to King *Henry* the seuenth, by *Elizabeth* his Queene, which happy marriage conioyned the two noble families of Lancaster and Yorke.

For what great Henry *most shroue to auoide.*

Noting the distrust that King *Henry* the eight euer had in the Princesse *Mary* his daughter, fearing she should alter the state of Religion in the land, by matching with a stranger, confessing the right that King *Henries* issue had to the Crowne.

And vnto faire Elizabeth *shall leaue it.*

A prophecie of Queene *Maries* barrennesse, and of the happy and glorious raigne of Queene *Elizabeth*, her restoring of Religion, the abolishing of the Romish seruitude, and casting aside the yoke of Spaine.

Gilford

Gilford Dudley to Iane Gray.

AS the Swan ſinging at his dying howre,
So I reply from my impris'ning Towre:
O could there be that powre but in my verſe,
T'expreſſe the griefe my wounded heart doth pierce!
The very walls that ſtraightly thee encloſe,
Would ſurely weepe at reading of my woes;
Let your eyes lend, Ile pay you euery teare,
And giue you int'reſt, if you doe forbeare,
Drop for a drop, and if you'll needes haue lone,
I will repay you frankly, two for one.
Perhaps you'll thinke (your ſorrowes to appeaſe)
That words of comfort fitter were then theſe:
True, and in you when ſuch perfection liueth,
As in moſt griefe moſt comfort alwaies giueth:
But thinke not (*Iane*) that cowardly I faint,
To begge mans mercy by my ſad complaint,
That death ſo much my courage can controule,
At the departing of my liuing ſoule.
For if one life a thouſand liues could bee,
All thoſe too few to conſummate with thee,
When thou this croſſe ſo patiently dooſt beare,
As if thou wert incapable of feare,
And dooſt no more this diſſolution flie,
Then if long age conſtrained thee to die:

Yet

Yet it is ſtrange thou art become my foe
And onely now add'ſt moſt vnto my woe
Not that I loathe that moſt did me delight
But that ſo long depriued of thy ſight
For when I ſpeake and would complaine my wrong
Straightwaies thy name poſſeſſeth all my tong,
As thou before me euermore didſt ly
The preſent obiect to my longing eie.
No ominous ſtarre did at thy birth-tide ſhine
That might of thy ſad deſtiny diuine;
Tis onely I that did thy fall perſwade,
And thou by me a ſacrifice art made,
As in thoſe countries where the louing wiues
With their kind husbands end their happy liues,
And crown'd with garlands in their Brides attire,
Burne with his body in the funerall fire;
And ſhe the worthieſt reckned is of all,
Whom leaſt the perill ſeemeth to appall.
I boaſt not of *Northumberlands* great name,
Nor of *Ket* conquered, adding to our fame,
When he to *Norfolke* with his armies ſped,
And thence in chaines the rebels captiue led,
And brought ſafe peace returning to our dores,
Yet ſpred his glory on the Eaſterne ſhores;
Nor of my brothers, from whoſe naturall grace,
Vertue may ſpring to beautifie our Race;
Nor of *Grayes* match my children borne by thee,
Of the great bloud indoubtedly to bee;
But of thy vertue onely doe I boaſt,
That wherein I may iuſtly glory moſt:
I crau'd no Kingdomes though I thee did craue,

might ſuffice thy onely ſelfe to haue;
Yet let me ſay how euer it befell,
Me thinks a Crowne ſhould haue become thee well:
For ſure thy wiſedome merited (or none)
To haue beene heard with wonder from a throne.
When from thy lips the counſell to each deede,
Doth as from ſome wiſe Oracle proceede,
And more eſteem'd thy vertues were to mee,
Then all that elſe might euer come by thee;
So chaſte thy loue, ſo innocent thy life,
As being a virgine when thou wert a wife,
So great a gift the heauen on me beſtow'd,
As giuing that, it nothing could haue ow'd;
Such was the good I did poſſeſſe of late,
Ere worldly care diſturb'd our quiet ſtate,
Ere trouble did in euery place abound,
And angry warre our former peace did wound.
This is all that ambition vs affords,
One Crowne is guarded with a thouſand ſwords,
To meane eſtates, meane ſorrowes are but ſhowne,
But crowns haue cares whoſe workings be vnknowne.
When *Dudley* led his Armies to the Eaſt,
Of our whole forces generally poſſeſt,
What then was thought his enterpriſe could let,
Whom a graue counſell freely did abet,
That had the iudgement of the powerfull lawes,
In euery point to iuſtifie the cauſe?
The holy Church a helping hand that layde,
Who would haue thought that theſe could not haue
But what alas can Parlaments auaile, (ſwayde?
Where *Maries* right muſt *Edwards* Acts repeale?

When

When *Suffolkes* power doth *Suffolkes* hopes withstand
Northumberland doth leaue *Northumberland*;
And they that should our greatnes vndergoe,
Vs, and our actions onely ouerthrow,
Ere greatnes gain'd we giue it all our hart,
But being once come, could wish it would depart,
And indiscreetly follow that so fast,
Which ouertaken punisheth our hast;
If any one doe pitty our offence,
Let him be sure that he be farre from hence:
Heere is no place for any one that shall
So much as (once) commiserate our fall:
And we of mercie vainly should but thinke,
Our timelesse teares th'insatiate earth doth drinke.
All lamentations vtterly forlorne,
Dying before they fully can be borne.
Mothers that should their wofull children rue,
Fathers in death to kindly bid adue,
Friends their deare farwell louingly to take,
The faithfull seruant weeping for our sake;
Brothers and sisters waiting on our beere,
Mourners to tell what we were liuing heere:
But we (alas) depriued are of all,
So fatall is our miserable fall,
And where at first for safety we were shut
Now in darke prison wofully are put,
And from the height of our ambitious state,
Lie to repent our arrogance too late.
To thy perswasion thus I then reply,
Hould on thy course resolued still to die,
And when we shall so happily be gone,

Leaue it to heauen to giue the rightfull throne,
And with that health regreet I thee againe,
Which I of late did gladly entertaine.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

Nor of Ket *conquered adding to our fame.*

Iohn Duke of Northumberland, when before he was Earle of Warwicke, in his expedition against *Ket*, ouerthrew the rebels of Norfolke and Suffolke, encamped at Mount-Surrey in Norfolke.

Nor of my brothers from whose naturall grace.

Gilford Dudley as remembring in this place the towardnesse of his brothers, which were all likely indeed to haue raised that house of the *Dudleys*, of which hee was a fourth brother, if not suppressed by their fathers ouerthrow.

Nor of Grayes *match my children borne by thee.*

Noting in this place the alliance of the Lady *Iane Gray*, by her mother, which was *Francis* the daughter of *Charles Brandon*, by *Mary* the French Queene, daughter to *Henry* the seuenth, and sister to *Henry* the eight.

To haue beene heard with wonder from a throne.

Seldome hath it euer beene knowne of any woman endued with such wonderfull gifts, as was this Lady, both for her wisedome and learning, of whose skill in the tongues one reporteth by this Epigram

Miraris Ianam Graio *sermone valere?*
Quo primùm nata est tempore Graia *fuit.*

When Dudley *led his Armies to the East.*

The Duke of Northumberland prepared his power at London for his expedition against the Rebels in Norfolke, and making haste away, appointed the rest of his forces to meete him at New-

New-market Heath: of whom this saying is reported, that passing through Shoreditch, the Lord *Gray* in his company, seeing the people in great numbers came to see him, he said; the people presse to see vs, but none bid God speed vs.

VVhom a graue Counsell freely did abet.

John Dudley Duke of Northumberland, when hee went out against Queene *Mary*, had his commission sealed for the generalship of the Army, by the consent of the whole Counsell of the land: insomuch that passing through the Counsell chamber at his departure, the Earle of *Arundell* wished that hee might haue gone with him in that expedition, and to spend his blood in the quarrell.

VVhen Suffolks power doth Suffolks *hopes withstand,*
Northumberland doth leaue Northumberland.

The Suffolke men were the first that euer resorted to Queene *Mary* in her distresse, repairing to her succours, whilst sheemained both at Keningall, and at Fermingham Castell, still increasing her aydes, vntill the Duke of Northumberland was forsaken at Cambridge.

FINIS.

THE worlds faire Roſe, and *Henries* froſty fire,
Iohns tyrannie, and chaſte *Matilda's* wrong,
Th'inraged Queene, and furious *Mortimer*,
The ſcourge of France, and his chaſte loue I ſung,
Depoſed *Richard*, *Iſabel* exil'd,
The gallant *Tudor*, and faire *Katherine*,
Duke *Humfrey*, and olde *Cobhams* hapleſſe child,
Couragious *Pole*, and that braue ſpiritfull Queene,
Edward and the delicious London Dame,
Brandon, and that rich Dowager of France,
Surrey, with his faire Paragon of fame,
Dudleys miſhap, and vertuous *Grayes* miſchance;
Their ſeuerall loues ſince I before haue ſhowne,
Now giue me leaue, at laſt to ſing mine owne.

SONNET 1.

INto these loues who but for passion lookes,
At this first sight, heere let him lay them by,
And seeke else where in turning other bookes,
Which better may his labour satisfie,
No far-fetch'd sigh shall euer wound my breast,
Loue from mine eye, a teare shall neuer wring,
Nor in ah-mees my whyning Sonnets drest,
(A Libertine) fantastickly I sing;
My verse is the true image of my mind,
Euer in motion, still desiring change,
To choice of all varietie inclin'd,
And in all humours sportiuely I range,
My actiue Muse is of the worlds right straine,
That cannot long one fashion entertaine.

The second to the Reader.

SONNET 2.

MAny there be excelling in this kind,
Whose wel-trick'd rimes with all inuentiō swel;
Let each commend as best shall like his mind,
Some *Sidney*, *Constable*, some *Daniell*.
That thus their names familiarly I sing,
Let none thinke them disparaged to be,
Poore men with reuerence may speake of a king,
And so may these be spoken of by me;
My wanton verse nere keepes one certaine stay,
But now, at hand; then, seekes inuention far,
And with each little motion runnes astray,
Wylde, madding, iocund, and irregular;
Like me that lust, my honest merry rimes,
Nor care for Criticke, nor regard the times.

SONNE

IDEA.

SONNET. 1.

THine eies taught me the Alphabet of loue,
To kon my cros-row ere I learn'd to ſpell,
For I was apt, a Scholler like to proue,
Gaue mee ſweete lookes when as I learned well,
Vowes were my vowels, when I then begun
At my firſt leſſon in thy ſacred name,
My conſonants the next when I had done,
Words conſonant, and ſounding to thy fame!
My liquids then, were liquid cryſtall teares,
My cares, my mutes, ſo mute to craue reliefe,
My dolefull dipthongs were my lifes deſpaires,
Redoubling ſighs the Accents of my griefe;
My Loues Schoole-miſtris now hath taught me ſo,
That I can reade a ſtorie of my woe.

SONNET. 2.

MY heart was slaine, and none but you and I,
Who should I think the murther should commit
Since but your selfe there was no creature by
But only I, guiltlesse of murthering it.
It slew it selfe; the verdict on the view
Doe quit the dead, and me not accessary;
Well, well, I feare it will be proou'd by you,
The euidence so great a proofe doth carry.
But O, see, see, we need enquire no further
Vpon your lips the scarlet drops are found,
And in your eye, the boy that did the murther,
Your cheekes yet pale since first they gaue the wound
By this, I see, how euer things be past:
Yet heauen will still haue murther out at last.

SONNET. 3.

TAking my penne, with words to cast my woes,
Duely to count the summe of all my cares,
I finde, my griefe innumerable growes,
The reck'nings rise to millions of despaires,
And thus diuiding of my fatall houres,
The payments of my loue I reade, and crosse,
Substracting, set my sweets vnto my sowers,
My ioyes arrerage leades me to my losse;
And thus mine eyes a debtour to thine eye,
Which by extortion gaineth all their lookes,
My heart hath payd such grieuous vsurie,
That all his wealth lies in thy beauties bookes
And all is thine which hath beene due to me,
And I a Bankrupt, quite vndone by thee.

SON

SONNET. 4.

BEautie ſometime in all her glorie crowned,
Paſſing by that cleare fountaine of thine eye,
Her ſun-ſhine face there chauncing to eſpie,
Forgot her ſelfe, deeming ſhee had bin drowned;
And thus whileſt beautie, on her ſhadowe gazed,
Who then (yet liuing) thought ſhe had beene dying,
And yet in death ſome hope of life eſpying,
With her owne rare perfections ſo amazed,
Twixt ioy and griefe: yet with a ſmiling frowning,
The glorious Sun-beames of her eyes bright ſhining,
And ſhe on her owne deſtinie diuining,
Caſt in her ſelfe, to ſaue her ſelfe by drowning;
The well of Nectar, pau'de with Pearle and gold,
Where ſhe remaines for all eyes to behold.

SONNET. 5.

NOthing but no and I: and I and no,
How fals it out ſo ſtrangely you reply?
I tell ye (Faire) ile not be aunſwered ſo,
With this affirming no, denying I;
I ſay I loue, you ſlightly aunſwere I,
I ſay you loue, you peule me out a no
I ſay I die, you Eccho me with I,
Saue me I cry, you ſigh me out a no:
Muſt woe and I, haue naught but no and I,
No I am I, if I no more can haue;
Aunſwere no more, with ſilence make reply,
And let me take my ſelfe what I do craue;
Let no and I, with I and you be ſo,
Then aunſwere no and I, and I, and no.

SONNET. 6.

LOue once would daunce within my Miſtreſſe eye,
And wanting muſique fitting for the place,
Swore that I ſhould the inſtrument ſupply,
And ſodainely preſents me with her face;
Straitwaies my pulſe playghs liuely in my vaines,
My ſhort-fetchd breath doth keepe a meaner time
My quau'ring artires be the tenours ſtraines,
My trembling ſinewes ſerue the counterchime,
My hollow ſighes the deepeſt baſe doe beare,
True diapaſon in diſtincted ſound;
My panting hart the trebble makes the aire,
And deskants finelie on the muſikes ground;
Thus like a Lute or Viall did I lie,
Whilſt he proud ſlaue daunc'd galliards in her eye.

SONNET. 7.

LOue in an humor plaid the prodigall,
And bad my ſenſes to a ſolemne feaſt,
Yet more to grace the companie withall,
Inuites my heart to be the chiefeſt gueſt;
No other drinke would ſerue this gluttons turne,
But pretious teares diſtilling from mine eine,
Which with my ſighs this Epicure doth burne,
Quaffing carowſes in this coſtly wine
Where, in his cups o'recome with foule exceſſe,
Beginnes to play a ſwaggering ruffians part,
And at the banquet, in his drunkenneſſe
Slew my deere friend his kinde and trueſt hart;
A gentle warning friends thus may you ſee,
What tis to keepe a drunkard companie.

SON.

To the Meone.

SONET. 8.

PHabe looke downe, and heere behold in me,
The elements within thy ſphere incloſed,
How kindely Nature plac'd them vnder thee,
And in my world ſee how they are diſpoſed;
My hope is earth, the loweſt, cold and dry,
The groſſer mother of deepe melancholie,
Water my teares, cold with humidity,
Wan flegmatike, inclind, by Nature wholy;
My ſighes, the ayre, hote, moiſt, aſcending higher,
Subtile of ſanguine, dy'de in my hearts dolor,
My thoughts, they be the element of fier,
Hote, dry, and peircing, ſtill inclind to choler,
Thine eye the Orbe vpon all theſe, from whence,
Proceedes th' effects of powerfull influence.

To Lunacie.

SONNET. 9.

AS other men, ſo I my ſelfe do muſe,
Why in this ſorte I wreſt inuention ſo,
And why theſe giddy metaphors I vſe,
Leauing the path the greater part do goe;
I will reſolue you; I am lunaticke,
And euer this in mad-men you ſhall finde,
What they laſt thought, or when the braine grew ſicke,
In moſt diſtraction keepe that ſtill in minde.
Thus talking idly in this bedlam fit,
Reaſon and I (you muſt conceiue) are twaine,
Tis nine yeares now ſince firſt I loſt my wit,
Beare with me then, though troubled be my braine;
With diet and correction, men diſtraught,
(Not too farre paſt) may to their wits be brought.

SON-

SONNET. 10.

TO nothing fitter can I thee compare,
Then to the ſonne of ſome rich penny-father,
Who hauing now brought on his end with care,
Leaues to his ſonne all he had heap'd together;
This new rich nouice, lauiſh of his cheſt,
To one man giues, and on an other ſpends,
Then heere he riots, yet amongſt the reſt,
Haps to lend ſome to one true honeſt friend.
Thy gifts thou in obſcuritie doeſt waſt
False friends thy kindnes, borne but to deceiue thee;
Thy loue, that is on the vnworthy plac'd,
Time hath thy beautie, which with age will leaue thee;
Onely that little which to me was lent,
I giue thee backe, when al the reſt is ſpent.

SONNET. 11.

YOu not alone, when you are ſtill alone,
O God from you that I could priuate be,
Since you one were, I neuer ſince was one,
Since you in me, my ſelfe ſince out of me,
Tranſported from my ſelfe into your being,
Though either diſtant, preſent yet to either,
Senſeleſſe with too much ioy each other ſeeing,
And onely abſent when we are together.
Giue me my ſelfe, and take your ſelfe againe,
Deuiſe ſome meanes but how I may forſake you,
So much is mine that doth with you remaine,
That taking what is mine, with me I take you;
You doe bewitch me, O that I could flie,
From my ſelfe you, or from your owne ſelfe I.

To

SONNET 12.

THat learned father, which so firmely prou'de
The Soule of man immortall and diuine,
And doth the seuerall offices define:
Anima Giues her that name as she the body moues,
Amor Then is she loue imbracing Charitie,
Animus Mouing a will in vs, it is the minde,
Mens Retaining knowledge, still the same in kind;
Memoria As intellectuall it is the memory,
Ratio In iudging, Reason onely is her name,
Sensus In speedy apprehension it is sense,
Conscientia In right or wronge, they call her conscience
Spiritus The spirit, when it to Godward doth inflame.
These of the soule the seuerall functions be,
Which my hearte lightned by thy loue doth see.

To the Shadow.

SONNET 13.

LEtters and lines we see are defaced,
Mettalls do wast, and fret with cankers rust,
The Diamond shall once consume to dust;
And freshest colours with fowle staines disgraced,
Paper and incke, can paint but naked words,
To write with blood, of force offends the sight,
And if with teares, I finde them all, too light,
And sighes and signes a silly hope affords.
O sweetest shadow, how thou seru'st my turne,
Which still shalt bee, as long as there is sunne,
Nor whilst the world is, neuer shall be done,
Whilst Moone shall shine, or any fire shall burne;
That euery thing whence shadow doth proceede,
May in his shadow, my loues story reade.

SONNET. 14.

IF he from heauen that filch'd that liuing fire,
Condemn'd by *Ioue* to endleſſe torment be,
I greatly meruaile how you ſtill go free,
That farre beyond *Promethеus* did aſpire;
The fire he ſtole, although of heauenly kinde,
Which from aboue he craftily did take,
Of liueleſſe clods vs liuing men to make,
Againe beſtow'd in temper of the minde.
But you broke into heauens immortall ſtore,
Where vertue, honour, wit, and beautie lay,
Which taking thence, you haue eſcap'd away,
Yet ſtand as free as e're you did before;
Yet old *Prometheus* punniſh'd for his rape,
Thus poore theeues ſuffer, when the greater ſcape.

SONNET. 15.

VIewing the glaſſe of my youthes miſeries,
I ſee the face of my deformed cares,
With withered browes, all wrinckled with deſpaires,
That for times loſſe the teares fall from mine eyes,
Then in theſe teares, the mirrors of theſe eyes,
Thy faireſt youth and beauty do I ſee,
Imprinted there by looking ſtill on thee;
Thus midſt my woes, ten thouſand ioyes ariſe,
Yet in theſe ioyes the ſhadowes of my good,
In this faire limmed ground as white as ſnow,
Painted the blackeſt image of my woe,
With murthering hands imbru'd in mine owne blood,
And in this image his darke cloudy eyes,
My life, and loue, I here anatomize.

SON-

SONNET 16.

VVIthin the compaſſe of this ſpatious round,
Amongſt all birds the Phœnix is alone,
Which but by you could neuer haue beene knowne;
None like to that, none like to you is found;
Heape your owne vertues ſeaſoned by their ſunne,
On heauenly top of your diuine deſire;
Then with your beauty ſet the ſame on fire,
So by your death, your life ſhall be begunne.
Your ſelfe thus burned in this ſacred flame,
With your owne ſweetneſſe all the heauens perfuming,
Who ſtill encreaſing as you are conſuming,
Shall ſpring againe from th'aſhes of your fame,
And mounting vp ſhall to the heauens aſcend,
So may you liue, paſt world, paſt fame, paſt end.

To Time.

SONNET. 17.

STay, ſtay, ſweete Time, behold or e're thou paſſe,
From world to world, thou long haſt ſought to ſee
That wonder now wherein all wonders bee,
Where heauen beholds her in a mortall glaſſe:
Nay, looke thee Time in this celeſtiall glaſſe,
And thy youth paſt in this faire Mirrour ſee,
The firſt worlds beauty in the infancie,
What it was then, or thou before it was.
Now paſſe on Time, to after-worlds tell this:
(And yet ſhalt tell) but truely what hath beene,
That they may ſay, what former time hath ſeene,
And heauen may ioy to thinke on paſt worlds bliſ:
Here make a period Time, and ſay for me,
She was, whoſe like againe ſhall neuer be.

SONNET 18.

VNto the world, to learning, and to heauen,
Three nines there are, to euery one a nine,
One number of the earth, the other both diuine,
One woman now makes three odde numbers euen:
Nine orders first of Angels be in heauen,
Nine Muses doe with learning still frequent,
These with the Gods are euer resident;
Nine worthy ones vnto the world were giuen:
My worthy one to these nine Worthies addeth,
And my faire Muse, one Muse vnto the nine,
And my good Angell (in my soule diuine)
With one more order, these nine orders gladdeth:
My Muse, my Worthy, and my Angel then,
Makes euery one of these three nines a ten.

To Humour.

SONNET 19.

YOu cannot loue my prety heart, and why?
There was a time you told me that you would,
But now againe you will the same denie,
If it might please you, would to God you could;
What will you hate: nay that you will not neither,
Nor loue, nor hate, how then? what will you doe;
What will you keepe a meane then betwixt either?
Or will you loue me, and yet hate me too?
Yet serues not this, what next, what other shift?
You will, and will not, what a coyle is here?
I see your craft, now I perceiue your drift,
And all this while I was mistaken there:
Your loue and hate is this, I now doe proue you,
You loue in hate, by hate to make me loue you.

SON-

SONNET 20.

AN euill ſpirit your beauty haunts me ſtill,
Wherewith (alas) I haue beene long poſſeſt,
Which ceaſeth not to tempt me vnto ill,
Nor giues me once but one poore minutes reſt:
In me it ſpeakes whether I ſleepe or wake,
And when by meanes to driue it out I try,
With greater torments then it me doth take,
And tortures me in moſt extreamity;
Before my face, it laies all my deſpaires,
And haſts me on vnto a ſuddaine death;
Now tempting me to drowne my ſelfe in teares,
And then in ſighing to giue vp my breath;
Thus am I ſtill prouok'd to euery euill,
By this good wicked ſpirit, ſweete Angel diuell.

To the Spheares.

SONNET 21.

THou which doſt guide this little world of loue,
Thy planets manſions here thou maiſt behold,
In brow the ſpheare where *Saturne* ſtill doth moue,
Wrinckled with cares, age-with'red, drie, and cold;
Mine eyes the Orbe where *Iupiter* doth trace,
Which gently ſmile becauſe they looke on thee,
Mars in my ſwarty viſage takes his place,
Made leane with loue, where furious conflicts bee:
Sol in my breaſt with his hot ſcorching flame,
But in my heart alone doth *Venus* raigne;
Mercury my hands, the Organs of thy fame,
The Moone my wauering and vnconſtant vaine;
The ſtarry heauen thy praiſe by me expreſt,
Thou the firſt mouer, guiding all to reſt.

To

SONNET 22.

WIth fooles & children good diſcretion beares,
Then honeſt people beare with loue and me,
Nor older yet, nor wiſer made by yeares,
Amongſt the reſt of fooles and children be,
Loue ſtill a Baby, plaies with gaudes and toyes,
And like a wanton, ſports with euery feather,
And ideots ſtill are running after boyes,
Then fooles and children fitt'ſt to goe together;
He ſtill as young as when he firſt was borne,
No wiſer I, then when as yong as he,
You that behold vs, laugh vs not to ſcorne,
Giue Nature thanks you are not ſuch as we:
Yet fooles and children ſometimes tell in play,
Some wiſe in ſhew, more fooles indeed then they.

SONNET. 23.

LOue baniſh'd heauen, in earth was held in ſcorne,
Wandring abroad in neede and beggery;
And wanting friends, though of a Goddeſſe borne,
Yet crau'd the almes of ſuch as paſſed by;
I, like a man, deuote and charitable,
Clothed the naked, lodg'd this wandring gueſt,
With ſighes and teares ſtill furniſhing his table,
With what might make the miſerable bleſt:
But this vngratefull for my good deſert,
Entic'd my thoughts againſt me to conſpire,
Who gaue conſent to ſteale away my heart,
And ſet my breaſt his lodging on a fire:
Wel, wel, my friends, when beggars grow thus bold
No meruaile then though charity grow cold.

SON-

SONNET. 24.

Heare some say, this man is not in loue,
Who? can he loue? a likely thing they say:
eade but this verse, and it will easly proue;
iudge not rashly (gentle Sir) I pray,
ecause I loosely trifle in this sort,
s one that faine his sorrowes would beguile:
ou now suppose me, all this time in sport,
nd please your selfe with this conceit the while.
ee shallow censures, sometime see yee not,
greatest perils some men pleasant be,
here fame by death is onely to be got,
hey resolute? so stands the case with me;
Where other men in depth of passion crie,
I laugh at Fortune, as in a iest to die.

SONNET. 25.

O Why should nature niggardly restraine!
The Southerne Nations rellish not our tongue,
s should my lines glide on the waues of *Rhene*,
nd crowne the *Piren's* with my liuing song:
ut bounded thus to *Scotland* get you forth,
hence take you wing vnto the *Orcades*,
here let my verse get glory in the North,
aking my sighs to thawe the frozen seas,
nd let the *Bards* within that *Irish* Ile,
o whom my Muse with firie wings shall passe,
all backe the stiffe-neck'd rebels from exile,
nd mollifie the slaughtering *Galiglasse*;
And when my flowing numbers they reherse,
Let Wolues and Beares be charmed with my verse.

SON-

To Deſpaire.

SONNET 26.

I Euer loue, where neuer hope appeares,
Yet hope drawes on my neuer-hoping care,
And my lifes hope would die but for deſpaire,
My neuer-certaine ioy, breeds euer-certaine feares,
Vncertaine-dread, giues wings vnto my hope;
Yet my hopes wings are laden ſo with feare,
As they cannot aſcend to my hopes ſpheare;
Yet feare giues them more then a heauenly ſcope,
Yet this large roome is bounded with deſpaire;
So my loue is ſtill fettered with vaine hope,
And liberty depriues him of his ſcope,
And thus am I impriſon'd in the ayre;
Then ſweete Deſpaire a while hold vp thy head,
Or all my hope for ſorrow will be dead.

To Fantaſie.

SONNET 27.

I Gaue my faith to Loue, Loue his to me,
That he and I ſworne brothers ſhould remaine,
Thus faith receiu'd, faith giuen backe againe,
Who would imagine bond more ſure could be?
Loue flies to her, yet holds he my faith taken,
As from my vertue raiſing my offence,
Making me guilty through mine innocence;
And onely bound by being ſo forſaken,
He makes her aske what I before had vow'd,
Giuing her that, which he had giuen mee,
I bound by him, and he by her made free.
Who euer ſo hard breach of faith allow'd?
Speake you that ſhould of right & wrong diſcuſſe,
Was right ere wrong'd, or wrong ere righted thus

TO ſuch as ſay, thy loue I ouer-priſe,
And do not ſticke to terme my praiſes folly,
Againſt theſe folkes that thinke themſelues ſo wiſe
I thus oppoſe my force of reaſon wholly,
Though I giue more, then well affords my ſtate,
In which expenſe the moſt ſuppoſe me vaine,
Would yeeld them nothing at the eaſieſt rate
Yet at this price, returnes me treble gaine,
The value not vnskilfull how to vſe
And I giue much, becauſe I gaine thereby
I that thus take, or they that thus refuſe,
Whether are theſe deceuied then, or I?
In eu'rie thing I hold this maxime ſtill,
The circumſtance doth make it good or ill.

To the Senſes.

SONNET 29.

WHen conqu'ring loue did firſt my hart aſſaile
Vnto mine aide I ſummon'd euery ſenſe,
Doubting if that proude tirant ſhould preuaile,
My heart ſhould ſuffer for mine eyes offence;
But he with beautie firſt corrupted ſight,
My hearing brib'd with her tongues harmonie,
My taſte by her ſweete lips drawne with delight,
My ſmelling wonne with her breaths ſpiceries;
But when my touching came to play his part,
(The King of ſenſes, greater then the reſt)
He yeelds loue vp the keies vnto my hart,
And tels the other how they ſhould be bleſt:
And thus by thoſe of whom I hop'd for aide,
To cruell loue my ſoule was firſt betraide.

SON-

SONNET. 30.

THoſe Prieſts which firſt the Veſtall fire begunne,
Which might be borrowed from no earthly flame,
Deuis'd a veſſell to receiue the Sunne,
Being ſtedfaſtly oppoſed to the ſame,
Where, with ſweete wood, laid curiouſly by Arte,
On which the Sunne might by reflexion beate,
Receiuing ſtrength from euery ſecret part,
The fuell kindled with celeſtiall heate.
Thy bleſſed eyes, the Sun which lights this fire,
My holy thoughts, they be the Veſtall flame,
The precious odours be my chaſte deſires,
My breaſt the veſſell which includes the ſame;
Thou art my *Veſta*, thou my goddeſſe art
Thy hallowed temple onely is my heart.

SONNET. 31.

ME thinkes I ſee ſome crooked Mimicke ieere,
And taxe my Muſe with this fantaſtick grace
Turning my papers, askes, what haue we heere?
Making withall, ſome filthy anticke face.
I feare no cenſure, nor what thou canſt ſay,
Nor ſhall my ſpirit one iote of vigor loſe,
Thinkſt thou my wit ſhall keepe the packe-horſe way
That eu'rie dudgen low inuention goes?
Since Sonnets thus in bundels are impreſt,
And eu'rie drudge doth dull our ſatiate eare?
Thinkſt thou my Loue ſhall in thoſe ragges be dreſt,
That eu'rie dowdie, eu'rie trull doth weare?
Vp-to my pitch no common iudgement flies,
I ſcorne all earthlie dung-bred Scarabies.

SON-

SONNET 32.

OVr flouds Queene *Thames*, for ſhips and ſwans is (crowned.
And ſtately *Seuerne* for her ſhoares is praiſed,
The cryſtall *Trent*, for Foords and fiſh renowned,
And *Auons* fame, to *Albians* cliues is raiſed.
Carlegion Cheſter, vaunts her holy *Dee*,
Yorke many wonders of her *Ouſe* can tell,
The *Peake* her *Done*, whoſe bankes ſo fertile bee,
And *Kent* will ſay, her *Medway* doth excell.
Cotſwold commends her *Iſis* to the *Tame*,
Our Northerne borders boaſt of *Tweeds* faire flouds,
Our Weſterne parts extoll their *Wilis* fame,
And olde *Legea* brags of *Daniſh* blood;
Ardens ſweet *Ankor* let thy glory bee,
That faire *Idea* ſhe doth liue by thee.

To Imagination.

SONNET. 33.

VVHilſt yet mines eies do ſurfet with delight,
My wofull heart impriſon'd in my breaſt,
Wiſheth to be transformed in my ſight,
That it like thoſe, by looking might be bleſt,
But whilſt mine eies thus greedily doe gaze,
Finding their obiects ouer-ſoone depart,
Theſe now the others happineſſe doe praiſe,
Wiſhing themſelues that they had beene my heart;
That eies were heart, or that the heart were eies,
As couetous the others vſe to haue;
But finding nature, their requeſt denies,
This to each other mutually they craue;
That ſince the one cannot the other bee,
That eies could thinke, of that my heart could ſee.

SONNET 34.

MAruell not Loue, though I thy power admire,
Rauish'd a world beyond the farthest thought,
That knowing more than euer hath beene taught,
That I am onely staru'd in my desire;
Maruell not Loue, though I thy power admire,
Aiming at things exceeding all perfection,
To wisedomes selfe to minister direction,
That I am onely staru'd in my desire;
Maruell not Loue, though I thy power admire,
Though my conceit I further seeme to bend,
Than possibly inuention can extend,
And yet am onely staru'd in my desire;
If thou wilt wonder, here's the wonder, Loue,
That this to me doth yet no wonder proue.

To Miracle.

SONNET 35.

SOme misbeleeuing, and prophane in loue,
When I doe speake of miracles by thee,
May say that thou art flattered by mee,
Who onely write, my skill in verse to proue.
See miracles, ye vnbeleeuing see,
A dumb-borne Muse, made to expresse the minde,
A cripple hand to write, yet lame by kinde,
One by thy name, the other touching thee;
Blinde were mine eies, till they were seene of thine,
And mine eares deafe, by thy fame healed be,
My vices cur'd, by vertues sprung from thee,
My hopes reuiu'd which long in graue had line:
All vncleane thoughts, foule spirits cast out in mee,
Only by vertue that proceedes from thee.

SON-

SONNET 36.

READing sometime, my sorrowes to beguile,
I finde olde Poets, hills, and floods admire,
One, he doth wonder monster-breeding *Nile*,
Another maruels sulphure *Ætnaes* fire,
Now broad-brimd *Indus*, then of *Pindus* height;
Pelion and *Ossa*, frosty *Caucase* olde,
The *Delian Cinthus*, then *Olympus* weight;
Slow *Arrer*, frantique *Gallus*, *Cydnus* colde.
Some *Ganges*, *Ister*, and of *Tagus* tell,
Some whirle-poole *Po*, and sliding *Hypasis*,
Some olde *Pernassus* where the Muses dwell,
Some *Helicon*, and some faire *Simois*.
Ah fooles thinke I, had you *Idea* seene,
Poore brooks & banks, had no such wonders beene.

SONNET 37.

DEare, why should you command me to my rest,
When now the night doth summon all to sleepe?
Me thinkes this time becommeth Louers best,
Night was ordain'd together friends to keepe;
How happy are all other liuing things,
Which though the day disioyne by seuerall flight,
The quiet euening yet together brings,
And each returnes vnto his Loue at night!
O thou that art so courteous vnto all,
Why shouldst thou Night abuse me onely thus,
That euery creature to his kinde doost call,
And yet 'tis thou doost onely seuer vs?
Well could I wish it would be euer day,
If when night comes you bid me goe away.

SONNET. 38.

SItting alone, Loue bids me goe and write,
Reason plucks backe, commanding me to stay,
Boasting that she doth still direct the way,
Or else loue were vnable to endite;
Loue growing angry, vexed at the spleene,
And scorning Reasons maimed argument,
Straight taxeth Reason, wanting to inuent,
Where she with Loue conuersing hath not beene,
Reason reproched with this coy disdaine,
Despiteth Loue, and laugheth at her folly,
And Loue contemning Reasons reason wholly,
Thought it in weight too light by many a graine.
Reason put backe, doth out of sight remoue,
And Loue alone findes reason in my loue,

SONNET 39.

SOme when in time they of their loues doe tell,
With flames and lightning their exordiums paint,
Some call on heauen, some inuocate on hell,
And Fates and Furies with their woes acquaint,
Elizium is too high a seate for me,
I will not come in *Stix* or *Phlegeton*,
The thrice three Muses but too wanton be,
Like they that lust, I care not, I will none.
Spightfull *Erinnis* frights me with her lookes,
My manhood dares not with foule *Ate* mell,
I quake to looke on *Hecat's* charming bookes,
I still feare bug-beares in *Apollo's* Cell.
I passe not for *Minerua*, nor *Astrea*,
Onely I call vpon diuine *Idea*.

SON

SONNET 40.

MY heart the anuile where my thoughts do beate,
My words the hammers faſhioning my deſire,
My breaſt the forge, including all the heate,
Loue is the fewell which maintaines the fire:
My ſighes the bellowes which the flame encreaſeth,
Filling mine eares with noiſe and nightly groning,
Toiling with paine, my labour neuer ceaſeth,
In grieuous paſſions my woes ſtill bemoning:
My eies with teares againſt the fire ſtriuing,
Whoſe ſcorching gleed my heart to cinders turneth;
But with thoſe drops, the flame againe reuiuing,
Still more and more vnto my torment burneth:
With *Siſiphus* thus doe I role the ſtone,
And turne the wheele with damned *Ixion*.

SONNET. 41.

WHy doe I ſpeake of ioy, or write of loue,
When my heart is the very den of horror,
And in my ſoule the paines of hell I proue,
With all his torments and infernall terror?
What ſhould I ſay, what yet remaines to doe?
My braine is dry with weeping all too long,
My ſighes be ſpent in vttring of my woe,
And I want words wherewith to tell my wrong:
But ſtill diſtracted in Loues lunacie,
And Bedlam-like thus rauing in my griefe,
Now raile vpon her haire, now on her eie,
Now call her Goddeſſe, then I call her thiefe;
Now I deny her, then I doe confeſſe her,
Now doe I curſe her, then againe I bleſſe her.

SONNET 42.

SOme men there be which like my method well,
And much commend the ſtrangenes of my vaine,
Some ſay, I haue a paſſing pleaſing ſtraine,
Some ſay, that in my humor I excell:
Some, who not kindely reliſh my conceit,
They ſay, (as Poets doe) I vſe to faine,
And in bare words paint out my paſſions paine.
Thus ſundry men their ſundry mindes repeate;
I paſſe not I, how men affected be,
Nor who commends, or diſcommends my verſe,
It pleaſeth me, if I my woes rehearſe,
And in my lines, if ſhe my loue may ſee:
Onely my comfort ſtill conſiſts in this,
Writing her praiſe, I cannot write amiſſe.

SONNET 43.

WHy ſhould your faire eyes with ſuch ſoue-(raigne grace,
Diſpearſe their raies on euery vulgar ſpirit,
Whilſt I in darkenes in the ſelfe ſame place,
Get not one glance to recompence my merit?
So doth the plow-man gaze the wandring ſtarre,
And onely reſt contented with the light,
That neuer learn'd what conſtellations are,
Beyond the bent of his vnknowing ſight.
O why ſhould beauty (cuſtome to obey)
To their groſſe ſenſe applie her ſelfe ſo ill!
Would God I were as ignorant as they,
When I am made vnhappy by my skill;
Onely compel'd on this poore good to boaſt,
Heauens are not kind to them that know thē moſt.

SON-

SONNET 44.

VVHilſt thus my pen ſtriues to eternize thee,
Age rules my lines with wrinkles in my face,
Wherein the map of all my miſerie,
Is modeld out the world of my diſgrace,
Whilſt in deſpight of tyrannizing times,
Medea-like I make thee young againe,
Proudly thou ſcorn'ſt my world out-wearing rimes,
And murther'ſt Vertue with thy coy diſdaine;
And though in youth, my youth vntimely periſh,
To keepe thee from obliuion and the graue,
Enſuing ages yet my rimes ſhall cheriſh,
When I entomb'd my better part ſhall ſaue;
And though this earthly body fade and die,
My name ſhall mount vpon eternitie.

SONNET 45.

MVſes which ſadly ſit about my chaire,
Drown'd in the teares extorted by my lines,
With heauy ſighes whilſt thus I breake the aire,
Painting my paſſions in theſe ſad-deſignes;
Since ſhe diſdaines to bleſſe my happy verſe,
The ſtrong-built Trophies to her liuing fame,
Euer hence-forth my boſome be your hearſe,
Wherein the world ſhall now entombe her name;
Encloſe my muſicke you poore ſenſeleſſe walls.
Sith ſhe is deafe and will not heare my mones,
Soften your ſelues with euery teare that falls,
Whilſt I like *Orpheus* ſing to trees and ſtones;
Which with my plaint ſeeme yet with pity moued,
Kinder then ſhe whom I ſo long haue loued.

SONNET 46.

PLaine-path'd Experience the vnlearneds guide,
Her ſimple followers euidently ſhewes,
Sometimes what Schoole-men ſcarſely can decide,
Nor yet wiſe Reaſon abſolutely knowes;
In making triall of a murther wrought,
If the vile actor of the heinous deede,
Neere the dead body happily be brought,
Oft t'ath bin prou'd the breathleſſe coarſe will bleed;
She comming neere that my poore heart hath ſlaine,
Long ſince departed (to the world no more)
The auncient wounds no longer can containe,
But fall to bleeding as they did before:
But what of this? ſhould ſhe to death be led,
It furthers iuſtice, but helpes not the dead.

SONNET 47.

IN pride of wit, when high deſire of fame
Gaue life and courage to my labouring pen.
And firſt the ſound and vertue of my name,
Wan grace and credite in the eares of men:
With thoſe the thronged Theaters that preſſe,
I in the circuite for the Lawrell ſtroue,
Where the full praiſe, I freely muſt confeſſe,
In heate of blood a modeſt minde might moue:
With ſhowts and claps at euery little pauſe,
When the proud round on euery ſide hath rung,
Sadly I ſit vnmou'd with the applauſe,
As though to me it nothing did belong:
No publique glory vainely I purſue,
All that I ſeeke, is to eternize you.

SON.

SONNET 48.

CVpid, dumbe Idoll, peeuiſh Saint of Loue,
No more ſhalt thou nor Saint nor Idoll be,
No God art thou, Loues Goddeſſe ſhe doth proue,
Of all thine honour ſhe hath robbed thee:
Thy bow olde broke, is peec'd with halfe deſire,
Her bow is beauty with ten thouſand ſtrings,
And euery one of pureſt golden wire;
The leaſt, of force to conquer hoaſts of Kings:
Thy ſhafts be ſpent, and ſhe (to war appointed)
Hides in thoſe Chryſtal quiuers of her eyes,
More arrowes with heart-piercing mettle pointed,
Then there be ſtars at mid-night in the skies:
With theſe ſhe ſteales mens hearts for her reliefe,
Yet happy he that's rob'd of ſuch a thiefe.

SONNET 49.

THou leaden braine which cenſur'ſt what I write,
And ſaiſt my lines be dull, and doe not moue,
I meruaile not thou feel'ſt not my delight,
Which neuer feltſt my fierie touch of loue:
But thou whoſe pen hath like a Pack-horſe ſeru'd,
Whoſe ſtomacke vnto gall hath turn'd thy food,
Whoſe ſenſes like poore pris'ners hunger-ſtaru'd,
Whoſe griefe hath parch'd thy body, dri'd thy blood,
Thou which haſt ſcorned life, and hated death,
And in a moment mad, ſober, glad, and ſorie, (birth,
Thou which haſt bann'd thy thoughts, and curſt thy
With thouſand plagues more then in purgatory,
Thou thus whoſe ſpirit Loue in his fire refines,
Come thou and reade, admire, applaud my lines.

SON-

SONNET. 50.

AS in some Countries far remote from hence,
The wretched creature destined to die,
Hauing the iudgement due to his offence,
By Surgeons begg'd, their Arte on him to trie:
Which on the liuing worke without remorse,
First make incision on each mastring vaine,
Then stanch the bleeding, then transperee the coarse,
And with their balmes recure the wounds againe,
Then poison, and with Physick him restore,
Not that they feare the hopelesse man to kill,
But their experience to encrease the more;
Euen so my Mistris workes vpon my ill,
By curing me, and killing me each howre,
Onely to shew her beauties soueraigne powre.

SONNET. 51.

CAlling to minde since first my loue begun,
Th'incertaine times oft varying in their course,
How things still vnexpectedly haue run,
As please the Fates, by their resistlesse force:
Lastly, mine eyes amazedly haue seene,
Essex great fall, *Tyrone* his peace to gaine,
The quiet end of that long-liuing Queene,
This Kings faire entrance, and our peace with Spaine,
We and the Dutch at length our selues to seuer;
Thus the world doth, and euermore shall reele,
Yet to my Goddesse am I constant euer;
How ere blinde Fortune turne her giddy wheele:
Though heauen and earth proue both to me vntrue,
Yet am I still inuiolate to you.

SON-

An allusion to Dedalus and Icarus.

SONNET 52.

MY heart impriſoned in a hopeleſſe Ile,
Peopled with Armies of pale iealous eyes
The ſhores beſet with thouſand ſecret ſpies,
Muſt paſſe by ayre, or elſe die in exile;
He fram'd him wings with feathers of his thought,
Which by their nature learn'd to mount the skie,
And with the ſame he practiſed to flie,
Till he him ſelfe this Eagles Art had taught:
Thus ſoaring ſtill, not looking once below,,
So neare thine eyes celeſtiall Sunne aſpired,
That with the raies his waſting pinions fired:
Thus was the wanton cauſe of his owne woe,
Downe fell he in thy beauties Ocean drenched,
Yet there he burnes in fire that's neuer quenched.

Another to the Riuer Ankor.

SONNET 53.

CLeere *Ankor*, on whoſe ſiluer-ſanded ſhore,
My ſoule-ſhrin'd ſaint, my faire *Idea* lies,
O bleſſed brooke, whoſe milke-white ſwans adore,
That Criſtall ſtreame refined by her eyes,
Where ſweet myrrh-breathing *Zephire* in the ſpring,
Gently diſtills his Nectar-dropping ſhowers,
Where Nightingales in *Arden* ſit and ſing,
Amongſt the daintie dew-impearled flowers;
Say thus faire Brooke, when thou ſhalt ſee thy Queene
Loe heere thy ſhepheard ſpent his wandring yeares;
And in theſe ſhades deere Nymph he oft hath beene,
And here to thee he ſacrific'd his teares:
Faire *Arden*, thou my *Tempe* art alone,
And thou ſweet *Ankor* art my *Helicon*.

SON-

SONNET. 54.

YEt reade at laſt the ſtory of my woe,
The drery abſtracts of my endleſſe cares,
With my lifes ſorrow enterlined ſo
Smok'd with my ſighs and blotted with my teares;
The ſad memorialls of my miſeries,
Pen'd in the griefe of mine afflicted ghoſt,
My lifes complaint in dolefull Elegies,
With ſo pure loue as time could neuer boaſt:
Receiue the incenſe which I offer heere,
By my ſtrong faith aſcending to thy fame,
My zeale, my hope, my vowes, my praiſe, my praier,
My ſoules oblations to thy ſacred name:
Which name my Muſe to higheſt heauens ſhall raiſe
By chaſt deſire, true loue, and vertuous praiſe.

SONNET. 55.

MY Laire, if thou wilt regiſter my loue,
More then worlds volumes ſhall thereof ariſe;
Preſerue my teares, and thou thy ſelfe ſhalt proue,
A ſecond flood downe rayning from mine eyes:
Note but my ſighs, and thine eyes ſhall behold
The Sun-beames ſmothered with immortall ſmoke,
And if by thee my prayers may be enrol'd
They heauen and earth to pittie ſhall prouoke;
Looke thou into my breaſt and thou ſhalt ſee
Chaſte holy vowes for my ſoules ſacrifice,
That ſoule (ſweet maid) which ſo hath honored thee,
Erecting Trophies to thy ſacred eyes;
Thoſe eyes to my heart ſhining euer bright,
When darknes hath obſcur'd each other light.

SON.

SONNET. 56.

MY thoughts bred vp with Eagle-birds of loue,
And for their vertues I deſir'de to know,
Vpon the neaſt I ſet them forth to proue
If they were of the Eagles kinde, or no.
But they no ſooner ſaw my Sunne appeare,
But on her raies with gazing eyes they ſtood,
Which prou'd my birds delighted in the ayre,
And that they came of this rare kingly broode.
But now their plumes full ſumm'd with ſweet deſire,
To ſhew their kinde, began to clime the skies:
Do what I could, my Eglets would aſpire,
Straight mounting vp to thy celeſtiall eyes.
And thus (my Faire) my thoughts away be flowne,
And from my breaſt into thine eyes be gone.

SONNET. 57.

YOu beſt diſcern'd of my interiors eyes,
And yet your graces outwardly diuine,
Whoſe deare remembrance in my boſome lies,
Too rich a relique for ſo poore a ſhrine:
You in whome Nature choſe her ſelfe to view,
When ſhe her owne perfection would admire,
Beſtowing all her excellence on you;
At whoſe pure eyes Loue lights his halowed fire
Euen as a man that in ſome traunce hath ſeene,
More then his wondring vtt'rance can vnfolde,
That rapt in ſpirit in better worlds hath beene
So muſt your praiſe diſtractedly be tolde;
Moſt of all ſhort, when I ſhould ſhew you moſt,
In your perfections altogether loſt.

SON-

IN former times, such as had store of coyne,
In wars at home, or when for conquests bound,
For feare that some their treasure should purloyne,
Gaue it to keepe to spirits within the ground;
And to attend it, them so strongly tide,
Till they return'd, home when they neuer came,
Such as by Arte to get the same haue tride,
From the strong spirit by no meanes get the same,
Neerer you come, that further flies away,
Striuing to hold it strongly in the deepe:
Euen as this spirit, so she alone doth play,
With those rich Beauties heauen giues her to keepe:
Pitie so left, to coldnesse of her blood,
Not to auaile her, nor doe others good.

To Prouerbe.

SONET. 59.

AS Loue and I, late harbour'd in one Inne,
With Prouerbs thus each other entertaine:
In loue there is no lacke, thus I beginne:
Faire words makes fooles, replieth he againe:
That spares to speake, doth spare to speede (quoth I)
As well (saith he) too forward as to slowe.
Fortune assists the boldest, I reply:
A hastie man (quoth he) ne're wanted woe.
Labour is light, where loue (quoth I) doth pay.
(Saith he) light burthens heauie, if farre borne:
(Quoth I) the maine lost, cast the by away:
You haue spunne a faire thred, he replies in scorne.
And hauing thus a while each other thwarted,
Fooles as we met, so fooles againe we parted:

SON.

DEfine my loue, and tell the ioyes of heauen,
Expreſſe my woes, and ſhew the paines of hell,
Declare what Fate vnlucky ſtarres haue giuen,
And aske a world vpon my life to dwell.
Make knowne that faith, vnkindneſſe could not moue,
Compare my worth with others baſe deſert,
Let vertue be the tuch-ſtone of my loue,
So may the heauens reade wonders in my hart;
Behold the clouds which haue eclips'd my Sunne,
And view the croſſes which my courſe doe let,
Tell me, if euer ſince the world begunne,
So faire a riſing had ſo foule a ſet:
And by all meanes, let foule vnkindneſſe proue,
And ſhew a ſecond to ſo pure a loue.

SONNET 61.

WHen firſt I ended, then I firſt began,
The more I trauell, further from my reſt,
Where moſt I loſt, there moſt of all I wan,
Filled with hunger, riſing from a feaſt.
Me thinkes I flie, yet want I legs to goe,
Wiſe in conceit, in act a very ſot,
Rauiſh'd with ioy amid'ſt a hell of woe,
What moſt I ſeeme, that ſureſt am I not.
I build my hopes a world aboue the skie,
Yet with the Mole I creepe into the earth,
In plenty am I ſtaru'd with penurie,
And yet I ſurfet in the greateſt dearth:
I haue, I want, deſpaire, and yet deſire,
Burn'd in a Sea of yce, and drown'd amidſt a fire.

SON-

SONNET 62.

TRuce gentle Loue, a parly now I craue,
Me thinks 'tis long since first these wars begun,
Nor thou nor I the better yet can haue:
Bad is the match where neither party wunne.
I offer free conditions of faire peace,
My heart for hostage that it shall remaine,
Discharge our forces here, let malice cease,
So for my pledge, thou giue me pledge againe.
Or if nothing but death will serue thy turne,
Still thirsting for subuersion of my state;
Doe what thou canst, raze, massacre, and burne,
Let the world see the vtmost of thy hate:
I send defiance, since if ouerthrowne,
Thou vanquishing, the conquest is mine owne.

~~Dreach on, sweet muse~~

Certaine

Certaine other Sonnets to great and worthy Personages.

To the high and Mighty Prince, Iames *King of Scots.*

SONNET. 61.

THy prudent Counsels, nor thy Subiects loue,
Nor all that famous Scottish royaltie,
Or what thy Soueraigne greatnesse may approue,
Others in vaine doe but historifie;
When thine owne glory from thy selfe doth spring,
As though thou didst all meaner praises scorne:
Of Kings a Poet, and the Poets King,
They Princes, but thou Prophets doost adorne;
Whilst others by their Empires are renown'd,
Thou doost enrich thy *Scotland* with renowne,
And Kings can but with Diadems be crown'd,
But with thy Laurell thou doost crowne thy Crowne;
That they whose pens (euen) life to Kings do giue,
In thee a King, shall seeke themselues to liue.

SONNET 61.

GReat Lady, Essence of my chiefest good,
Of the most pure and finest tempered spirit,
Adorn'd with gifts, ennobled by thy blood,
Which by descent true vertue doost inherit:
That vertue which no fortune can depriue,
Which thou by birth tak'st from thy gratious mother,
Whose royall mindes with equall motion striue,
Which most in honour shall excell the other;
Vnto thy fame my Muse her selfe shall taske,
Which rain'st vpon me thy sweet golden showers,
And but thy selfe, no subiect will I aske,
Vpon whose praise my soule shall spend her powers.
Sweet Lady then, grace this poore Muse of mine,
Whose faith, whose zeale, whose life, whose all is thine.

To the Lady Anne Harington.

SONNET 62.

MAdam, my words cannot expresse my minde,
My zealous kindnesse to make knowne to you,
When your deserts all seuerally I finde,
In this attempt of me doe craue their due:
Your gracious kindnesse first doth claime my hart;
Your bounty bids my hand to make it knowne,
Of me your vertues each doe challenge part,
And leaue me thus the least that is mine owne:
What should commend your modesty and wit,
Is by your wit and modesty commended,
And standeth dumbe, in most admiring it,
And where it should begin, is onely ended;
Returning this, your praises onely due.
And to your selfe, say you are onely you.

SON-

SONNET. 63.

BRight ſtarre of Beauty, on whoſe eie-lids ſit,
A thouſand Nymph-like and enamored graces,
The Goddeſſes of memory and wit,
Which in due order take their ſeuerall places,
In whoſe deere boſome, ſweet delicious loue,
Layes downe his Quiuer, that he once did beare,
Since he that bleſſed Paradiſe did proue,
Forſooke his mothers lap to ſport him there.
Let others ſtriue to entertaine with words,
My ſoule is of another temper made;
I hold it vile that vulgar wit affords,
Deuouring time my faith ſhall not inuade:
Still let my praiſe be honored thus by you,
Be you moſt worthy, whilſt I be moſt true.

To Sir Anthony Cooke.

SONNET 64.

VOuchſafe to grace theſe rude vnpoliſht rimes,
Which but for you had ſlept in ſable night,
And come abroad now in theſe glorious times,
Can hardly brooke the pureneſſe of the light.
But ſith you ſee their deſtinie is ſuch,
That in the world their fortune they muſt try,
Perhaps the better ſhall abide the tuch,
Wearing your name their gratious liuerie.
Yet theſe mine owne, I wrong not other men,
Nor traffique farther then this happy clime,
Nor filch from *Portes*, nor from *Petrarchs* pen,
A fault too common in this latter time.
Diuine Sir *Philip*, I auouch thy writ,
I am no picke-purſe of anothers wit.

FINIS.

The Legend of *Robert* Duke of *Normandie*.

WHat time ſoft night had ſilently begunne,
To ſteale my minutes on the long-liu'd dayes,
The furious dogge purſuing of the Sunne,
(Whoſe noyſome breath addes feruor to his rayes)
That to the earth ſends many a ſad diſeaſe:
Which then inflam'd with his intemp'rate fires,
Her ſelfe in light habiliments attires.

When the rathe morning newly but awake,
Scarſe with freſh beauty burniſhed her browes,
Her ſelfe beholding in the generall Lake,
(To which ſhe payes her neuer-ceaſing vowes,)
With the new day me willingly to rowze;
Downe to faire *Thames* I ſoftly tooke my way,
Where the milde windes continually do play.

Striuing to fancie his chaſte breaſt to moue,
Whereas all pleaſures plentifully flowe,
When him along the wanton tide doth ſhoue,
And to keepe backe they eaſily doe blow,
Still meete him comming, thinking him too ſlow:
He forcing waues to checke their hote imbrace,
They faning breath vpon his Cryſtall face.

Still

Still forward ſallying from his bounteous ſource,
Along the ſhores laſciuiouſly doth ſtraine,
And often times retreating in his courſe,
As to his fountaine he would backe againe,
Or turn'd to looke vpon his ſiluer traine;
With coy regards the goodly ſoile he greetes,
Till with faire *Medway* happily he meetes.

Steering my compaſſe by the wandring ſtreame,
Whoſe flight might teach me times ne'r-turning howrs,
Delighted thus as in a pretty dreame,
Where pleaſure wholly had poſſeſt my powres;
Yet looking backe on *Londons* climing Towres,
So *Troy*, thought I, her ſtately head did reare,
Whoſe crazed ribs the furrowing plow doth eare.

Weary at length a Willow-tree I found,
Which on the banke of this great torrent ſtood,
Whoſe roote, with rich graſſe greatly did abound,
Forc'd by the moyſture of the ſurging flood)
Ordain'd it ſeem'd to ſport her Nymphiſh brood;
Whoſe curled top denied the heauens great eye,
To view the ſtocke it was maintained by.

The Larke that owes obſeruance to the Sunne,
Quauers her cleare notes in the quiet ayre,
That on the riuers murmuring baſe doth runne,
And the pleas'd heauens, their faireſt liuorie ware,
The place ſuch pleaſure gently doth prepare;
The flowers my ſent, the flood my taſte to ſteepe,
Each ſenſe thus ſat'ed, lulled me aſleepe.

When in a dreame it ſeemed vnto me,
Triumphall muſicke from the flood aroſe,
As when the Soueraigne we embarg'd doe ſee,
And by faire *London* for his pleaſure rowes,
Whoſe tender welcome the glad City ſhowes;
The people ſwarming thicke vpon the ſhoares,
And the curl'd water ouer-ſpred with oares.

A troupe of Nymphs came ſuddainly on land,
In the full end of this triumphall ſound,
And me incompaſt, taking hand in hand,
Caſting themſelues about me in a round,
And ſo downe ſet them on the eaſie ground;
Their ſober eyes caſt with a modeſt grace,
Vpon my ſwarth and melancholy face,

Next, twixt two Ladies came a goodly Knight,
As newly brought from ſome diſtreſsfull place,
To me who ſeemed ſome right worthy wight,
Though his attire were miſerable baſe,
Many deepe furrowes in his manly face;
And though cold age had froſted his faire haires,
It rather ſeem'd with ſorrow then with yeares.

The one a Lady of a Princely port,
Leading this ſad Lord, ſcarſely that could ſtand,
The other fleering in diſdainefull ſort,
With ſcornefull ieſtures drew him by the hand,
Who lame and blind:, yet bound with many a band;
Which (I perceiued nearer as they came)
That this was Fortune, that more conſtant Fame.

Fame

Fame on the right hand in a robe of gold,
Whoſe traine olde Time obſequiouſly did beare,
Whereon in rich Embraudry was enrol'd,
The acts of all the Worthies euer weare,
Which all might reade depainted liuely there,
Set downe in lofty well-compoſed verſe,
Fir'ſt the great deedes of *Heroes* to rehearſe.

On her faire breaſt ſhe two broad Tablets wore,
Of cryſtall th'one, the other Ebony,
Where were ingrauen all the names of yore,
In the large Toombe of laſting memory,
Or the blacke booke of endleſſe obloquy:
The firſt with Poets and with Conquerors pil'd,
That with baſe worldlings euery where defil'd.

And in her words appeared (as a wonder)
Her preſent force and after-during might,
Which ſoftly ſpoke, farre off were heard to thunder,
About the world that quickly tooke their flight,
And brought the moſt obſcureſt things to light:
That ſtill the farther off, the greater ſtill
Did ſound our good, or manifeſt our ill.

Fortune, as blinde as he whom ſhe did leade,
Her feature often changing in an hower,
Fantaſtically carying her head,
Soone would ſhe ſmile, and ſodainly would lower,
And with one breath, her words both ſweet and ſower.
Vpon her foes ſhe amorouſly would glance,
And on her followers coily looke a-skance.

About her necke in maner of a Chaine,
Torne Diadems and broken Scepters hung,
If any on her fledfaſtly did leane,
Them to the ground diſdainefully ſhee flung;
And in this order as ſhee paſs'd along,
Great bagges of Gold out of her boſome drew,
VVhich to th'vnworthieſt euermore ſhee threw.

A duskie vaile which hid her ſightleſſe eyes,
Like cloudes that couer our vncertaine liues,
VVherein were portrai'd direfull Tragedies,
Fooles wearing Crownes, and wiſe-men clogg'd in
All things how ſhee perpoſterouſly contriues; (Gyues,
That as a Mappe her regencie diſcouers,
In Camps, in Courts, and in the fate of Louers.

An eaſie Banke neere to this place there was,
A Seate faire *Flora* vs'd to ſit vpon,
Curling her haire lockes in this liquid Glaſſe,
Putting her rich Gems and attirings on,
Fitter then this about vs was there none;
Here ſet they downe that poore diſtreſſed man,
And in this ſort proud Fortune thus began.

Behold this Duke of *Normandie*, quoth ſhee,
The heire of *William*, Conquerour of this Ile,
Appealing to be iuſtifi'd by thee,
(VVhoſe Tragedie this Poet muſt compile)
He of all other that I hold moſt vile,
His birth being mark'd with my vnluckie brand,
For whom I ſee thou com'ſt prepar'd to ſtand.

VVhat

What art thou but a tumor of the minde,
A buble blowne vp with deceitfull breath,
Which neuer yet exactly wert defin'd,
In whome no wiſe man e're repoſed faith
Speaking of few well, vntill after death,
That from looſe humor haſt thy timeleſſe birth,
Vnknowne to heauen, and leſſe eſteme'd on earth?

Firſt in opinion had'ſt thou thy creation,
One whome thou ſtill dooſt ſeruilly attend,
Like whome thou long retain'ſt not any faſhion,
But with the world vncertainely dooſt wend,
Which as a poſte doth vp and downe thee ſend;
Without prophane tongs, thou could'ſt neuer riſe,
Nor be vpholden, were it not with lies.

In euery corner prying like a theefe,
And through each cranny ſubtilely dooſt creepe,
Not to report, and eaſie of beleefe:
What's he whoſe counſell thou didſt euer keepe,
That into cloſſets fawcily darſt peepe?
Telling for truth, what thou canſt but ſuppoſe,
And that divulging, thou ſhouldſt not diſcloſe.

With extreame toile and labour thou art ſought,
The way is danger leadeth to thy Cell,
Onely with blood thy fauour muſt be bought,
And who would haue thee, fetcheth thee from hell,
Where thou impal'd with fire and ſword doſt dwell;
And when thou art in all this perill found,
What art thou onely but a tinckling ſound?

Such

Such as the world holds (of all other) baſe,
And of the reſt reproachfully doth ſcorne,
That amongſt men ſit in the ſeruil'ſt place,
Theſe be the creatures which thou dooſt ſuborne,
Thoſe waite on Fame, whoſe weedes be neerely worne
Yet theſe poore wretches come not vnto thee,
Vnleſſe preferr'd and dignifi'd by mee.

Thy Trumpe ſuch men ſuppoſed to aduance,
Is but as thoſe fantaſtically deeme,
Whom folly, youth, or vanity intrance,
Onely to ſound ſufficing but to ſeeme,
(Which the wiſe ſort a dotage but eſteeme;)
And with this toy the humorous abuſing,
Their wilfull error, and thy fault excuſing.

Except in perill thou dooſt not appeare,
And yet not then, but with entreates and wooing,
Flying oft-times when thou art very neare
At hand, diminiſh'd and augmented going,
On ſlighteſt things the greateſt coſt beſtowing;
In promiſing their loſſes to repaire,
When the performance is but onely ayre.

On balefull hearſes as the fitteſt grounds,
(Written with bloud) thy ſad memorialls lie,
Whoſe letters are immedicable wounds,
Onely fit obiects for the weeping eye,
And from the duſt thou worth dooſt only try;
And what ſometime thou falſly did'ſt depraue,
Thou dooſt acknowledge onely in the graue.

he mighty Orbe is wittneſſe of my power,
nd how I raigne with the eternall fates,
Vith whome I ſit in counſell euery houre,
n th'alterations of all times and ſtate,
hem ſetting downe their changes and their dates,
In fore-appointing euery thing to come,
Vntill the great and vniuerſall doome.

he ſtarres to me an euerlaſting booke,
n that eternall regiſter the skie,
Vhoſe mighty volumes I do ouer-looke,
till turning ore the leaues of deſtiny;
Vhich man I to inuiolate denie,
And his frailewill imperiouſly controle,
By ſuch ſtrong clauſes as I there enrole.

redeſtination giuing me a being,
Vhoſe depth mans witt could neuer throughly ſound,
nto thoſe ſecrets haue I onely ſeeing,
Vherein wiſe reaſon doth her ſelfe confound,
earching where doubts do more and more abound;
Where ſacred texts vnlock the way to me,
To lighten thoſe that will my glory ſee.

What names old Poets to their gods did giue,
Were onely figures to expreſſe my might,
To ſhew the vertues that in me doe liue,
And my great power in this all mouing wight,
And all their Altars vnto me were dight;
Which alterations euermore did bring,
Matter whereon continually they ſing.

Still

Still moſt vncertaine varying in my courſe,
Yet in all changes aime on certaine end,
Croſſing mans fore-caſt (he may know my force)
Still foe to none, to none a perfect friend,
To him leaſt thought of, ſooneſt I doe ſend;
That all ſhould finde I worthyly beſtow,
Nor reaſon vrg'd, but that I hold it ſo.

Forth of my lap I poure abundant bliſſe,
All good proceedes from my all-giuing hand,
By me, man happy or vnhappy is,
For whome I ſticke, or whome I doe withſtand,
And it is I am friendſhips onely band;
And vpon which, all greedily take hold,
Which being broke, loue ſuddainely growes cold.

Pawſing, ſhe frownes, when ſuddainely withall,
A fearefull noyſe ariſeth from the flood
As when a tempeſt furiouſly doth fall,
Within the thicke waſt of ſome ancient wood,
That in amazement euery mortall ſtood;
As though her words ſuch powerfulneſſe did beare,
That euery thing her menaces did feare.

When fame yet ſmiling, mildely thus replies,
Alas, quoth ſhe, what labour thou haſt loſt,
What wond'rous miſts thou caſts before our eyes?
Yet will the gaine not counteruaile the coſt;
What would'ſt thou ſay if thou had'ſt cauſe to boaſt,
Which ſett'ſt thy ſtate forth in ſuch wond'rous ſort,
Which but thy ſelfe, none euer could report?

A thing conſtrained onely by euent,
Breeding in ſome a tranſitory terror,
A what men will, that comes by accident,
And onely named to excuſe their error.
What then is fortune? or who doth perfer her?
Or who to thee ſo fooliſh is to leane,
Which weake tradition onely doth maintaine?

A toy whereon the doting world doth dreame,
Soothed by that vncertaine obſeruation,
Of all attempts, that being the extreame
Faſtneth thereby on weake imagination:
Yet notwithſtanding all this vſurpation,
Vnto thy ſelfe art incidently loathing,
Moſt, when thou woldſt be, that art rightly nothing.

That ſlightly by inſinuating thus,
And vnder ſo allowable pretence,
Cloſely encroacheſt on mans *Genius*,
In good and euill taking reſidence,
And hauing got ſome ſmall prehe minence,
Vnto thy ſelfe a being that wouldſt frame,
Find'ſt in concluſion only but a name.

Thoſe ignorant which made a god of nature,
And natures God diuinely neuer knew,
Were thoſe to Fortune did direct a ſtature,
From whome thy worſhip ignorantly grew,
Which being adored fooliſhly by few,
Grounded thy looſer and vncertaine lawes,
Vpon ſo weake and indigent a cauſe.

First, sloth did beare thee in her sleepy Cell,
And thee with ease dishonourably fed,
Deliuering thee with Cowardice to dwell,
Which with base thoughts continually thee bred,
By superstition idely being led:
A lewd imposture after did thee make,
Whome for a godesse fooles doe onely take.

And as thy followers, nothing doost forecast,
And as thou art improuident, as light;
And this the chiefest property thou hast,
That against vertue thou bend'st all thy might,
With whome thou wagest a continuall fight;
The yeelding spirit in fetters thou doost binde,
But weake and slauish to the constant minde.

Such is thy froward and malignant kinde
That thou doost all things crossely in despight,
Thou art inamored of the barbarous hinde,
Whome thou dost make thy onely fauorite,
None but the base in baseneese doe delight;
For were thou heauenly, thou in loue would'st be,
With that which neerest doth resemble thee.

But I alone the Herauld am of heauen,
Whose spacious kingdome stretcheth far and wide,
To euery coast as swift as lightning driuen,
And on the Suu-beames gloriously I ride,
Now mount I vp, now downe againe I slide;
I register the worlds eternall houres,
That know the hid will of th' immortal powres.

Men to the ſtarres (me guiding them) doe clime,
That all dimenſions perfectly expreſſe,
And I alone the vanquiſher of time,
Bearing that ſweet that cures deaths bitterneſſe,
That doe all labour plentifully bleſſe,
That all abſtruſe profundities impart,
Leading man through the tedious wayes of Arte.

My palace placed betwixt earth and skies,
Which many a Tower ambitiouſly vpbeares,
Whereof the windowes are compos'd of eyes,
The walls as ſtrongly edifi'd of eares
Where euery thing in heauen and earth appeares,
Nothing ſo ſoftly whiſpered in the round,
But through my palace preſenly doth ſound.

And vnder foote floor'd all about with Drummes,
The rafters Trumpets admirably cleere,
Sounding aloude each name that thither comes,
The crannies tongues, and talking euery where,
And all things paſt doe in remembrance beare:
The doores vnlock with euery little breath,
And open wide with euery word man ſaith.

And throughout hung with armes & conquer'd ſpoiles,
The poſts whereon the gooly roofe doth ſtand,
Are Pillars grauen with *Herculean* toyles,
Th' atchiements great of many a warlike hand;
Both in the chriſten'd and in heathen land;
Done by thoſe Nobles that are moſt renown'd
Which there by me immortally are crown'd,

Herein

Heere in the bodies likeneſſe whilſt it liues,
Appeare the thoughts proceeding from the minde,
To which the place a glorious habite giues,
When vnto mee they freely are reſign'd
To be preſeru'd there, by my power refin'd,
That when the body by pale death doth periſh,
Then doth this place the minds true Image cheriſh

My beauty neuer fades, but as new borne,
As yeares increaſe ſo euer waxing yong,
My ſtrength is not diminiſhed, nor worne,
What weakneth all things, makes me onely ſtrong,
Nor am I ſubiect vnto worldly wrong,
The rape of time I careleſly defie,
Nor am I aw'd by all his tyranny.

The brow of heauen my monuments containe,
And is the mighty regiſter of Fame,
Which there in fierie characters remaine,
The gorgeous ſeeling of th'immortall frame,
The Conſtellations publiſhing my name,
Where my memorialls euermore abide,
In thoſe pure bodies highly glorifi'd.

Fame hauing ended, Fortune next beganne,
Further to vrge what ſhe before had ſaid,
When (loe quoth ſhe) Duke *Robert* is the man,
Which as my priſoner, I in bonds do leade,
For whome thou com'ſt again'ſt me heere to pleade,
Whome I alone depriued of his crowne,
Who can raiſe him that Forune will haue downe?

A fitter inſtance (Fame replying) none,
Then is Duke *Robert*, Fortune doe thy worſt,
Greater on man thy might was neuer ſhowne,
Doeing to him what euer Fortune durſt;
And ſince thy turne allotted is the firſt,
Proceede, ſee which the Norman Duke ſhall haue,
Whether that Fame, or Fortune and the graue.

Quoth Fortune then, I found th' vnſtedfaſt ſtarre,
Whoſe luckleſſe working limited his fate,
That mark'd his ſad natiuity with warre,
And brothers moſt vnnaturall debate,
Publique ſedition and with priuate hate,
And on that good his father him begunne,
Grounded the wrack and downfall of this ſonne.

What bounteous nature franckly did beſtow,
In him that h- r beſt ſtrained her to trie,
Thereby himſelfe I made him ouerthrow,
Aboue you both ſo powerfull am I,
His breaſt to all ſo openly did lie,,
Iudg'd from his faſhion differing ſo farre,
For peace too milde, too mercifull for warre.

And yet the courage that he did inherit
And from the greatneſſe of his blood did take,
Though ſhrowded in ſo peaceable a ſpirit,
When now his wrong ſo roughly did awake
Forthwith ſuch fury violently brake,
As made the world impartially to ſee,
All humane actions managed by mee.

That ſtill reuenge was wholly him bereſt,
Oppos'd againſt ſo abſolute a power,
For him to leane on nothing being left,
When danger moſt him threatned to deuoure,
Vnto the period of the vtmoſt houre;
Him flattering ſtill with promiſe of my loue,
Did make him all extreamity to proue.

That whilſt his father with the Norman ſword,
On fruitfull *England* proſperous entrance made,
I caſt the proiect that this youthfull Lord,
In the meane time ſhould *Normandie* inuade;
And with as prow'd and powerfull a blade,
Him I perſwade (conſtantly by this)
To make his owne yet doubtfull to be his.

That *Robert* daily in diſgrace might runne,
As ſtill the Conqueror towards his end did grow,
Who well in yeares, thus vexed by his ſonne,
(Which now his will ſo openly did ſhow;)
His ſtate deuiſed wiſely to beſtow,
For his owne ſafety that his daies to cloſe,
He might himſelfe more quietly repoſe.

And that leaſt time might coole his weakned blood,
This luckleſſe warre by lingring I ſuppli'd,
That whilſt Duke *Robert* iuſtly cenſured ſtood,
Vnder the weight of his vnnaturall pride;
In heate of all, this Conqueror *William* dy'd,
Setting young *Rufus* on th'vnrightfull throne,
Leauing his eldeſt ſtrugling for his owne.

Which

Which in ſmall time ſo many miſchiefes bred,
As ſundry plagues on *Williams* off-ſpring ſent,
Attaining to ſo violent a head,
Which policie not after could preuent;
When to deſtruction all things head-long went,
And in the end, as conſummating all,
Was *Robert's* irrecouerable fall.

When none could proſp'rous *Normandie* diſſwade,
From ſending Enſignes to the Engliſh field,
Brother oppos'd the brother to inuade, *Coeunt in ruinam Fratres*
Sword againſt ſword, ſhield menaced to ſhield, *Pila minantia pilis.*
Whoſe equall worth to other ſcorne to yield;
One arme t'afront the others furious ſtroke,
Scepter with Scepter violently broke.

Theſe ſundry ſoiles, in both of which was ſowne,
(By ſo approu'd and fortunate a hand)
That ſeede to both might proſp'roufly haue growne,
By their conioyning in a mutuall band;
Now when theſe Princes oppoſite do ſtand,
What them ſhould foſter, greater wounds then lent,
Then the proud'ſt powre that *Europe* could haue ſent.

Hauing my ſelfe wonne *William* in his life,
This conquered Realme to *Rufus* that did giue,
Getting by ſtrength what he did leaue in ſtrife,
Thoſe to moleſt that after him ſhould liue;
By this aduantage cunningly I driue,
T'afflict his iſſue with a generall ill,
Yet th'extreame in *Robert* to fulfill.

As when ſtout *Ode* (that with *William* held)
Daily prick't forward by proud *Lanfrancks* ſpight,
Both powerfull Prelates rigorouſly compel'd,
Rufus to leaue abetting *Roberts* right,
Drawing both *Mortaines* and *Mongomeries* might,
Mangling the Ile with many a greeuous ſcarre,
Scarcely yet cured of the former warre.

That being ſet in ſo direct a way,
Strong friends at hand his enterprize to backe,
Ready before him when his entrance lay
Of all ſuppli'd that he did lately lacke,
Him I perſwade the remedy to ſlacke,
Stopping the courſe which he did lately runne,
All to vndoe that he had euer done.

Thus did I ſtirre vp that vnkindely rage,
That did ſo farre preuaile vpon his blood,
And dat my pleaſure did againe aſſwage,
When now this heate in ſtead might him haue ſtood;
Thus with his humor altered I my mood,
That firſt by Armes his vigor he might loſe,
Which then laid downe gaue ſtrength vnto his foes.

That by concluding this vntimely peace,
I might thereby a lingring warre beginne,
That whil'ſt theſe tumults did a little ceaſe,
Craft more aduantage cunningly might winne,
Thus let I treaſon ſecretly in,
Giuing deceitfull Policie the key,
To the faire cloſet where his counſells lay.

Thus

Thus reconciling outwardly a friend,
I drew an inward and a dangerous foe,
That all his wit ambitiously did bend,
To cloath his treasons in a vertuous show;
Which were contriu'd, so currently to goe
That secret malice strengthned more & more,
Lastly, should proue more dangerous then before.

And now poore Fame, my power to thee addrest,
And thee mine onely instrument I made,
That whil'st these brothers at this passe doe rest,
Him to the warres I wonne thee to perswade,
With those that now were going to inuade,
With great Duke *Godfrey* pressing forth his bands,
From Pagans power t'regaine the holy lands.

His youthfull humor finely thus I feed,
The meane most fit to draw him forth abroad,
When now at home his presence most should neede,
In forraine lands to fasten his aboad,
Him in this order onely I bestow'd;
That *William* dying, *Robert* being gone,
Henrie might seate him on his brothers throne.

So sweete the sounds of these aduent'rous Armes,
And euery sense so strongly they did binde,
That he had then no feeling of his harmes,
So farre away transported is his minde,
Declaring well the greatnesse of his kinde;
That him so high and forcibly did beare,
As when most cause, he least his ill did feare.

Him hauing throwne into eternall thrall,
Wisely fore-casting how the same should bee,
When euery thing made fit vnto his fall,
Which none could hinder, though the most fore-see,
For which I made an instrument of thee;
For where destruction sadly I pretend,
Mischiefe like lines, all to their center bend.

He gone, and *William* yeelded vp the breath,
The yonger *Henry* couetous of raigne,
Offered so fairely by his brothers death,
Whilst *Robert* doth in *Palestine* remaine,
And now a Kingdome easily might gaine;
What by his power and science to perswade,
Himselfe a Monarch absolutely made.

Whilst this great Duke imbraced is by thee,
Which thou as thine doost absolutely claime,
Finding meere shadowes onely missing mee,
And idle Castles in the ayre doth frame;
Loe, such a mighty Monarchesse is Fame,
That what she giues, so easie is to beare,
As none therefore needes violence to feare.

Vntill returning from those holy warres,
So highly honored with the Pagans flight,
From forraigne battels vnto ciuill iarres,
And getting others for his owne to fight,
Inforc'd to vse the vtmost of his might;
With that rich sword in Pagan blood imbru'd,
Himselfe to saue by his owne friends pursu'd.

When

When wanting ſummes, the ſinewes of his force,
Which his great courage quickly comes to finde,
Euen in the high ſpeede of his forward courſe,
So skilfully I mannaged his minde,
That I a way out readily did finde;
To his deſtruction, *Henry* to ſupply,
His future ſafety happily to buy.

Him by all waies to amity to winne,
Not fully yet eſtabliſh'd as he would,
Hauing thus farre already gotten in,
Setting himſelfe ſubſtantially to hold,
By the franke offers of bewitching gold;
The yeerely tribute from his Crowne to riſe,
Which might all former iniuries ſuffice.

Which entertain'd by confident beleefe,
By which to paſſe his purpoſes were brought,
Not yet ſuſpitious of this ſecret theefe,
By which he ſoone and cunningly was caught;
Of which the leaſt when Princely *Robert* thought,
Euen in a moment did annoy him more,
Then all their power could euer doe before.

Which to this great Lord vtterly vnknowne,
Not vnderſtanding, eaſily could not flie,
Into his way that ſubtilly was throwne,
Which to auoide, Duke *Robert* look'd too hie,
Into good minds fraud doth the ſooneſt prie;
Whoſe pliant nature I ſecurely choſe,
To worke what forme it pleas'd me to diſpoſe.

This fatall tribute cutting of the claime,
A lawfull Prince to *Englands* Empire laid
His former right doth altogether maime,
As they agreed yearely to be paid;
Thereon relying after being ſtaid,
As from a fountaine plenteouſly did ſpring,
The efficient cauſe of *Roberts* ruining.

When as his friends ſo well to him that meant,
And for this day did wholly them prepare,
Seeing him thus their purpoſe to preuent,
And how thereby t'was like with him to fare;
How vpon *Henry* bended all their care,
Giuing their power their peace with him to make,
Gathered at firſt the Norman part to take.

And I by whom yet euery thing had beene,
*S*ince Norman *William* conqueſt heere begunne,
To ſhew my ſelfe the worlds imperious Queene,
Direct my courſe againſt his eldeſt ſonne,
Things failing out diſaſtrouſly to runne,
On *Englands* part gainſt *Normandie* to ſtand,
Conquer'd but lately by the Norman hand.

The conqueſt *William* made vpon this Ile,
When Norman blood the Engliſhmen did tame,
That natiue now enriched with her ſtile,
Turn'd with reuenge to captiuate the ſame,
As backe deſcending whence it lately came,
As Norman power did Engliſh thrall prouoke,
That Norman neckes ſhould beare the Engliſh yoke

For

For which, being vp, and faine to open Armes,
Such mortall hate betweene them dayly growes,
And preſſing in where deadly perill ſwarmes,
The angry brothers dealing furious blowes,
Backe to regaine what they before did loſe,
Either to quit him of the others thrall,
Either to riſe, or euermore to fall.

Him on whome late in *Paleſtine* I ſmil'd,
Return'd from *Fraunce* now dreadfully I frowne,
Being call'd home that chiefly is exil'd,
And in his kingdome only leaues his Crowne,
Him in the deluge of miſchance to drowne:
Laſtly, himſelfe contemptfully doth loſe,
Leauing his Realme to his iniurious foes.

Which home to England priſner doe him bring,
Left as a ſpoile and pray vnto his owne,
Become her captiue ſhould haue bin her king;
Such was the lot vpon his life was throwne,
Where he remayning in continuall mone,
Preſcrib'd to one poore ſolitarie place,
Whoſe lawfull bounds the Ocean did imbrace.

Could humane knowledge comprehend my hate,
Or reaſon ſound the depth of things diuine
The world amazed at Duke *Roberts* ſtate,
Might thinke no might to be compar'd with mine
And all the chaunces vnto me reſigne,
In *Roberts* fall apparantly to ſee,
Amongſt the ſtarres the ſtrength that reſts in me.

That

That ſword vpon him which reſumes ſuch powre,
Yet is too weake to conſummate his daies,
Time, whoſe ſwift courſe doth euery thing deuoure,
In his moſt needs, prolongs him with delaies,
Whilſt he his brothers tyrannie obaies,
That he in life a thouſand deaths might die,
In euery courſe ſo forcible am I.

And whilſt in ſuch extreamity he lies,
Depriu'd all comfort but the bleſſed light,
Yet t'was not this that could my rage ſuffice,
But to abridge that, rob'd him of his ſight,
To ſute his dayes directly with the night;
That, that to all men laſtly which ſhould be,
Due to the wretched'ſt, him deni'd by me.

That *Robert* ſo infortunately blinde,
No outward obiect might diſperſe his care,
The better to illuminate his minde,
To ſee his ſorrowes throughly what they are,
To doe ſo much vnto this Prince I dare,
That being depriu'd of that which was the chiefe,
Might of the other amplifie the griefe.

And when bereaued of his nightly reſt,
With the remembrance of ſo haynous wrong,
Faſtning ſo deepely on his penſiue breſt,
His heart the while that violently ſtung,
Nature in him doth ſhew her ſelfe ſo ſtrong;
That griefe, which many doth of life depriue,
Seemes to preſerue and keepe him ſtill aliue.

Him

him, I deni'd his enemie to kill,
Nor by his owne hand wretchedly to die,
That life vnto him ſhould be loathſome ſtill,
And that death from him euermore ſhould flie,
Making them both to him an enemie;
Willing to die by life, him double killing,
Vrged to liue, twice dying he vnwilling.

So many yeares as he hath worne a Crowne,
So many yeares as he hath hop'd to riſe,
So many yeares vpon him did I frowne,
So many yeares he liues without his eies,
So many yeares in dying e're he dies,
So many yeares ſhut vp in priſon ſtrong,
Though ſorrow make the ſhorteſt time ſeeme long.

Thus ſway I in the courſe of earthly things,
That time might worke him euerlaſting ſpight,
To ſhew how I can tyrannize on Kings,
And in the fall of great ones doe delight,
Infinite things my working infinite:
All wordly changes at my will diſpoſed,
For that in me all wonder is incloſed.

Affortunes ſpeech amazed whilſt they ſtand,
And Fame her ſelfe yet wondreth at his woe,
When from Duke *Robert* Fortune takes her hand,
Whoſe miſery ſhe thus had let them know;
When now to anſwere her deſpightfull foe,
Fame from deepe ſilence ſeeming to awake,
Thus for her Client modeſtly be ſpake.

Quoth

Quoth ſhe returning from renowned *Rome*
Seeking my ſelfe in *Europe* to aduance,
To winne her Princes to regaine the tombe,
Which had bin loſt by her miſgouernance,
Calling to England, Germany and France,
(At length) perſwaded happily by me,
From Pagan hands faire Paleſtine to free.

That holy Hermit long that did bemone
This their ſo great and euident a loſſe,
With famous *Godfrey* forwards that was gone,
Bearing the banner of the bloody Croſſe,
Now whilſt in ſo faire forwardnes it was,
And euery eare attentiue now did ſtand,
To this great buiſines onely then in hand.

Thither did all the nobleſt ſpirits reſort,
Which I that time ſucceſſefully did bring,
Allured by the confident report,
(That from ſo great an enterpriſe did ſpring)
T'aduenture in ſo popular a thing;
And no man deemed worthy to be mine,
That was not forward in this great deſigne.

Where now this Duke the Conqu'rors eldeſt ſonne,
Which with his birthright *Normandie* did reſt,
When of what elſe his noble father wonne,
His brother *Rufus* ſtrongly was poſſeſt;
Which whilſt he ſtriueth from his hands to wreſt,
This great attempt now gloriouſly broke forth,
Which was by me divulged through the North.

Which

Which h auing got free entrance to his eare
uch entertainement happily did finde,
s no perſwaſion ſuffreth to be there,
om his high purpoſe to diuert his minde,
nd being ſo religiouſly inclin'd,
Woo'd with this offer fitly doth prepare
Himſelfe to furniſh to this great affaire.

hat kingdome he doth careleſly neglect,
is brother *Rufus* wrongfully doth keepe,
nd onely that doth conſtantly reſpect,
Where he once in his ſepulchre did ſleepe,
t whoſe deere death the very rocks did weepe,
His crowne of gold this chriſtian Prince doth ſcorne,
So much he lou'd him that was crownd with thorne.

he want that him did grieuouſly oppreſſe,
fthoſe great ſums in leuying power were ſpent,
imſelfe againe of England to poſſeſſe
uch hindreth his religious intent;
et could not this his purpoſe ſo preuent
Although a while it ſeem'd delay to make,
Of that which he did brauely vndertake.

herefore this noble and high ſpirited Lord,
hilſt now his buiſnes ſtandeth at this ſtay,
nd ſince his ſtate no better could afford,
gage to *Henry Normandie* doth lay,
rouiding firſt his ſouldiers how to pay,
Rather himſelfe choſe kingdomeleſſe to leaue,
His countries hopes then baſely to deceiue

hich

To his victorious Ensigne came from farre,
Th'in-lled Red-shanks toucht with no remorse,
The lght-foote Irish that with darts doe warre,
The Scot so much delighting in his horse,
The English Archer of a Lions force,
The valiant Norman most his troupes among,
With the braue Britton wonderfully strong,

Those voyd of comfort in this colder clime,
To other Countries kindly he doth bring,
(And wisely teach them to redeeme the time,
Whence their eternall memory might spring)
Vnto that place whereas the heaucnly King,
Their deere redemption happily began.
Liuing on earth, which was both God and man.

Poore Ilanders which in the Oceans chaine,
Too long imprisoned from the cheerefull day,
Your warlike leader brings you to the maine,
Which to my Court doth shew the open way,
And his victorious hand becomes the key,
Vnto so high aduentures that you beares,
Glory to you,and honour to your heires.

And doth thereto so zealously proceede,
As those faire lockes his temples that adorne,
Vntill the great *Ierusalem* werefreed,
He made a wow should neuer more be shorne;
Which since they so religiously were worne,
In euery eye did beautifie him more,
Then did the Crowne of Normandie before.

VVhi

Whilſt he ſtill on his vpright courſe doth hold,
As we the ſequell briefely ſhall relate,
Bearing himſelfe as (worthily he could)
And beſt became his dignitie and ſtate,
Teaching how his themſelues ſhould moderate,
Not following life, ſo with his chance content,
Not flying death, ſo truely valient.

So did he all his faculties beſtow,
That euery thing exactly might be done,
That due fore-ſight before the act might goe,
Others groſſe errors happily to ſhun,
Wiſely to finiſh well that was begun;
Iuſtly directed in the courſe of things,
By the ſtraight rule from ſound experience ſprings

Idle regards of greatnes that did ſcorne,
Careleſſe of pompe, magnificent to bee,
That man reputing to be nobleſt borne,
That was the moſt magnanimous and free,
In honour ſo impartiall was hee,
Eſteeming titles meritleſſe and nought,
Vnleſſe with danger abſolutely-bought.

Giuing the ſouldier comfortable words,
And oft imbalmes his well-receiued wound,
To him that needed maintenance affords,
To braue attempts encouraging the ſound,
Neuer diſmaide in any perrill found;
His tent a ſeate of iudgement to the grieu'd,
And as a Court to thoſe ſhould be relieu'd.

So

So perfect was that rarifiyng fire,
That did compose and rectifie his minde,
Vnto that place that raised his desire,
Aboue the vsuall compasse of his kinde,
And from the world so cleerely him refin'd,
As him did wholly consecrate to glory,
A subiect fit whereon to build a story.

Who in ambassage to the Emperour sent,
Passing along through *Macedon* and *Thrace*,
Neuer did sleepe but onely in his tent
Till he reviewed that famous *Godfries* face,
Nor til he came vnto that hallowed place,
Ne're did repose his bodie in a bed,
Such were the cares possest his troubled head.

O wherefore then great Singer of thy dayes,
Renowned *Tasso* in thy noble story,
Shouldst thou be tax'd as partiall in his praise,
And yet so much should'st set forth others glory?
Me thinks for this thou shoul'dst be onely sorie,
That thou shoulst leaue another to recite,
That which so much thou did'st neglect to write.

There was not found in all the Christian hoast,
Any then he more forward to the field,
Nor their battallions could another boast
To beare himselfe more brauely with his shield,
So well his armes this noble Duke could weild,
As such a one he properly should be,
That I did meane to consecrate to me

O

Of ſo approued and deliuer force,
Charging his Launce or brandiſhing his blade,
VVhether on foote, or managing his horſe,
That open paſſage through the rankes he made,
At all aſſaies ſo happy to inuade,
That were he abſent in the charge or chaſe,
It was ſuppos'd the day did loſe the grace.

In doubtfull fights where danger ſoon'ſt did fall,
He wou'd be preſent euer by his will,
And where the Chriſtians for ſupplies did call,
Thither through perill *Robert* preſſed ſtill,
To helpe by valour, or relieue by skill;
To euery place ſo prouidently ſeeing,
As power in him had abſolutely being.

VVhen in the morne his Courſer he beſtrid,
He ſeem'd compos'd eſſentially of fire,
But from the field he euer drouping rid,
As he were vanquiſh'd onely to retire,
Neereſt his reſt, the furth'ſt from his deſire,
And in the ſpoiles his Souldiers ſhare the crownes,
They rich in gold, he onely rich in wounds.

And when the faire *Ieruſalem* was wonne,
And King thereof they gladly him would make,
All ſoueraigne titles he ſo much doth ſhunne,
As he refus'd the charge on him to take,
One, the vaine world that clearely did forſake.
So farre it was from his religious minde,
To mixe things vile with thoſe of heauenly kinde.

No triumph did his victories adorne,
But his high praiſe for ſinfull man that dy'd,
Nor other marke of victory is worne,
But that red Croſſe to tell him crucifi'd,
All other glories that himſelfe deni'd:
A holy life ſo willingly he leades,
In dealing almes, and bidding of his beades.

Thus a poore Pilgrime he returnes againe,
For glitt'ring armes in Palmers homely gray,
Leauing his Lords to leade his war-like traine,
Whilſt he alone comes ſadly on the way,
Dealing abroad his lately purchas'd pray;
A Hermits ſtaffe his carefull hand doth hold,
That with a Launce his heathen foe controlde.

But now to end this long continued ſtrife,
Henceforth thy malice takes no further place,
The hate thou bar'ſt him ended with his life,
By thee his ſpirit can ſuffer no diſgrace;
Now in mine armes his vertues I embrace,
His body thine, his croſſes witneſſe bee,
But mine his minde, that from thy powre is free.

Thou gau'ſt vp rule when he gaue vp his breath,
And where thou end'ſt, euen there did I beginne,
Thy ſtrength was buried in his timeleſſe death,
VVhen as thy Conquerour laſtly came I in,
That all thou got'ſt from thee againe did winne;
To whom thy right thou wholly did'ſt reſigne,
And made thy glory abſolutely mine.

To

To the baſe world then Fortune get thee backe,
The ſame with drerie Tragedies to fill,
There by thy power bring all things vnto wracke,
And on weake mortalls onely worke thy will;
And ſince ſo much thou doo'ſt delight in ill,
Heare his complaint, who wanting eies to ſee,
May giue thee ſight, which art as blinde as hee.

At her great words amazed whilſt they ſtand,
The Prince which look'd moſt fearefully and grim,
Bearing his eies in his diſtreſſefull hand,
VVhoſe places ſtood with blood vnto the brim,
As in great anguiſh ſhaking euery lim;
After deepe ſighes and lamentable throwes,
Thus to the world disburthened his woes.

Saith he, farewell lights that are now put out,
And where they were, is buried all my ioy,
VVith endleſſe darkneſſe compaſſed about,
VVhich tyrannie did wilfully deſtroy,
To breed my more perpetuall anney,
That euen that ſenſe I onely might forgoe,
That could alone giue comfort to my woe.

You which beheld faire *Paleſtine* reſtor'd,
And from prophane hands of the Pagans freed,
The Sepulchre of that moſt gracious Lord,
And ſeene the mount where his deere wounds did bleed,
That with theſe ſights my zealous ſou'e did feede;
Sith from your functions night doth you diſſeuer,
Seclude me now from worldly ioyes for euer.

They saw no Sunne, nor did they view the day,
Except a candle, they beheld no light,
Strong walles before those blessings kept away,
VVhat could be fear'd? they could not hurt the night,
For then teares wholly hindred them of sight.
O then from whence should *Henries* hate arise,
Though I saw nothing that I should haue eies?

The wretched'st thing, the most despised'st beast,
Enioyes that sense as generally as wee,
The very Gnat, or what than that is least,
Of sight by nature kindely is made free,
VVhat thing hath mouth to feede, but eies to see?
O that a tyrant then should me depraue,
Of that which else all liuing creatures haue!

VVhilst yet the light did mittigate my moane,
Teares found a meane to sound my sorrowes deepe,
But now ay me, that comfort being gone,
By wanting eies wherewith I erst did weepe,
My cares alone concealed I must keepe.
O God, that blindnesse darkning all delight,
Should aboue all things giue my sorrow sight.

VVhere sometime stood the beauties of this face,
Those lampes once lighted as the Vestall flame,
Is now a dungeon, a distressed place,
A harbour fit for infamy and shame,
VVhich but with horrour none can scarsely name;
Out of whose darke grates misery and griefe,
Starued for vengeance, daily beg reliefe.

The day abhorres me, and me ſtill doth flie,
Night ſtill me followes, yet too long doth ſtay,
This neuer comes though it be euer nie,
And this in comming vaniſheth away,
VVhat now me booteth either night or day;
All's one, ſtill day, or be it euer night,
Sith one to me the darkneſſe and the light.

You wherewith once my comforts I did view,
Th'all-couering heauen and glory that it beares,
No more that ſight ſhall e're be ſeene of you,
That bleſſed Sunne that euery mortall cheares,
No more to me for euer now appeares;
Betake your ſelues vnto your darkſome Cell,
And bid the world eternally farewell.

His ſpeech thus ending, Fortune diſcontent,
Turning her ſelfe as ſhe away would flie,
Playing with babes and fooles incontinent,
As neuer tutch'd with humane miſerie,
As what ſhe was her ſelfe to verifie;
And ſtraight forgetting what ſhe had to tell,
To other ſpeech and girliſh laughter fell.

VVhen graceſull Fame conueying thence her charge,
VVith all theſe troupes that did to her reſort,
Gaue me this booke, wherein was writ at large,
His life ſet out in admirable ſort,
T'amaze the world with this ſo true report:
But Fortune angry with her foe therefore,
Gaue me this gift, that I ſhould ſtill be pore.

FINIS.

The Legend of *Matilda.*

IF yet a Muſe there happily remaine,
That is by truth ſo diligently taught,
As euer hating wantonly to faine,
Declareth but what modeſtly ſhe ought:
If this be ſuch which I ſo long haue ſought,
I craue by her my life may be reueal'd,
By blacke Obliuion enuiouſly conceal'd.

Oh if ſuch fauour I might hope to finde,
Here in this world yet once to liue agen,
As I yet laſtly might expreſſe my minde,
By the endeuour of a powrefull pen,
In all my ſorrowes happy were I then;
Three hundreth yeares by all men ouer-paſt,
Finding one friend to pitty me at laſt.

O you of him ſo happily elect,
VVhom I entreate to proſecute my Storie,
Lady moſt deere, moſt worthy all reſpect,
The worlds beſt iewell, and your ſexes glory,
It ſhall ſuffice me, be *Idea* ſory,
Reading my Legend ſadly in his verſe,
VVhich now alone muſt ſerue me for a herſe.

Be

Be you the paterne by whoſe perfect view,
Like your faire ſelfe he wiſely may me make,
For ſure aliue none fitter is then you,
VVhoſe forme vnſpotted chaſtitie may take,
Be you propitious, for whoſe onely ſake
For me I know hee'le gladly doe his beſt,
So you and I may equally be bleſt.

Bright *Roſamond* ſo highly that is graced, Roſamond
Inroled in the Regiſter of fame.
That in our Sainted Kalender is placed,
By him who ſtriues to ſtellifie her name;
Yet will the modeſt ſay ſhe was to blame,
Though full of ſtate and pleaſing be his rime,
Yet can his skill not expiate her crime.

The wife of *Shore* winnes generall applauſe, Iane Shore
Finding a pen laborious in her praiſe,
Elfred reuiu'd to pleade her pittied cauſe,
After the enuie of ſo many daies,
Happie's the man their glories high'ſt can raiſe;
Thus the looſe wanton liked is of many,
Vice ſhall finde friends, but vertue ſeldome any.

To vaunt of my Nobility were vaine,
VVhich were, I know, not bettered by the beſt,
Nor ſhould beſeeme an honourable ſtraine,
And me a maiden fits not of the reſt,
Nor worldly titles fondly will ſuggeſt;
A vertuous life I meane to boaſt alone,
Our birth our Syres, our vertues be our owne.

Ti's ſhame to fetch our long deſcent from Kin gs,
If from the Gods deriued thou ſhould'ſt be :
The old atchieuements of thoſe wondrous things,
VVhich thou thy ſelfe then liued'ſt not to ſee,
VVhat be their acts materiall vnto thee ?
Staining that blood and honour that was theirs,
VVhich could not leaue their vertues to their heires.

Heau'n powr'd downe more abundance on my birth,
Then it before had vſually beſtow'd,
And was in me ſo bountifull to earth,
As though the fulneſſe meaning to haue ſhow'd,
On me it ſo immeaſurably flow'd,
That ſuch a ſhape with ſuch a ſpirit inſpir'd,
Did of the wiſeſt make me moſt deſir'd.

Vpon my brow ſate Beauty in her pride,
Vnto the world as miniſtring her law,
And vnto all ſuch riches did diuide,
As vnto her all generally did draw ;
And yet mine eye did keepe them ſo in awe,
As that which onely could true vertues meaſure,
Ordain'd by Nature to preſerue her treaſure.

My carri'ge ſuch as might content the wiſe,
My ſpeech ſuch comely decencie retaine,
As of the yonger was not deem'd preciſe,
Nor of the aged was accounted vaine ;
So well inſtructed to obſerue the meane,
So well compact, and natiue was each good,
That did cohere with temper of my blood.

Nature

Nature in me did ſuch perfections vary,
As that the leaſt allow'd not of compare,
And yet ſo well did teach me them to carry,
That then themſelues did make them ſeeme more rare
As in my portion ſuffering none to ſhare,
In her faire grace by placing me ſo hie,
That there ſhould ſit the darling of the skie.

When Fame beganne my beautie firſt to blaze,
That ſoone became too lauiſh of the ſame,
Hauing her trumpet laden with my praiſe,
That euery place was filled with my name,
For which report thou too much wert to blame;
But vnto thee is beautie ſubiect ſtill,
Which I may ſay, is cauſer of our ill.

This iealous monſter hath a thouſand eyes,
Her ayrie body hath as many wings,
Now about earth, now vp to heauen ſhe flies,
And heere and there with euery breath ſhe flings,
Euen from the deepe her meſſages ſhe brings,
Nothing ſo ſecret but to her appeareth,
As apt to credite euery thing ſhe heareth.

And Princes eares as open to report,
As skill in blazing beauty to a King,
Subiect vnto the Cenſure of the Court,
From whence Fame carries, thether ſhe doth bring,
And which ſoeuer, ſhe doth loudly ring,
Thether ah me vnhappily ſhe brought,
Where I my bane vnfortunately cought.

There

There ſtood my beautie boldly for the prize,
Where the moſt cleere and perfect'ſt iudgements be,
And of the ſame the moſt iudiciall eyes,
Did giue the gole impartially to me;
So did I ſtand vnparaleld and free,
And like a Comet in the Euenings skie,
Strooke with amazement euery wondring eye.

This t'was poſſeſt the breaſt of Princely *Iohn*,
This on his hart-ſtrings endeleſſe muſicke made,
This wolly wonne him vnto it alone,
And fully did his faculties inuade,
From which not reaſon euer could diſſwade;
This taught his eyes their due attendance ſtill,
Holding the reines which rul'd his princely will.

When yet my father fortunate in Court,
And by his blood ranck'd equall with the beſt,
Hauing his quicke eare touch'd with this report,
Which yet the newes but hardly could diſgeſt,
And on my youth his onely care did reſt;
Straightly putſues it by thoſe ſecret ſpies,
As ſtill in Courts attend on Princes eyes.

And he thus while who ſeemed but to ſleepe,
Till he the Princes purpoſes could ſound,
And to himſelfe yet ſecretly did keepe,
What he but late had prouidently found;
So well that wiſe Lord could conceale his wound,
That well fore-ſaw how dang'rous it would proue,
To croſſe the courſe of his impatient loue.

Till

Till being reſolu'd how violent a flame,
Vnbridled will had kindled in the King,
That on the ſuddaine ſhould he ſtop the ſame,
A greater inconuenience might ſpring,
Which knowne to him ſo dangerous a thing,
Me doth bethinke him fitteſt to perſwade,
E're for my ſafety further meanes he made.

Deare girle, quoth he, thou ſeeſt who doth await,
T'intrap that beautie bred to be thy foe,
Being ſo faire and delicate a bait,
Tempting all eyes themſelues there to beſtow,
Whoſe power the king is taught too ſoone to know;
Of his deſire that what the end may bee,
Thy youth may feare my knowledge doth fore-ſee.

And for thou liueſt publiquely in Court,
Whoſe priuiledge doth euery meane protect,
Where the enſample of the greateſt ſort,
Doth more then opportunitie effect.
None thriuing there that dwell vpon reſpect,
Being a lottery were but few do win,
Falſhood t'haduenture, and the prize but ſin.

Subt'ly oppoſing to thy longing ſight,
What may to pleaſure poſſibly prouoke,
And fitly faſhioned vnto thy delight,
That with the graueſt ſtrikes too great a ſtroke,
Hauing withall imperious power thy cloke;
With ſuch ſtrong reaſons on her part propounded,
As may leaue vertue ſeemingly confounded.

Many

Many the waies inducing to thy fall,
And to thy ſafety none is left to guide thee,
And when thy danger greateſt is of all,
Euen then thy ſuccour ſooneſt is deni'd thee:
So ſundry meanes from vertue to diuide thee,
Hauing withall mortalitie about thee,
Frailty within, temptation ſet without thee.

The leachers tongue is neuer voide of guile,
Nor wants he teares when he would win his pray,
The ſubtil'ſt tempter hath the ſmootheſt ſtile,
Sirens ſing ſweetely when they would betray,
Luſt of it ſelfe had neuer any ſtay,
Nor to containe it bounds could haue deuis'd,
That when moſt fill'd, is leaſt of all ſuffis'd.

With euery meane and Maieſty is fraught,
That all things hath contained in his power,
And who will conquer, leaues no meane vnſaught,
Soft golden drops did pierce the brazen Tower,
Watching th'aduantage of each paſſing hower,
Time offering ſtill each minute to do amiſſe,
Thy baneful'ſt poyſon ſpiced with thy bliſſe.

And when this heady and vnſeas'ned rage,
Which in his blood doth violently raigne,
Time, that the heat ſhall peaceably aſſwage,
Shall ſhew the more apparently thy ſtaine,
Which vnto ages euer ſhall remaine;
Sinne in a chaine leades on her ſiſter ſhame,
And both in gyues faſt fetter'd to defame.

Kings

Kings vſe their loues as garments they haue worne,
Or as the meate whereon they fully fed,
The Saint once gone, who doth the ſhrine adorne,
Or what is Nectar careleſly if ſhed?
What Princes wealth redeemes thy maidenhead,
Which ſhould be held as precious as thy breath,
Whoſe diſſolution conſummates thy death?

The ſtately Eagle on his height dooth ſtand,
And from the maine the fearefull fowle doth ſmite,
Yet ſcornes to touch it lying on the land,
When he hath felt the ſweete of his delight,
But leaues the ſame a pray to euery kite;
With much we ſurfet, plenty makes vs poore,
The wretched Indian ſpurnes the golden ore.

When now he points the period with a teare,
Which in my boſome made ſo great a breach,
As euery precept firmely fixed there,
And ſtill his counſell vnto me did preach,
(A father ſo effectually ſhould teach,)
So that his words I after euer found,
Written on ſo immaculate a ground.

The youthfull king deluded but the while,
That in his breaſt ſtill bare this quencheleſſe fire,
Whilſt flatt'ring hope his ſenſes doth beguile,
That with freſh life ſtill quickned his deſire,
(And gone ſo far now meant not to retire;)
Thinkes if that aptly winning him but place,
By loue or power to purchaſe him my grace.

VVhich

Which ſtill deferring found he ſtill did faile,
Nor to his mind aught (kindely) tooke effect,
Couragiouſly reſoluing to aſſaile,
That other meanes doth vtterly neglect,
In ſpite what feare could any way obiect,
And finding time, not booting to be mute,
Thus to me laſtly did prefer his ſute.

Deare maide (quoth he) when Nature had ordained,
Thee to the world her workemanſhip to bring,
All other creatures knowing ſhe had ſtained,
By ſo diuine and excellent a thing,
Onely therefore to gratifie a King,
Seal'd thee the Charter dated at thy birth,
Mirrour of heauen, the wonder of the earth.

Hoord not thy beautie, heauen doth giue thee ſtore,
Pittie ſuch treaſure ſhould lie idely dead,
Which being imparted ſhall increaſe the more,
And by the int'reſt euermore be fed,
To be mans comfort that was onely bred,
Which of it ſelfe is of ſuch power and might,
As like the Sun ioyes all things with the ſight.

(glide.

From thoſe bright ſtars ſuch ſtreames of lightning
As through the eyes do wound the very heart,
Whoſe vertues may be ſundry waies applide,
Hurting and healing like *Achilles* dart;
Such bountie Nature did to them impart,
Thoſe lampes, two planets, clearer then the ſeauen,
That with their ſplendor light the world to heauen.

Had

Had Arte ſuch colours as could truely ſhow,
Each rare perfection rightly in his kinde,
And on each one ſufficiently beſtow,
Vnto the glory properly aſſign'd,
Painting the beauties aptly to the minde;
But O alone thy excellence is ſuch,
As words though many leſſen worth ſo much.

He is thy King who is become thy ſubiect,
Sometimes thy Lord now ſeruant to thy loue,
Thy gracefull ſeatures be his onely obiect,
Who for thy ſake a thouſand deaths durſt proue,
A Princes praier ſhould ſome compaſsion moue;
Let Woolues and Beares be cruell in their kindes,
But women meeke and haue relenting mindes.

Daine (deare) to looke vpon theſe brimfull eyes,
With tides of teares continually frequented,
Where hope without foode, hunger-ſtaruen lies,
Which to betray me trecherouſly conſented,
That for the fact being lawfully conuented,
Iudg'd in theſe waters ſtill to haue their being,
For their preſumption thy perfections ſeeing.

Sit thou commanding vnder mine eſtate,
Hauing thy treſſes honored with my Crowne,
As not vnworthy of a meaner fate,
And make the proud'ſt to tremble with a frowne,
Raiſe whom thou wilt, caſt whom it pleaſe thee down,
And be my loue renowned through this Ile,
With all the titles fame may thee inſtile.

What

VVhat if my Queene repining at our bliſſe,
Thee as did *Iuno Iowes* faire darling keepe,
Mine I'le preſerue as that great god did his,
VViſe *Mercury* lull'd *Argus* eyes to ſleepe,
Loue euer laughs when iealouſie dooth weepe,
When moſt ſhe ſtirs, our power ſhall keep her vnder
She may raiſe ſtormes, but we do rule the thunder.

Thus hauing made the entrance to his loue,
Which he ſuppos'd aſſuredly in time,
Of better tidings meſſenger might proue,
By which he after to his ioyes might clime,
And of my youth now being in the prime, (me,
Leaues me, not knowing well which way to turne
Warm'd with the fire which vnawares might burne
(me.

Vpon my weakenes that ſo ſtrongly wrought,
VVhilſt in my breaſt a mutiny aroſe,
Feare and Deſire a doubtfull combate fought,
As like two eager and ambitious foes,
This ſtriues to win, the other feares to loſe;
By this oft cleered, and by that accuſed,
Flattred by that moſt, moſt which me abuſed.

And in my ſelfe, that well ſuſpected treaſon,
Knowing who watc'h to haue me for his pray,
And in ſo apt and dangerous a ſeaſon,
When youth and beautie bare ſo great a ſway,
And where he battery ſtill to me might lay,
Who girt ſo ſtrongly euery way about,
Well might expect I could not long hold out.

All doubts and feares caſt vtterly aſide,
Reſolu'd at laſt away from Court to goe,
Whither it pleas'd my happy ſtarres to guide,
There I my ſelfe determin'd to beſtowe,
Vntill time might this paſsion ouer-blow,
Or if at leaſt it wrought not the extruſion,
Might lend me power to helpe my reſolution.

When he whoſe care this while me not forſooke,
That many a ſweete ſleepe for my ſafetie brake,
Much that was pleaſed with the courſe I tooke,
As one that truely ſuffered for my ſake,
Did his aboade at Baynards Caſtle make,
Which ſince the Court ſo happily did leaue me,
To his protection kindely did receiue me.

Whence ſorrow ſeemed vtterly exil'd,
VVherein my life I long before did waſte,
The preſent time that happily begail'd,
VVith thought of that which was alreadie paſt,
VVhere I was now ſo fortunately plac'd;
Euen as a bird eſcap'd the Fowlers ſnare,
Whome former danger warneth to beware.

When now the King whoſe purpoſes were croſs'd,
Which this euaſion ſubtilly did preuent,
And that the meane to which he truſted moſt,
Was that which moſt did fruſtrate his intent,
Seeing his ſute prepoſterouſly went,
Another courſe bethinkes himſelfe to runne,
Elſe now as farre of, as when firſt begunne.

Thence forth deuiſing to diſſolue the maſſe,
That lay ſo full betwixt him and the light,
That in his ſute ſo great a hindrance was
And (leaſt expected) wrought him moſt deſpite,
Finding the cauſe that all things went not right,
Caſteth forwith my father to remoue,
To make the way more cleerer to his loue.

When ſcarcely cured of that ſickely qualme,
And that my heart was happily at eaſe,
But as a ſhip that in a gentle calme,
Floates vp and downe vpon the quiet ſeas,
By ſome rough guſt ſome aduerſe ſtarre doth raiſe,
Driuen againe into the troubled maine,
Which well had hop'd ſecurely to haue laine.

The powrefull Prince whom I did thus reiect,
Hereon in Court doth firſt this Peere diſgrace,
Thereby to giue the people to ſuſpect,
T'offend in ſome thing fitting neere his place,
Them it (by all meanes) vrging to imbrace;
Which if he cleerely modeld out, that path
Should giue a paſſage freely to his wrath.

And giuing colour to his ranck'rous hate,
By ſuch falſe counſell as to him he drew,
Cunning in all the ſtratagems of ſtate,
My guiltleſſe father ceaſeleſly purſue,
Whoſe kingly power too quickely ouerthrew
Him which I hop'd me ſuccour ſhould haue giuen,
Till from all refuge abſolutely driuen.

And

And not their cleere and intellectuall ſight,
Into the quarell that did throughly looke,
Nor our allies that to their vtmoſt might,
Gainſt his proceeding that our partie tooke,
(Vnto the end that neuer me forſooke,)
Could the effect of his great power preuent,
To ſtay from Fraunce my baniſh'd father ſent.

Not all his ſeruice to his ſoueraigne done,
In warre as valiant, as in counſell ſound,
Which from this Prince compaſſion might haue won,
To him that faithfull euermore was found;
How deepely theu ingratitude dooſt wound!
Sure firſt deuiſed to no other end,
But to grieue thoſe whom nothing could offend.

Ay me, forſaken, left vnto my foe,
Thus by my fortune frowardly betrai'd,
Neuer poore maiden was beſieged ſo,
And all depreſſed that ſhould lend me aide,
Such weight the heauens vpon my birth had lai'd,
Yet her due merite vertue neuer loſeth (poſeth.
Gainſt her faire courſe though heauen it ſelfe op-

Embark'd for France his ſad deiected eies,
Filled with teares in plentifulleſt ſtore,
His parting threatned by the lowring skies,
Then vnder ſaile from ſight of any ſhore,
Feare him behinde, and ſorrow him before;
Waſting withall his ſad laments in vaine,
To the rude waters only to complaine.

When like a deere before the hounds imboſte,
When him his ſtrength beginneth to forſake,
Leaues the ſmoothe lawnes to which he truſted moſt,
And to the couert doth him ſelfe betake,
Doubling that creeps from brake againe to brake;
Thus ſtill I ſhift me from the Princes face,
Which hath me now continually in chaſe.

The coaſt now cleere, ſuſpition laid to reſt,
And each thing fit to further his intent,
Which with much pleaſure quieted his breaſt,
That euery thing ſo proſperouſly went,
And if the reſt ſucceſſefully conſent,
Of former ayde that being quite forſaken,
He hopes the fort may eaſily be taken.

A Princes armes are ſtretch'd from ſhore to ſhore,
Kings ſleeping, ſee with eies of other men,
Craft findes a key to open euery doore,
Little it bootes in walles my ſelfe to pen,
The lambe incloſed in the lions den;
Whoſe watchfull eies too eaſily deſcri'd me,
And found me ſoon'ſt, where ſur'ſt I thought to hide (me.

My paths by ſpies are diligently noted,
O're me he holdes ſo vigilant a watch,
And on my beautie he ſo fondly doted,
That at my lookes he enuiouſly did catch,
Readie that ſtoode attending at my latch,
Where iealous loue continually did warde,
Treaſon my handmaide, Falſhoode on my guarde.

Where.

Wherefore ſince this ſo badly ſorted out,
He to my ſhifts ſo narrowly me draue,
Another courſe thar I muſt caſt about,
Where ſafer harbour happily to haue,
Since inſufficient this was me to ſaue,
His power ſo ſpatious euery way did lie,
That ſtill I ſtood in his ambitious eye.

And feare which taught me euery way to proue,
When I of many long time did debate,
Me at the laſt it pleas'd the powers to moue,
To take vpon mee a religious ſtate,
The holy Cloiſter none might violate;
Where after all theſe ſtormes I did endure,
There yet at laſt might hope to liue ſecure.

Wherefore to *Dunmow* ſecretly conuai'd,
Vnto a houſe that ſometime was begunne,
By *Iuga*, of our anceſtry, a maide,
At whoſe great charge this Monaſt'ry was done,
In which ſhe after did become a Nunne;
And kept her order ſtrictly with the reſt,
Which in that place virginitie profeſt.

Where I my ſelfe did ſecretly beſtow,
From the vaine world which I too long had tri'd,
One, whom affliction taught my ſelfe to know,
My youth and beautie gently that did chide,
And me inſtructing as a skilfull guide;
Printed with all ſuch coldneſſe in my blood,
That it might ſo perpetuate my good.

The King who with an enuious eye did see,
Himselfe deluded, strongly discontent,
Who thence his power not possibly could free,
Which his sad breast doth grieuously torment;
Which, since that I so wilfully was bent,
And he past hope now euer to enioy me,
Resolues by some meanes lastly to destroy me.

And he that knew one fit for such a fact,
To whom he durst his secret thoughts impart,
One that for him would any thing enact,
And in performance wanted not his Art,
That had a strong hand, a relentlesse hart;
On him the King (in madnesse so enrag'd)
Impos'd my death, himselfe thereto that gag'd.

Who making haste the fatall deede to do,
Thither repaires, but not as from the King,
One that did well know what belong'd thereto,
Nor therein needed any tutoring,
But as one sent vpon some needefull thing,
With a smooth countenance & with setled browes,
Obtaines to get in where I paide my vowes.

Where I alone and to his tale expos'd,
As one to him a willing eare that lent,
Ay me, too soone himselfe to me disclos'd,
And who it was that him vnto me sent,
From point to point, relating his intent; (uasion,
Which whil'st I stood strooke dumbe with this in-
He thus pursues me strongly with perswasion.

Saith

Saith he, but heare how greatly thou dooſt erre,
Fondly to doat vpon thine owne perfection,
When as the King thee highly will preferre,
And that his power deſireth thy protection;
So indiſcreetly ſort not thy election,
To ſhut vp in a melancholy Cell,
That in a Court ordained was to dwell.

How dangerous is ſo bountifull an offer,
If thy neglect do retchleſly abuſe it,
Who was it euer that did ſee a coffer,
Filled with gold, and proffered did refuſe it?
Greater thy fault the more thou dooſt excuſe it,
Thy ſelfe condemning in thine owne good hap,
Refuſing treaſure caſt into thy lap.

Wrong not thy faire youth, nor the world depriue
Of that great riches Nature freely lent,
Pitty twere they by niggardize ſhould thriue,
Whoſe wealth by waxing craueth to be ſpent,
For which thou after iuſtly ſhalt be ſhent;
Like to ſome rich churle burying his pelfe,
Both to wrong others, and to ſtarue himſelfe.

What is this vaine, this idle reputation,
VVhich to the ſhew you ſeemingly reſpect,
Onely the weakeneſſe of imagination.
VVhich in concluſion, worketh no effect?
Leſſe then that, can the worſhippers protect,
That onely ſtandeth vpon fading breath,
And hath at once the being, and the death.

A feare that grew from doting ſuperſtition,
To which ſtill weake credulitie is prone,
And onely ſince maintained by tradition,
Into our eares impertinently blowne,
By follie gathered, as by error ſowne;
Which vs ſtill threatning hindreth our deſires,
Yet all it ſhewes vs be but painted fires.

Then let it like this Monaſt'ry to leaue,
Which youth and beautie iuſtly may forſake,
Do not thy Prince of thoſe high ioyes bereaue,
Which happy him eternally may make,
VVhich ſends me elſe thy life away to take;
For dead to him if needſly thou wilt proue,
Die to thy ſelfe, and buried with his loue.

Rage that reſum'd the colour of his face,
Whoſe eye ſeem'd as the Baſilisks to kill,
The horror of the ſolitary place,
Being ſo fit wherein to worke his will,
Each good omitted, euery preſent ill;
Which all doe ſeeme my ouerthrow to further,
By feare diſſwaded, menaced by murther.

In this ſo great and peremptory triall,
With ſtrong temptations grieuouſly afflicted,
With many a yeelding, many a deniall.
Oft times acquitted, oftentimes conuicted,
Whilſt feare before me liuely ſtands depicted,
And at the inſtant by a little breath,
Giues me my life, or ſends me vnto death.

When

When now my ſoule that gath'red all her powres,
Which in this neede might friendly giue her aide,
The reſolution of ſo many howres,
Whereon her ſelfe ſhe confidently ſtaid;
In this diſtreſſe their helpes together laide,)
Making the ſtate which ſhe maintained good,
Expell'd the feare, vſurping on my blood.

The which my tongue did modeſtly enlarge,
From thoſe ſtrict limits terror it confin'd,
My greeued boſome ſadly to diſcharge,
And my loſt ſpirits did liberally vnbinde;
To my cleare eyes their reſidence reſign'd,
And ſtrongly there mine honour to maintaine,
Check'd his preſumption with a chaſte diſdaine.

Finding me thus inuiolably bent,
He for my death that onely did abide,
Hauing a poiſon murdring by the ſent,
Vnto the Organ of that ſenſe appli'd;
Which for the ſame when fitteſt time he ſpi'd,
Vnto my noſtrils forcibly did ſtraine,
Which at an inſtant wrought my deadly bane.

With his rude touch (my vaile diſordered then)
My face diſcouering, whoſe delitious cheeke,
Tincted with crimſon, fading ſoone agen,
With ſuch a ſweetneſſe as made death euen meeke,
Seeming to him, beholding it euen like
Vnto a ſparke extinguiſh'd to the eie,
Breakes forth in fire e're ſuddainly it die.

And

And whilſt thereat amazed he doth ſtand,
Wherein he ſuch an excellencie ſaw,
Ruing the ſpoile done by his fatall hand,
Whom nothing elſe, my beauty now doth awe,
And from his eies would force him teares to draw;
Of which depriu'd and fetled euen as dead,
Greeuing for me that it had none to ſhed.

When life retreating gently towards the hart,
(On whom cold death inuaſion now did make,
Winning by little euery outward parte)
As more and more her ſuccours her forſake,
To this laſt Fort enforc'd her to betake,
To him, who ſadly yet did me behold,
Thus with milde ſpeech my griefe I did vnfold.

Is this the gift the King on me beſtowes,
Which in this ſort he ſends thee to preſent me?
I am his friend, what giues he to his foes,
If this in token of his loue be ſent me?
His pleaſure thus, it muſt not diſcontent me;
Yet after ſure a prouerbe this ſhall proue,
The gift King *Iohn* beſtow'd vpon his loue.

When all that race to memory are ſet,
And by their ſtatues their atchieuements done,
Which won abroad, and which at home did get,
From ſonne to Syre, from ſyre vnto the ſonne,
Grac'd with the ſpoiles that glorioufly they wonne;
O that of him it onely ſhould be ſaid,
This was that King, the murtherer of a maide!

O keepe it ſafely from the eares of Fame,
That none doe heare of this vnhalowed deede,
To him be ſecret and conceale his ſhame,
Leſt after-ages hap the ſame to reade,
And in their eyes the very letters bleede;
O let the graue my innocencie hold,
E're of a King ſo haynous ſinne be told.

Vttering my minde my ſorrow to aſſwage,
The heauy burthen of my penſiue breſt,
The poiſon now that inwardly did rage,
The preſent vigor forcibly expreſt,
Me no way ſuffering to declare the reſt;
Longer for him it was no time to ſtay,
And death call'd on to haſten me away.

Thus in my Cloſet being left alone,
Vpon the floore vncomfortably lying,
The deed committed and the murtherer gone,
Almoſt arriued at the point of dying,
Some of the ſiſters me by chance eſpying,
Call all the reſt that in moſt wofull plight,
Came to behold this miſerable ſight.

Where like a Roſe by an vnkindly blaſt,
Mongſt many buds that round about it grow,
The withered leaues improſp'rouſly doth caſt,
Yet all the reſt their ſoueraigne beauties ſhow;
Amidſt this goodly ſiſterhood euen ſo,
Nip'd with cold death vntimely did I fade,
Whilſt they about me pitteous wailing made,

When

When as my poore ſoule in her ſuddaine flight,
Neglects the Organ of each ſeuerall ſenſe,
With all that horror could the ſame affright,
Being diſturbed in her parting hence,
Onely conſtrained for her beſt defence,
Vnto her ſpotleſſe innocence to take her,
Which her not leaues when all the reſt forſake her.

When all our pleaſures are but childrens toyes,
And as meere ſhadowes preſently doe paſſe,
As yeares encreaſing, waning are our ioyes,
As we forget our fauours in a glaſſe,
Euen as a tale of that which neuer was;
Death our deliglits continually doth ſeuer,
Vertue alone abandoneth vs neuer.

And now my ſpirit thus liberally enlarg'd,
By gently flitting from this earthly roome,
The debt to Nature faithfully diſcharg'd,
And at the houre condition'd on my toombe;
Such is the heauens inuitable doombe,
Me *Baynards* Caſtle to the world did bring,
Dunmow againe my place of burying.

Now ſcarſly was my breathleſſe body cold,
But euery where my Tragedy was ſpred,
For tatling Fame in euery place had told,
My reſolution being lately dead,
Ruing my bloud ſo prodigally ſhed,
And to my Father flies with this miſchance,
Which then remained in the Court of France.

His

His losse too great to be bewail'd with teares,
Nor were there found words to expresse his woe,
Terror it selfe so setled in his eares,
No more might enter, nothing out might goe,
O why againe should griefe distract me so?
Enough of sorrow is already showne,
And telling his renewing of mine owne.

Me't shall suffice my fortunes to relate,
And beare the burthen of my proper ill.
If I expresse my pitifull estate,
T'is all I aske, and I obtaine my will,
For why, true sorrow needes not others skill,
It is too much the bitternesse we taste,
Without remembrance when the same is past.

Some say, the King repentant for this deede,
When his remorse to thoughts thereof him draue,
Poorely disguised in a Pilgrimes weede,
Offered his teares on my vntimely graue,
For which, no doubt but heauen his sinne forgaue;
And did thereby my grieued spirit appease,
He being contrite, I happily at ease.

Thus tolde my Story, I my state deuise,
To you sweet Madam, fitt'st with you to rest,
Which doe my vertues daily exercise,
That be impressed in your patient breast,
By whom alone I rightliest am expresst;
For whom my praise (it grieues me) is too scant,
Whose happy name an Epethite shall want.

Then

Then moſt deere Lady, for a maidens ſake,
To ſhed one teare, if gently you but daine,
For all my wrongs it full amends may make,
And be my paſſe to the Elizian plaine,
In your chaſte eyes ſuch power there doth remaine,
As can th'afflicted proſp'rouſly deliuer,
Happy be they may looke vpon them euer.

FINIS.

The

The Legend of *Pierce Gaueſton.*

FRom gloomy ſhadowes of eternall night,
Shut vp in darkneſſe where I long did dwell,
Where behold me miſerable wight,
Laſtly, inuok'd my Tragedie to tell;
Giue me then leaue my ſorrowes to impart,
Somewhat to eaſe my poore afflicted hart.

Goddeſſe of Artes and Armes, *Pallas* diuine,
Let thy bright Fawchion lend me *Cypreſſe* boughes,
Be thou aſſiſting to this Poet of mine,
With funerall wreathes incompaſſing his browes,
Pitying my caſe, when none would heare me weepe,
To tell my ſorrowes, layes his owne to ſleepe.

And mournfull'ſt maiden of the ſacred Nine,
That balefull ſounds immoueably doeſt breath,
With thyſwolne viſage and thy blubbred eyne,
Vnto thee my ſad complaints bequeathe;
Matter that yeelds ſufficient for thy glory,
If thou exactly proſecute my Story.

Tell

Tell how the ſtarres my wand'ring ſtate did guide,
Th'vnconſtant turnes of euery changing howre,
Of many a low ebbe, many as high a tide,
Many a ſmooth calme, many a ſtormie ſhowre,
The height whereto I laſtly did aſcend,
My ſtrange beginning, and my fatall end.

When *Edward* ſate vpon the Engliſh throne,
Long-ſhankes that ſo victoriouſly did raigne,
Firſt of that name, and ſecond vnto none,
In all to Knighthood euer did pertaine,
My life begun, and then begun my bliſſe,
Euen in thoſe dayes, thoſe happy daies of his.

So much did vertue gracious hearts enflame,
Promotion then not purchaſed with golde,
And in thoſe times he that deſired fame,
Bought it of them, that it full dearely ſolde,
Hatefull exceſſe ſo much did not deuoure,
Lawes had leſſe force, and honeſty more powre.

And ſince that time ſo violently prayes,
Vpon thoſe ages that euen holieſt bee,
Let me remember thoſe more happy dayes,
In theſe ſad houres my grieued eyes doe ſee,
With greater griefe that makes me theſe deplore,
When I doe thinke of thoſe that were before.

And

And Muſe, to thee I ſadly then appeale,
Since thou my life wilt needeſly haue me ſhow,
That I by thee may faithfully reueale,
Euen what the moſt inquiſitiue would know,
Whil'ſt that my ſoule heere bodied did abide,
In the vaine world that pampred me in pride.

From *Gaſcoyny* our name and our deſcent,
Of which my father naturally was borne,
In all his warres that with King *Edward* went,
To him a liege man and a ſouldier ſworne:
And in his country ventred his eſtate,
To follow him that ſeem'd to gouerne fate.

Whoſe truſt that great king higly did imploy,
And neare his perſon tooke him for the ſame,
Who with my ſelfe, but then a little boy,
Vnto the Court of famous England came;
Whereas the King for ſeruice he had done,
Made me a Page vnto the Prince his ſonne.

In me what ſhape, that man's did not excell,
Where euery part ſuch harmony did beare,
As in this modell Nature ſeem'd to tell,
T'was not perfection if it were not there,
As euery age reſeru'd his rareſt feature,
Thereof to make ſo excellent a creature.

My lookes the powerfull adamants to loue,
Which vnto them attracted euery ſight,
With which the ſame was fixed or did moue,
As ſympathizing naturally delight,
That where my thoughts intended to ſurpriſe,
I at my pleaſure conqu'red with mine eyes.

If euen the beſt in Paintings curious Arte,
In ſome rare peece his workemanſhip would ſhow,
Imagination helping with her part,
When th'hand had done the vtmoſt it could doe,
Vnto that body modelling a minde,
Such a one was I the mirrour of my kinde.

This was the bait was laide for *Edwards* loue,
Breeding that league of amitie thereby,
That no misfortune after could remoue,
When ſhe the vtmoſt of her force did trie;
Nor death it ſelfe retained power to ſunder,
Friendſhip ſeld ſeene, and in the world a wonder.

Heere on this earth th'onely meane thou art,
VVhereby we hold intelligence with heauen,
And it is thou that onely dooſt impart,
All good can to mortalitie be giuen;
That ſacred bond that neuer canſt be broken,
O word diuine to be with reu'rence ſpoken!

With

With this ſweete Prince in height of worldly blisſe,
Whilſt Tutors care his wandering yeares did guide,
I liu'd enioyng whatſoe're was his,
Who ne're my pleaſures any thing deni'd,
Whoſe deare affection ſtill me ſo attended,
As on my ioyes his happines depended.

Whether that it my rare perfections were,
That wonne my youth ſuch fauour in his eye,
Or that the heauens to whom I ſeem'd ſo deare,
On me downe ſhowr'd this bleſſing from the skie;
I cannot tell, but well it did direct,
That could produce ſuch wonderfull effect.

Thou Arke of heauen where wonders are enroled,
O depth of Nature, who can looke vnto thee?
What might he be that hath thy doome controled?
Or hath the key of Reaſon to vndoe thee?
Thy workes diuine, which thine alone doe know,
Shallow mans witt, too ſhort for things below.

The ſoule her liking, ſubtly doth eſpie,
In the high power that is to her aſſign'd,
By the cleere ſight diſcouering through the eye,
The thing agreeing aptlieſt with her kinde;
And by each motion quickely apprehendeth
That, which it ſelfe paſt humane ſenſe extendeth,

This *Edward* in the Aprill of his age,
Whilſt yet the Crowne ſate on his fathers head,
Like that great *Ioue* with his rap'd *Phrygian* page,
Me with Ambroſiall delicacies fed;
He might command that was the ſoueraignes ſon,
And what I ſaid that onely muſt be done.

My will a lawe authentically paſt,
My yea by him was neuer croſs'd with no,
Who in affection chained was ſo faſt,
He as my ſhadow ſtill with me did goe,
To me this Prince ſo pliant was in all,
Still as an Eccho anſw'ring to my call.

My ſmiles his life, his heauen was in my ſight,
And his delight confin'd by my deſire,
Who from my cleere eyes borrowed all his light,
As pale-eide *Cinthia* from her brothers fire;
My cheeke the pillow where he laide his head,
My brow his booke, my boſome was his bed.

Like faire *Idalia* bent to amorous ſports,
With yong *Adonis* in the wanton ſhade,
Figuring her paſſions in as ſundry ſortes,
As he to her indeerements to perſwade,
Eithers affections happily to moue,
With all the tender daliances of loue.

The table (thus) of our delight was laid,
Seru'd with what dainties pleaſure could deuiſe,
And many a Syren muſicke ſweetely plaide,
(O that youth had vs wherewith to ſuffice!)
Whilſt we on that vnſatiately doe feede,
Which our confuſion afterwards did breed.

For ſtill I ſpur'd his violent deſire,
Holding the reines wherewith he rul'd the ſunne,
My blandiſhment the fuell to the fire,
In which to frie already he begunne;
Waxing his winges taught him Art to flie,
Who on his back might beare me through the skie.

Whilſt the vaine world vpon vs ſtill did winne,
Intic'd his flatteries ſtedfaſtly to truſt,
Looſing the clew which led vs ſafely in,
Are loſt within this Labyrinth of luſt;
For when the fleſh is nuſled once in vice,
The ſweete of ſinne makes hell a paradice.

Who thy deceits vile world yet euer told,
In thee what is th'ats not extreamely ill?
A ſhop where poyſon's onely to be ſold,
Whoſe very entrance inſtantly doth kill,
VVhere all deformed wickedneſſe doth dwell,
And all thy wayes guide head-long into hell.

The King that ſaw his hopefull ſonne betrai'd,
That like yong *Phaeton* ventred on the skies,
Perceiu'd his courſe with danger hardly ſtai'd,
(For he was graue and prouidently wiſe;)
That wanting skill to maſter youthes deſire,
Might by miſguidance ſet his throne on fire.

This was a corſiue to King *Edwards* dayes,
That without ceaſing fed vpon his bones,
That in the day bereau'd him of his eaſe,
Breaking his nights-ſleepe with vnquiet grones;
That did depreſſe and burthened him downe,
More then the weight that ſate vpon his Crowne.

When now their iudgement that ſeuerely tri'd,
The matter whence this malladie firſt grew,
Likewiſe muſt now a remedie prouide,
To preuent the perill likely to enſue,
The cauſe muſt end e're the effect could ceaſe,
Elſe (well) of one, there many might encreaſe.

When ſuch in Court my oppoſites as were,
On all aduantage that could wiſely play,
Who did to me inueterate malice beare,
That for their purpoſe found ſo faire a way;
On this their forces inſtantly did ground,
My name and Fame perpetually to wound.

And

And the time fit for venting their vntruth,
Me into hate more forcibly to bring,
Sticke not to charge the looſeneſſe of my youth,
T'offend euen in th'vnnaturaleſt thing,
And olde fore paſſed outrages awake,
With all that me contemptible might make.

Wherefore the Prince to priuacie beſtow'd,
In realmes remote I baniſhed to rome,
Cenſured of all men fit'ſt to be abroad,
That had betrai'd my honeſt truſt at home,
Adiudg'd to die, if after I were found,
The day preſcrib'd vpon the Engliſh ground.

So much aſtoniſh'd with the ſuddaine blow,
That I became inſenſible of paine,
Vntill awak'd with ſharpneſſe of my woe,
I ſaw the wound which open did remaine;
By which my ioyes ſtill fainted more and more,
No hope at all me euer to reſtore.

Euen as a Turtle for her faithfull Make,
Whoſe youth her deare virginity enioy'd,
Sits ſhrowded in ſome ſolitary brake;
With melancholy penſiueneſſe annoi'd;
Thus without comfort ſit I all alone,
From the ſweet Prince infortunately gone.

My beauty once which ſdain'd the ſummers ſight,
Beaten with bleake and chilly winter ſtormes,
Thoſe tender limbes muſt trauell day and night,
So often hug'd in *Edwards* princely Armes;
Thoſe eyes oft viewing pleaſure in her pride,
VVith fearefull obiects euery way ſuppli'd.

And whilſt theſe ſtormes me ſtrangely thus did toſſe;
VVhere I my ſelfe confined yet in France,
Thwarted the while with many a grieuous croſſe,
Inſeparables to my ſad miſchance;
Others that ſtem'd the current of the time,
By which I fell, prou'd afterwards to clime.

Camelion like the world doth alter hue,
And as falſe *Prothews* puts on ſundry ſhapes,
One change ſcarce gone, another doth enſue,
This fill'd, that likewiſe for promotion gapes;
Thus did they ſwarme like Bees about the brim,
Some drown'd, and ſome as dangerouſly ſwim.

And ſome on whom the higher powers look'd faire,
Yet of the ſeaſon little ſeem'd to vaunt,
For there were cloudes hung in the troubled ayre,
Which ſhew'd ſomething to their deſire did want,
That forc'd them ſtoope which otherwiſe would flie,
Whilſt with much care they fading honour buy.

When

When reſtleſſe Time that neuer turnes againe,
Whoſe winged feete are ſliding with the Sunne,
By the fleete houres attending on his traine,
His reſolution fatally begunne;
In a iuſt courſe eft-ſoone to bring about,
That which long ſince the wiſer ſort did doubt.

For whil'ſt the King doth ſeriouſly attend,
His long-hop'd voyage to the Holy-land,
For which his ſubiects mighty ſummes did lend,
Euen whil'ſt this buiſneſſe onely was in hand
All on the ſuddaine happily doth fall,
The death of *Edward* quickly alt'red all.

Should I aſſay his vertues to report,
To doe the honor due vnto his name,
My meane endeauours ſhould come farre too ſhort,
And I thereby ſhould greatly wrong the ſame;
But leaue it to ſome ſacred Muſe to tell,
Vpon whoſe life a Poets pen might dwell.

His Princely body ſcarſly wrapt in Lead,
(Before his mournefull Obſequies were done)
But that the Crowne was ſet on *Edwards* head,
VVith whom too ſoone my happy houres begun;
After blacke night like brightneſſe of the day,
All former ſorrowes vaniſhed away.

VVhen

VVhen now *Carnarvan* calls within a while,
VVhom *Edward Long-shanks* hated to the death,
He whom the father lately did exile,
Is to the sonne as precious as his breath,
What th'old inscrib'd the yonger forth did blot,
Kings wils perform'd, and dead mens words forgot.

When the winde wafts me to that happy place,
And soone did set me safely on that shore,
From whence I seem'd but banish'd for a space,
That my returne might honoured be the more;
Vnto this new King happily to leaue me,
Whose Princely armes were ready to receiue me.

Who would haue seene how that kind Romane dame,
Ore-come with ioy did yeeld her latest breath,
Her sonne returning laden with such fame,
When thankfull *Rome* had mourned for his death,
Might here behold her personated right,
VVhen I approached to the Princes sight.

My *Ione* now Lord of the Ascendant is,
In an aspect that promis'd happy speede
Whilst in that lucky influence of his,
Some prais'd the course wherein I did proceede;
Yet it to some prodigiously appeares,
Telling the troubles of ensuing yeares.

When

When like to *Midas* all I touch'd was gold,
Powr'd as t'was once downe into *Danaes* lap,
For I obtained any thing I would,
Fortune had yet ſo lotted out my hap;
The cheſts of great men like to Oceans are,
To whom all floods by courſe do ſtill repaire.

The Iſle of *Man* he firſt vnto me gaue,
To ſhew how high I in his grace did ſtand,
But fearing me ſufficient not to haue,
I next receiued from his bounteous hand,
Faire *Wallingford* that anciently had beene,
The wealthy dower of many an Engliſh Queene.

The ſummes his father had beene leuying long,
By impoſitions for the warre abroad,
Other his Princely benefits among,
At once on me he bounteouſly beſtow'd;
When thoſe which ſaw how much on me he caſt,
Soone found his wealth ſufficed not his waſte.

He giues me then chiefe Secretaries place,
Thereby to traine me in affaires of ſtate,
And thoſe high roomes that I did hold, to grace,
Me Earle of *Cornwall* frankly did create;
And that in Court he freely might partake me,
Of *England* Lord high Chamberlaine did make me.

And

And that he would more ſtrongly me allie,
To backe me gainſt their inſolent ambition,
Doth his faire Coſen vnto me affie,
A Lady of right vertuous condition,
VVhich his deare ſiſter proſperouſly bare,
To the Earle of *Gloſter* bloud-ennobled *Clare*.

O ſacred bounty, mother of content,
Fautreſſe and happy nouriſher of Arts,
That giu'ſt ſucceſſe to euery high intent,
The Conquerour of the moſt nobleſt harts;
High grace into mortality infuſed,
Pitie it is that e're thou waſt abuſed.

VVhen thoſe that did my baniſhment procure,
Still in my boſome hated did abide,
And they before that could me not endure,
Are now much more impatient of my pride;
For emulation euer did attend,
Vpon the great, and ſhall vnto the end.

And into fauour cloſely working thoſe,
That from meane places lifted vp by me,
And factious ſpirits being fitteſt to oppoſe,
Them that perhaps too powerfull elſe might be;
That euen gainſt enuie raiſed by my hand,
Me muſt vphold to make themſelues to ſtand.

And ſince the frame by Fortune ſo contriu'd,
To giue protect to my ambitious waies,
Vrging thereby their hate to me deriu'd,
From thoſe high honours he vpon me layes,
Drawing the King my courſes to partake,
Still to maintaine what he himſelfe did make.

Thus doth my youth ſtill exerciſe extreames,
My heed fond raſhneſſe to fore-runne my fall,
My wit meere folly, and my hopes but dreames,
My counſell ſerues my ſelfe but to inthrall,
That me abuſed with a vaine illuſion,
VVhen all I did intending my confuſion.

And now the King, to haſten his repaire,
Himſelfe by marriage highly to aduance,
VVith *Iſabel* a Princeſſe, yong and faire,
As was her father *Philip* King of *France*,
When now the more to perfect my command,
Leaues vnto me protection of the land.

My power confirm'd ſo abſolute withall,
That I dranke pleaſure in a plenteous Cup,
When there was none me to account to call,
All to my hands ſo freely rendred vp,
That earth to me no greater bliſſe could bring,
Except to make me greater then a King.

When

When being now got as high as I could clime,
That the vaine world thus bountifully bleſt,
Frankly embrace the benefit of time,
Fully t'enioy that freely I poſſeſt;
Strongly maintaining he was worſe then mad,
Fondly to ſpare, a Princes wealth that had.

Their counſels when continually I croſs'd,
As ſcorning their authority and blood;
And in thoſe things concern'd their honor's moſt;
In thoſe againſt them euer moſt I ſtood:
And things moſt publique priuately extend,
To feede my ryot that had neuer end.

When laſtly Fortune like a treacherous foe,
That had ſo long attended on my fall,
In the plaine path wherein I was to goe,
Layes many a baite, to traine me on withall;
Till by her skill ſhe cunningly had brought me,
Vnto the place where at her will ſhe caught me.

The mighty buſineſſe falling then in hand,
Triumphs ordain'd to welcome his returne
(Before the French in honour of the land)
With all my power I laboured to adiourne;
Till all their charge was laſtly ouerthrowne,
Who lik'd t'haue ſeene no glory but mine owne.

Thus

Thus euery thing me forward ſtill doth ſet,
Euen as an Engine forced by the ſlight,
One miſchiefe thus a ſecond doth beget,
And that doth leade th'other but to right;
Yet euery one himſelfe employing wholly,
In their iuſt courſe to proſecute my folly.

Which when they found how ſtill I did retaine
Th'ambitious courſe wherein I firſt beganne,
And laſtly felt, that vnder my diſdaine
Into contempt continually they ranne;
Take armes at once to remedy their wrong,
Which their cold ſpirits had ſuffered but too long.

Me boldly charging to abuſe the King,
A waſtfull ſpender of his needfull treaſure,
A ſecret thiefe of many a ſacred thing,
And that I led him to vnlawfull pleaſure,
That neuer did in any thing delight,
But what might pleaſe my ſenſuall appetite.

That as a ſcourge vpon the land was ſent,
Whoſe hatefull life the cauſe had onely beene,
The State ſo vniuerſally was rent,
VVhoſe ill encreaſing euery day was ſeene;
I was reproached openly of many,
VVho pitti'd none, not pitti'd now of any.

And for oppos'd by men of greateſt might,
(The King my danger that had wiſely waid)
That did purſue me with ſuch deadly ſpight,
Me into *Ireland* ſecretly conuai'd,
Vntill he might my peace againe procure,
And his owne ſafety better might aſſure.

As one whoſe houſe remedileſly burning,
Seeing his goods now heap'd together loſt,
His griefe no whit disburthen'd by his mourning,
Taking ſome one thing that he loueth moſt,
To ſome remote place doth with that retire,
Leauing the reſt to th'mercie of the fire.

Yet he ſo much that ſtill did me eſteeme,
That euer ſtroue to couer my diſgrace,
To make my abſence otherwiſe to ſeeme,
And to the world to beare a fairer face,
Leſt my Exile ſuggeſted by their hate,
Might ouerthrow my liuelihood and eſtate.

By their neere counſell that were him about,
His Deputy of *Ireland* doth me make,
And caus'd it each-where to be giuen out,
My iourney thither inſtantly to take,
To ſtop their mouthes that gladly would embrace,
Any report might tend to my diſgrace.

There

There liu'd I in that honourable ſort,
As to my high place purchaſed renowne;
With no leſſe bounty managing a Court,
Then hourely crau'd th'reuenewes of a Crowne,
To me his loue ſuch ſoueraigntie did bring,
That though he raign'd, I abſolutely King.

Few weekes there went but ſome the chanell cros'd,
With ſome ſuch preſent Princes holde in price,
Some iewell that him infinitely coſt;
Or ſumptuous robe of excellent deuice;
When they that ſaw what he vpon me caſt,
Found that his treaſure long time could not laſt.

And ſince the floud me followed in this wiſe,
His fulneſſe I as amply entertaine,
It might ſhew folly to be found preciſe,
That to refuſe which fell as did the raine,
Such as no age before did euer winne,
And ſince his being, yet hath neuer bin;

When now th'abated Baronry, that found
The cunning vs'd for couering of my flight,
That me but ſhifted to a ſurer ground,
On which ſo vainely they beſtow'd their might:
Perceiu'd (farre off) where greater perill roſe,
Then they could finde how rightly to diſpoſe.

Like thoſe that ſtriue to ſtop ſome violent ſourſe,
Whoſe plenty Nature planted not for bounds,
Climes aboue all th'oppoſers of his courſe,
Or let at large the neighbouring plaine ſurrounds,
That in it ſelfe ſenated is bleſs'd,
That will the more be, th'more it is depreſs'd.

And fearing now the force I had abroade,
Who knew the way the *Iriſh* hearts to winne,
Fitter by farre at home to be beſtow'd,
(And to the State more ſafety found therein)
Where though my Ryots they could not preuent,
Yet might ſuruay the giddie courſe I went.

Whereof they ſcarſely entertain'd the thought,
And did thereto but ſeemingly deſcend,
But that his loue immediatly it caught,
Nor cares he by it what they doe intend;
Plot what they could, ſo he thereby might gaine him,
That with delight, did onely entertaine him.

O how thy preſence Maieſtie commands!
That ſo ſeuerely humbleth euery eie,
Whoſe onely ſelfe acts more then many hands,
In thee ſuch vertue ſecretly doth lie,
Hauing about thee the high power of Fate,
Art both imperious ouer loue and hate.

He that occaſion neuer did neglect,
That ought vnto my happineſſe might winne,
My buiſneſſe did ſo carefully effect,
That euer was ſo fortunate therein,
As he to paſſe doth prouidently bring,
Before deem'd ſo impoſſible a thing.

And Meſſengers immediatly are ſent,
Me into England inſtantly to call,
Authoriz'd by the generall conſent,
Although not lik'd of inwardly of all;
Yet, t'was ſufficient that it freedome gaue me,
But to be there where he deſir'd to haue me.

My ſailes now ſwelling with a proſperous winde,
The boiſterous Seas doe homage to mine eies,
That much aboue their vſuall courſe are kinde,
All lowring clouds abandoning the skies,
Nothing diſcern'd that any whit might feare me,
Fortune her ſelfe ſits at the helme to ſteare me.

What time the King his progreſſe then did take,
That part of *Wales* pretending as to ſee,
For which he forward inſtantly did make,
Which was (indeede) there but to meete with me,
With all the fauour that he could deuiſe,
To giue me honour in the publique eies.

Where for my landing long he did prouide,
That nought might want intending my delight,
And at each place as leasurely we ride,
Did entertaine me with some pleasing sight.
And vnto *London* to the pompous Court,
Brings me in the magnificentest sort.

Which prou'd but spurres to my vntam'd desire,
Giuing the reines to my lasciuious will,
Who let me forth vnto my full careire,
On places slippery, and my manage ill,
Small my fore-sight, and ouer-much my hast,
That me (alas) vnfortunately cast.

The Princes eare, that hauing at command,
That who would aught haue, me must entertaine,
And yet before it past my gripple hand,
Got the great'st share vnto my priuate gaine;
Nor car'd I what from any I did wring,
Many thereby too much impouerishing.

And daily begging of Monopolies,
Taking the lands belonging to the Crowne,
And hence transporting those commodities,
To England vsefull comming of her owne,
And basely selling offices (e're then)
The due reward of best deseruing men.

And being irrecouerably prowd,
Held all things vile that ſuted not my vaine,
Nothing might paſſe, my iudgement not allow'd,
A great opinion to my wit to gaine,
Giuing vile termes and nick-names of diſgrace,
To men that ſate in honourable place.

By which brake out that execrable rage,
That long before had boiled in their blood,
And for reuenge they boldly them ingage,
When laſtly for their liberty they ſtood;
And in this quarrell open Armes they take,
Or to marre all, or better it to make.

They durſt affirme my mother was a Witch,
And for that fact condemned burnt to be,
And I her ſonne and rightly of her pitch,
She had bequeath'd her damned Art to me;
Vrging it an inſeparable thing,
That I by Magicke wrought vpon the King.

And into *France* did charge me to conuay,
A goodly Table that was maſſie gold,
A Relique kept at *Windſor* many a day,
That to King *Arthur* did belong of old;
Vpon whoſe margent as they did ſurmiſe,
Merlin ingraued many Prophecies.

And by appealing to the Sea of *Rome*,
A Legat thence procuring to the land,
With malediction by the Churches doome,
On any one that on my part ſhould ſtand:
The King ſuſpending ſhould he not conſent,
And ratifie the generall intent.

Which they did but too proſperouſly effect,
Being ſo ſtrong to counterpoize his force,
The Clergy ſtill being ready to direct,
Them the beſt way, in all their reſtleſſe courſe,
That at the laſt they ſtrongly him procure,
By ſolemne oath me euer to abiure.

Th'vncertaine biding of each earthly thing,
(Set out moſt lively in my ſtarre-cros'd ſtate)
That doth remaine in Fortunes managing,
Appearing in my variable Fate,
On me that frown'd and flattered me ſo oft,
Caſting me downe and ſetting me aloft.

To *Flanders* then my preſent courſe I caſt,
Which being the near'ſt, lay fitteſt for my eaſe,
Safeſt the way, the ſooner it was paſt,
All not my friends that were abroad at Seas;
Such meanes in *France* they daily doe procure,
That there my ſelfe I doubted to ſecure.

And though I chang'd my habite and my name,
Becauſe I meant to liue vnknowne to any,
Yet ſwift report had ſo divulg'd my ſhame,
My hated life was publiſh'd to too many;
In euery ſtreete that as I paſs'd along,
I was the talke of euery common tongue.

And finding that which onely I did craue,
A ſecret meanes to ſend vnto the King,
Each day to me intelligence that gaue,
Of the eſtate and courſe of euery thing;
Who laboured now (more euen then before)
Me into *England* ſafely to reſtore.

For which relying on my Soueraignes loue,
(To whom my life had euer beene ſo deare)
Which I then now had ne're more cauſe to proue,
Striuing t'obtaine (if any meane there were;)
A diſpenſation for his former oath,
In their deſpight that thereto ſeem'd moſt loath.

Where caſting many a ſundry courſe at length,
(Being by mariage mightily alli'd,
And but too much preſuming of my ſtrength)
Reſolu'd for England come what could betide;
And in a ſhip that for the iourney lay,
Thither my ſelfe did ſuddainely conuay.

And safely landed on the wished shore,
Vnto the Court me secretly betooke,
Of which the King had notice long before,
And for my comming euery day did looke,
Wisely that plotted when I should arriue,
All helpfull meanes my safety to contriue.

Which soone being knowne whilst yet their blood was hote,
That to their strength now only were to trust,
For what before was done preuailed not,
And for my sake the King did proue vniust;
Bringing thereby, whilst trifling they did stand,
Wrong to themselues and danger to the land.

Now when the time did generally distast,
Our lewd and inconsiderate neglect,
When those in Court that our high fauours plac'd,
Giue vs iust cause their dealings to suspect,
And they that view'd vs with the pleased'st eye,
Yet at our actions sometimes look'd awry.

Wherefore the King enforced to prouide,
A present Armie trusting to his friends,
Repair'd to *Yorke* vntill he were supplí'd,
From whence for aide he into Scotland sends,
To warlike *Baliol*, and to *Wales*, from whence
He might get power to frustrate their pretence.

But

But they his purpoſe wholly intercept,
Not now to ſeeke in any ſecret thing,
The Marches that ſo vigilantly kept,
And yet renounce all malice to the King;
Onely to chaſtiſe my abhorred ſinne,
Who had the cauſe of all this trouble bin.

Thus like a ſhip diſmembred of the ſailes,
Forc'd by the winde againſt the ſtreamefull tide,
From place to place with euery billow hales,
And as it haps from ſhore to ſhore doth ride;
As that poore veſſell reſts my brittle ſtay,
Nearer the land, ſtill neareſt caſt away.

Corſiue of Kingdomes home-begotten hate,
Which in no limits euer yet waſt-bounded,
When did'ſt thou ſeize euen on the greateſt ſtate,
By thee that was not vtterly confounded?
How many Kingdomes be there that doe rue thee?
Happy the world was till too well it knew thee.

Thus of our ſuccour inſtantly bereft,
Hauing but now ſome little force at ſea,
Laſtly to truſt to, onely to vs left,
On which our hope infortunately lay;
Which he to haſten, ſpeedily doth make,
His former courſes forced to forſake.

The preſent danger managing it ſo,
That did for aide importunatly call,
Wherefore in Yorke as fartheſt from the foe,
Leaues me vnto the ſafegard of the wall;
Till his returne me further helpe might giue,
Whom more and more he ſtudied to relieue.

From *Bedford* now the Armie ſetting on,
Th'appointed Randy where they gathered head,
When they had notice that the King was gone,
Vpon the way more haſtily them ſped,
(Me trafficke as purpoſed they were,)
Whoſe preſence elſe might force them to forbeare.

To *Skarborough* immediatly I poſt,
With the ſmall force my fortune then did lend me,
A Fort beſt fitting ſtanding on the coaſt,
And of all other likeſt to defend me,
And came the worſt reſiſtleſſe were their might,
The Sea ſhould ſafely priuiledge my flight.

But they the Caſtell lying round about,
Keepe euery paſſage with a watchfull ſpie,
That gaue them notice of my paſſing out,
With their light horſe purſue me by and by;
Whereas vpon me ſuddainly they came,
E're I had time to fortifie the ſame.

Along

Along the lands towards Oxford they conuay me,
Wondring my ſight as birds doe at the Owle,
And by the way continually they bay me,
As hungry Woolfes at paſſengers do howle;
Each one exulting that I now was caught,
That in the land ſuch miſchiefe euer wrought.

And being brought to Dedington at laſt,
Where the Earle of Pembrooke will'd me to be ſtaid,
To vnderſtand e're further that I paſt,
Things to my charge that ſecretly were laid;
And to the King he ſpeedily had ſent,
T'acquaint him with the generall intent.

But the Earle of Warwicke (lying but too neare)
(The dogge of Arden that I vs'd to call,)
That deadly hatred ſtill to me did beare,
And that I euer doubted moſt of all;
Thither repairing with a powerfull band,
Ceazed vpon me with a violent hand.

And vnto Warwicke carrying me along,
(Where he had long deſired me to get)
With friends and tenants abſolutely ſtrong,
Whom all the puiſſant Baronry abet;
Since now occaſion offered them ſuch hold,
Haſten my death by all the meanes they could.

North

North from the Towne, a mile, or very neare,
An easie hill in publique view doth lie,
Blacklow then call'd of those that dwelled there,
Neare to the antient Hermitage of *Guy*;
Thether with arm'd bands strongly they me led,
Whereas I lastly forfaited my head.

My sundry passions hauing thus expres'd,
In the sad tenor of my Tragicke tale,
Let me returne vnto the fields of rest,
Thether transported by a prosp'rous gale;
And leaue the world my destenie to view,
Bidding it thus for euermore adiew.

FINIS.